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METHODIST REVIEW

JULY, 1919

SIR JOHN PENTLAND MAHAFFY—IRISHMAN

The most learned Irishman of our day has put out to sea from Dublin's lovely bay, out to sea, the greater mystical sea, out to meet his Pilot. Not in our day shall we see his like for learning, for the brilliance of his conversation, for the soundness, breadth, and scope of his scholarship, or for the geniality of his nature. His college, Trinity College, Dublin, incomparable nursery of distinguished Irishmen, has long had nobody to match him, though it has no reason to blush when it calls the roll of those that still live and work, from Professor Joly, within her doors, to Charles, Canon of Westminster, without them. Some there are who know Trinity's glory and do not forget that at one time she numbered among her students Oliver Goldsmith and Edmund Burke, and are able to call from memory's stores others only less famous than these immortals; but they will be puzzled in a roll of a century to match Mahaffy's name. A biographer will surely be found to tell the story of his life, but it is long to wait for that, and I cannot forbear offering a passing tribute to his noble memory, with just a word to the simple annals of his career.

John Pentland Mahaffy was born at Chaponnaire, by the side of Vevey, on the banks of Lake Geneva in Switzerland, February 26, 1839, as the youngest child of the Rev. Nathaniel B. Mahaffy and Elizabeth Pentland, his wife, both Irish. If there be a lovelier spot in which to open one's eyes for the first time it is well, but the shores of that lake of unearthly beauty would serve the aspirations of most men. And Mahaffy loved it, and

all Switzerland for it, all his life, and was often in that little country which has done so much for the world. But Mahaffy was not Swiss, though born in Switzerland, and would probably have said gaily at any time that birth in a stable did not make a man a horse! He was an Irishman, intensely, enthusiastically an Irishman, for his blood was Irish and his education as well—and loyalty is almost a contagious disease in the green island and, besides that, is incurable. He was delicate in his youth and was moved about from place to place and very carefully nurtured, spending time in Switzerland, in Germany, and in the nooks and crannies of the sunny Mediterranean basin. It seemed strange in his manhood when his big, powerful body, almost burly in size, was conceived as the matured result of a frail boyhood—but the doctors have often been deceived in the same way from the days of Isaac Newton until now. These early peregrinations gave him French, Italian, Greek, and especially German, as spoken languages, and perhaps some of us know how immensely valuable an endowment is this gift of easy use of foreign tongues. I have never heard German spoken by a foreigner with such impeccable accuracy, ease, elegance and rich tone color as he spoke it. It fairly rippled off his tongue, and though I never heard him speak any of the others I fancy he did them well, though he once told me not so well as German. His education was classical, and this is here set down as a witness to an excellent way from which there are sad departures in our time. Let it be devoutly hoped that at this time of ignorance God will wink, as he is said, on high authority, to have done in respect of an earlier period. Mahaffy took his degree as Bachelor of Arts at Trinity College, Dublin, and the master's degree in 1863, and was elected Fellow of his college in the next year. From that day until this he has never been separated from alma mater. Oh, how he loved her! The deep blue eyes would dance as he spoke of her, the rich voice would grow tender as he recounted her glories, the big hand would sweep the air as he pointed to this or that feature in buildings or the fair park in Dublin's very center where Trinity has been so royally housed since the days of good Queen Bess. There was perhaps no learned office in the gift of the college which he did not

fill, for he was assistant regius professor of Greek, and then professor of Ancient History, precentor of the college chapel, junior dean, junior proctor, vice-provost, and at long last provost. At long last, I say, for he was seventy-five years old when the Prime Minister of Great Britain and Ireland advised the King to make him provost. That was the proudest day of his life, for he had come into his own. He should have been seated in the palace long before, but there was comfort, not to say joy, in the thought that it came at last, and while he was still able to enjoy the honor for five years. There he had lived his life and there it was fitting that he should sit acknowledged as head and chief, as master and king, in a glorious republic of letters.

The intellectual output of those years is nothing short of marvelous. There is no need here to attempt a bibliography of his writings, but it does not exceed the limits of a decent propriety to make a sort of casual mention of a few of them—enough at least to point a moral. The first of his books appeared in 1866 and was a translation of Kuno Fischer's Commentary on Kant's Kritik of Pure Reason, a book which still appears to be counted of much value among students of philosophy, and gave an indication of Mahaffy's philosophical bent of mind, evidenced again in 1871, when he issued Kant's Critical Philosophy for English Readers. These were both by-products, for his serious study was devoted early to and maintained continuously in the broad field of the classics, in which an acknowledged mastery was early achieved and fame secured. The earliest products of these pursuits were Prolegomena to Ancient History (1871) and Social Life in Greece from Homer to Menander (1874). The former may scarcely be said to survive, but the latter has become almost a piece of common household property. It is a book of many charms, not the least being its freedom from cant, hysterics and pedantic illuminations. The preface gave its note and color in the words: "I have endeavored to take homely and common sense views, and have thus arrived at many results opposed to what I consider sentimentalism or pedantry. These results are in all cases supported by direct references to the Greek texts themselves, on which I have relied in preference to modern authority." Here

the first sentence explains the man and the second displays the independent scholar working at first hand with original authorities. The book is well sprinkled with "wise saws and modern instances," as when, having quoted a remark of Xenophon's concerning a Greek wife well trained in matters of cookery, he adds: "I call attention to this curious remark, showing how the society of Xenophon had already felt what our middle classes are only of late beginning to find out, namely, that a competent knowledge of cookery in the mistress of the house is necessary for comfort and culture. There are certainly more respectable houses in Ireland disgraced by their dinner table than in any other way, and I hold with the Greeks, that rudeness in this particular is a good index of general want of refinement." He seemed proud that his Greek Antiquities (1876) had become a school text-book not only in Britain, but even in France, Russia, and Hungary, for a teacher does like to think at times that he speaks to a larger company of pupils than gathers in his classroom. In this same year appeared his Rambles and Studies in Greece, a charming intermingling of learning and of human interest, with many passages that seem redolent of the very air and steel-bright sunshine of Greece. One might have supposed that he had written much of it on the charmed soil, yet I find in a presentation copy of it, written in Mahaffy's bold hand the legend: "This book was written, not from any notes, taken on the spot at the time of my visit, but always from memory in my study afterwards, hence eventually *currente calamo.*" Just four years later came his big History of Classical Greek Literature, which went through several editions and was praised by Jebb—one could ask no more than that. My list is already considerable, and is in danger of becoming formidable. I must leave some, nay, several, of his books unmentioned at all, for there are about thirty of them, to seize the opportunity of reminding the reader that it was Mahaffy who wrote the fourth volume of Petrie's History of Egypt, devoted to the Ptolemaic Dynasty, which has many of the virtues and excellencies of the volumes which Petrie wrote, and to them added a grace and ease of expression sufficient to tempt a reader. It was also from the same pen that came the capital book The Greek World under

Roman Sway (1890), a book in which he took an honorable pride, for in a presentation copy he wrote: "The chapters in this book upon Dion and Plutarch are, I think, the best work I have done." And when it went out of print he took pains to make it over, "in a maturer and better form, and with much new material superadded," under the title The Silver Age of the Greek World (1906). It gives one a glance into his travels to observe that the preface is dated, "On the yacht 'Niagara,' off the coast of Sicily, April 6, 1906."

It seems strange that a man who could write so popularly was also able to decipher, for the first time, a mass of Greek papyri filling three big volumes, and published by the Royal Irish Academy during the years 1891-1905.

It is a magnificent record of hard intellectual labor, begun early and prolonged almost to the end, and the honor which ought now to be paid the departed hero of letters and science is not diminished if it be recorded that the conditions were favorable. When the period of childhood was passed, Mahaffy had splendid health, the *mens sana in corpore sano,* and to this was added the immeasurable advantage of ample means. Mahaffy was no poor scholar daily anxious about his bread. The college emoluments were good, far superior to those which American universities can offer, and to these in his case were added private means sufficient, amply sufficient, to give ease of mind. He had beautiful lodgings in the college, a handsome, even stately, home in North Great Georges Street, Dublin, and besides these two a beautiful summer home on the Hill of Howth, whose rose gardens command an entrancing view of Dublin Bay, with the city's towers and spires in a softened haze beyond the blue waters. He owned property in County Monaghan, where he sat upon the grand jury, and was high sheriff in the years 1901-1902. This was indeed a life not of poverty but of plenty, and it would not have been like him to utter any cant phrases about the unspeakable joys of a life of learned penury. He had read Johnson and remembered the well-known saying, "When I was running about this town a very poor fellow, I was a great arguer for the advantages of poverty," and was glad enough not to have suffered want, but to have had travel

and books and the reasonable comforts of a gentleman all his life. He played cricket for his college, and then in the Gentlemen of Ireland he was a marksman of repute and shot in the Irish Eight at Wimbledon; he was a sportsman in the field with the gun, and could land his salmon with the best of them. When he was in America to deliver the Lowell Lectures he defended the British system of sport against the arguments of Signor Ferrero, and even when the heat of immediate disputation had passed away wrote, "I will confess that even if to-day, when I am old, anyone were to offer me the choice of spending to-morrow in a noble picture gallery, or at a splendid concert, or in an antique city, with its palaces and churches, or of going out in pursuit of sea-trout or salmon, or snipe or grouse, with good hope of success—though the artistic pleasures would be to me a certainty which I have been trained all through a long life to understand and enjoy, though the sport must be an uncertainty and might result in a blank day—I should at once take the day's sport in the country" (The Outlook, 93: 461). Therein spoke the sportsman of the older Irish type, and to the enthusiasm thus expressed his rooms in Dublin and at Howth bore vivid ocular testimony, for they were richly adorned with trophies of the chase in many lands or of cricket, his dearly loved cricket, at home. Let not the reader with no more feeling for sport than the witness who now writes forget that this sportsman was not a man who gave his precious life to sport. He was not primarily a sportsman but a gentleman and a scholar who lived a life of leisure, but a life of leisure devoted to the hardest intellectual labor, as his long list of writings will show. His education had made him a scholar and the sport was mere byplay, scarce to be reckoned in counting up the travail of the years. It was an aristocratic education, as he said himself, and he was glad and grateful for it, counting such "an education which requires years of care and much relaxation" as "the condition of a higher and better life." And he capped it with this: "There is a well-known Irish definition of a gentleman—'the man that never done a hand's turn for himself, nor anybody else'—which has this element of truth, that it expresses how essential leisure is to the higher life of men."

There is a widespread American tradition that all successful American politicians are Irish in the direct or indirect line, which is supported by instances sufficiently widespread and frequent, especially in American municipalities, as to be almost true. Mahaffy had the political instinct in large degree. As has already appeared he had sat on the grand jury and acted as high sheriff of his county, but he was also profoundly interested in the whole complex and vexed questions of Irish politics. He had long been a convinced Unionist, strongly opposed to Home Rule. The foolish and criminal rebellion which destroyed £2,000,000 of property in Dublin set his teeth harder against it in any form. When order was restored he spoke sharply in a personal letter to me of the failures and stupidities of the British government in general, and of Birrell in particular, concluding with the stinging words: "My dear sir, you may be fit for a democracy, but I can assure you that we are not." He had written strongly in answering the question which he propounded in Blackwood's (192: pp. 153ff.), "Will Home Rule be Rome Rule?"—which he answered in the positive, arguing that, whatever might later happen, there would certainly for a long time be priestly domination in the dear island. His only hope for Ireland was for the distant future, if Home Rule were established, that changes such as Italy, and to a lesser degree Spain, had experienced might ultimately ensue.

Mahaffy was taught music in his youth, a boon of inestimable value, and became not merely an executant of power and proficiency, almost a virtuoso indeed, but walked the heights as an original composer, writing Te Deums and services complete for the Church of England, or rather of Ireland, and these were often played and sung in the beautiful chapel of his college, where he held the office of precentor for a number of years.

He will long be remembered as a scholar, a sportsman, a musician, but in nothing more vividly than in his amazing capacity as host or guest. He loved men, human society, the companionship of high-minded men and women of gentleness, grace, and goodness. His smile of welcome made his guest at home, his smile of gratitude made his host glad and put his fellow

guests at ease. He went nowhere, indeed, that he did not become at once a man of mark, if not already known to be eminent in word and works and character. In his own college at formal academic dinners he reigned supreme; at familiar lunch parties in the Common Room of Trinity College his talk swung easily from grave to gay and back again, nor was there one to match him. At Queen's College, Oxford, of which he was Honorary Fellow, he was often a guest of Professor Sayce, and at dinner others were invited to the High Table to listen to that astonishing outpouring of brilliant talk. It was rich in clever turns of English undefiled, it sparkled with epigram, scintillated with apt quotation of Horace or of Shakespeare, sent waves of merriment round the board by some felicitous flash of Irish wit, or moved the whole company into a surge of emotion by some deep play of humor. It was at Queen's, long years ago, that I first met him, invited to the feast by his much loved and greatly admired friend Professor Sayce. Sayce was the more learned, Mahaffy the more brilliant; Sayce refined, delicate, smaller of stature; Mahaffy big, powerful, strong of voice, masterful in manner. After the roar that Mahaffy sent rolling round the table, it was the quiet voice of Sayce that sometimes added a fresh point from some remote or recondite field, and he was never overawed. But Mahaffy could quiet the most of those who heard him, nor was he much given to the "brilliant flash of silence" which Napier once joyously credited to Lord Macaulay. The historic example of Mahaffy's power was at a great dinner at Queen's of which the revered Thomas Hodge Grose, then senior tutor, once told me—would that I had been present! The Fellows had wished to honor the American Minister, James Russell Lowell, justly admired in Great Britain for the richness and beauty of his talk, and thinking that they needed a famous conversationalist to pit against him had invited Mahaffy to slip over from Dublin and "grace the festive board." He was placed opposite the guest of honor, and the Fellows awaited with lively anticipation the friendly contest, an Irishman to match an American. The soup was placed upon the table and Mahaffy began to speak. The dinner went on, and it was the same voice, it was Dublin, and not

Boston, that was pouring out a flood of words, sparkling, incisive, or smooth and elegant. There were bits of classic phrase aptly fitted to a new use, there were stories told inimitably, wit, humor, argument, denial, agreement. Lowell said "yes," or "no," he laughed, his eyes danced with pleasure, or looked deep and solemn, but he talked none. The plan had failed. Lowell was indeed a conversationalist of the first rank, but he had met the greatest talker whom he had ever heard and he had no wish to lose any of it by a participation of his own. When the dinner was over, Lowell slipped quietly over to Mr. Grose, saying: "Mr. Grose, would you do me a favor?" "Certainly, your Excellency; name it." "Please convey to Mr. Mahaffy the expression of my unbounded admiration. I have never heard anything like it." Glad to go upon such an embassy, Mr. Grose delivered to Mahaffy the American Minister's message, only to receive the laughing reply: "Poor Lowell, never to have heard a cultivated Irishman talk before!" He accepted the compliment for his race and not for himself. Mahaffy was perhaps the greatest talker of his day among all those who speak the greatest of modern languages. He should have been followed from table to table by a man such as Charlotte Brontë described—"a fine, lively, sensible, unaffected, honest, manly, good humored character," and such indeed was James Boswell. If Mahaffy had had a Boswell we should have now another book to increase "the stock of harmless pleasure" and add to the "gayety of nations." I know not how much, if any indeed, of Mahaffy's talk has been preserved, but somebody may have been clever enough to do it. I did not, though I heard him repeatedly in Oxford and in Dublin, for I was too full of the enjoyment of the moment to trouble about the delectation of the people of to-morrow. Mahaffy took conversation seriously and thought it well worth study and even analyzed its principles, writing upon it a book both interesting and clever—The Principles of the Art of Conversation (1887). It is dedicated with sly humor: "To my silent friends."

So his life flowed on with many honors, with repeated distinctions, scholastic, national, or royal. But wherever he went, whether to Greece or to Germany, to France or to Italy, to Oxford

and Queen's College, to Scotland and the University of Saint Andrews, to Holland and the University of Utrecht, it was always to Dublin that his heart turned back and thither went he gladly, for that was home. He had there two learned institutions to which he was deeply bound. He was honored with membership in many learned societies in many parts, among them the Imperial Academy of Vienna, the Royal Academy of Berlin, the famous Lincei of Rome, the Academy of Sciences at Utrecht, the Parnassus at Athens, but what were they all to him in comparison with the Royal Irish Academy, of which he became president in 1911! Few of them have any right to dispute with this Dublin Academy for renown from the days of the immortal decipherer, Edward Hincks, until now. Besides the Academy was his college, Trinity College of Dublin. His was the great happiness of lifelong association with this famous seat of learning, "ancient, liberal, and humane." Without her portals Goldsmith and Burke, within them the walls are heavy with the portraits of famous sons of later days. To Trinity College was he ever loyal, his pride never cold, his service never weary. It was fitting that his last book should be a description of her treasures of silver (The Plate in Trinity College, Dublin, 1919). The announcement of that book made my eyes to dance, for I remembered how when I dined as an honorary member of the College at a state dinner he had repeatedly called the servants to pause that I might be taught, with his enthusiastic words, to admire some splendid piece of ancient plate. Happy Trinity to have trained a son so distinguished, to have cared so royally for his wishes and his needs, not parsimoniously, but generously, not a stepmother, but a mother indeed during his whole life. Happy Mahaffy to have lived in a large place, not "cribbed and cabined in," but in a society traditionally devoted to learning from the days of Queen Elizabeth until now. It was a happy union—a great home of learning and a great man.

Robert W Rogers.

A NEW ENGLAND MYSTIC

In this age of tumult, when so many old ideals are shattered and so many new ones proved false or futile, it is probable that there may be but little interest in the work of an obscure New England thinker of the last century. Yet the impartial critic will sometimes look backward with a certain regret to that older day, between 1830 and 1880, and admit that he finds then more original thinking and more good writing than in any other similar period in our literary history. Among the group of thinkers who made those years memorable a distinctive position must be accorded to Bronson Alcott; he was preeminently our New England mystic.

Mysticism is foreign to our practical American temper. We demand that our knowledge shall be clear and definite. Some profound and familiar truths, indeed, we accept on their own evidence, confessing that they are not susceptible of clear statement before the understanding. We know that we only disguise our own ignorance in such words as "force," "being," "spirit." But we are content to use them without clear definition and are impatient of any attempt to fathom their meaning by any process of introspection. The mystic, on the contrary, cannot rest satisfied with the admission that such transcendental truths are beyond the grasp of our intellect; to him they seem precisely the kind of truths best worth knowing. He is constantly striving after some higher mode of knowledge, some spiritual apprehension, something which he may experience though he cannot express. He often finds his highest satisfaction in a mental state that transcends pure intellectual apprehension, and delights, like old Sir Thomas Browne, to lose himself in mystery and "pursue his reason to an 'O Altitudo.'" This was certainly true of Alcott. He was obsessed by one or two great truths and spent his life trying to utter them. He talked like an oracle, talked endlessly, and his listeners felt for the hour as if in the power of some strange inspiration. And the better the listener, the more potent

this influence upon him. Yet he never was able to reduce this high Delphic talk to plain statement in print. "Alcott has," said Emerson, "the greatest passion both of mind and temper in his discourse; but when the conversation is ended all is over." Other thinkers, like Coleridge, have influenced their contemporaries, as Alcott did, mostly by personal interviews and conversation; but Coleridge, though he never elaborated any philosophical system, did leave a body of writings from which set consistent opinions, philosophical, religious, and critical, may readily be educed. But when you look to-day for Alcott's works you find only three or four thin volumes, like the Tablets and Table Talk, made up of gnomic sentences and paragraphs without much system or connection. It is perhaps less surprising that he should have found difficulty in the attempt to apply his ideas in practice; yet it was the dream of some of his best years to do just that. It is the purpose of this paper to give a brief account of his two principal attempts, with some indication of the philosophic principles that prompted them and the results he hoped to attain by them.

Although he was to be the most transcendental of New England transcendentalists, Alcott was not of the New England Brahmin type. His birthplace was the rural Connecticut town of Wolcott; his father was a small farmer; his mental training, for several years after graduating from the cross-roads country schoolhouse, was mostly gained while working in Mr. Hoadley's clock factory or peddling tinware in Virginia. But he managed to read a good deal and to think more, and he early began to show his remarkable power of conversation. Several hospitable Virginia gentlemen found him no ordinary peddler, and welcomed him to homes of culture where he found good books and good talk. During the last of four annual visits to the South he passed some months among people of a yet different type, the Quakers of North Carolina. Here he read, during a long illness, the writings of Penn and George Fox, Barclay's Apology, Law's Serious Call, all of which strengthened and fixed the mystical tendency in his thinking.

It was two years later that he found his career. He taught

for a little time in the public schools of Wolcott, and in the fall of 1825 he opened in the adjoining town of Cheshire a school of his own. The most characteristic work of his life had begun; he was really a teacher the rest of his days. At first this Cheshire school differed little from the ordinary Connecticut common school of the period, but Alcott's ideals of the purpose and methods of education were already taking shape, and he at once began to embody them in his school. Two great principles decided all his teaching: first, that the moral culture of the pupil ought always to accompany his intellectual training; second, that all education should mean, as the word implies, the bringing out of the native capacity of the child, or, to use Alcott's own phrase, "the production and exercise of original thought." The child is educated not by what is imparted from without to his merely receptive mind, rather by what he learns for himself and from himself. In accordance with these principles the teaching in the Cheshire school took the form of suggestive and interesting conversation; the curiosity of the pupil was constantly stimulated; he was taught to define for himself the meaning of all words he used or found in his reading, and to find out facts and truths—especially truths—for himself. A small well-chosen library was placed at his disposal. Some of the books were beyond the full appreciation of children, but it was a part of Alcott's plan always to make the child's mind look up. In the government of the school special effort was made to develop the child's sense of personal responsibility and the power of moral judgment. Two superintendents were appointed, at intervals, from the pupils themselves, whose duty it was to oversee the schoolroom, record all misdemeanors, and sometimes to take charge of the room in the absence of the teacher.

The Cheshire school soon attracted the favorable attention of educators not only in Connecticut but in adjoining States. The Boston Recorder, at that time the most influential paper in Boston, in the summer of 1827 went so far as to say that "Mr. Alcott's school in Cheshire is the best common school in Connecticut, perhaps in the United States." A Society for the Improvement of Common Schools at its annual meeting, in

Hartford, in 1827, elected Alcott to membership, and appointed a committee to examine the principles and methods of the new school. But while there were flattering notices from educational experts there was growing dissatisfaction at home. It is not easy to introduce new ideas into an old community. Plain Cheshire folk probably looked with some suspicion upon such a departure from their traditional conception of what a schoolmaster ought to do and thought the new sort of education their children were getting a doubtful substitute for practical drill in the three Rs, enforced upon stupidity or laziness by the occasional use of the birch. Whatever the causes, confidence in the school declined. The number of pupils fell from eighty to thirty, and after about two years of trial Alcott gave it up.

But he had by no means abandoned his educational ideals. His story for the next half dozen years is the record of various not very successful attempts to put them into practice, and in 1834 he opened the famous Temple School, which must always be associated with his name. Several years earlier he had made his first extended stay in Boston and gained the friendship of Emerson and Channing. One day in the summer of 1828 he writes in his journal, with fine enthusiasm, after listening to a sermon by Channing: "There is a city in our world upon which the sun of righteousness has risen—a sun which beams in its full meridian splendor there. . . . It is the city that is set upon a hill that cannot be hid. It is Boston, whose morality is of a purer and more absolute kind than that of any other city in America. And Channing is its moral teacher." It was to Boston, then, that Alcott, after two rather discouraging attempts in Philadelphia, resolved to return for his last great experiment as a schoolmaster. His plan had the support of a number of eminent friends, Channing, Emerson, Mrs. Elizabeth Hoar, Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, Miss Bliss—afterward Mrs. George Bancroft—and the Peabody sisters, one of whom afterward married Nathaniel Hawthorne, another Horace Mann, and the third, Miss Elizabeth, was Alcott's personal assistant in the school. He secured a commodious room in the Masonic Temple, and opened the famous Temple School in September, 1834, with about twenty pupils under ten years of age.

That time was the beginning of a new era in New England thought. The most prominent figure in Boston just then, as Alcott saw, was William Ellery Channing. Though a Unitarian in theology, Channing was a transcendentalist in philosophy—our first transcendentalist, as a recent writer has called him; "our bishop" was Emerson's phrase. Two years before, in 1832, Emerson had definitely left the Unitarian pulpit, and two years later, 1836, he published Nature, the first great epoch-making deliverance of the new spiritual philosophy. In the same year was held the first meeting of the little group of thinkers, Emerson, Hedge, Freeman Clarke, Ripley, and Alcott, who, with wide differences of individual opinion, were so far agreed upon the supreme importance of the truths that transcend mere intellectual apprehension that they could not repudiate the name applied to them, The Transcendental Club. Within two or three years more some dozen others were more or less closely associated with them—Theodore Parker, Orestes Bronson, Jones Very, Thoreau, Margaret Fuller—and in 1841 the movement had an organ, The Dial, edited by Ripley and Margaret Fuller. Alcott was at once recognized as in some respects the most prominent figure of the group. It is probably true, indeed, that he gave inspiration to the movement rather than any clear guidance or teaching. He had not read very deeply in the new German philosophy of Kant, Jacobi, and Fichte, which at that time was just beginning to filter into New England thought largely through the influence of Coleridge; his teachers were rather the Greeks, Plato, Pythagoras, and especially Plotinus, whom he read in Taylor's translation. For English philosophy he never cared much, save for the work of some of the Cambridge Neo-Platonists, like Henry More—whom he greatly resembled—and for Coleridge. It was not until later that he became interested in the German mystics, like Jacob Boehme. But, first and last, his reading seemed to intensify the few convictions he held to be primary and fundamental, rather than to broaden and systematize his thinking. Margaret Fuller said of him once, "Alcott has only a few thoughts; I could count them all." And a hostile critic in a Boston paper pronounced his series of Orphic sayings in The Dial to be mere

repetitions, "a train of cars with only one passenger." All his thinking centered about the two questions, "What am I?" and "Whence am I?" and he did not always see the difficulties and doubts that beset those questions. To the first he had a clear and positive answer: I am Spirit, a person that thinks and loves, and wills, entirely distinct from, and separable from, this "machine which is to me," as Hamlet says. So much we know; though, so far as I can see, he did not go quite so far as Berkeley in denying substantial reality to body. To the question, Whence? his answer was equally positive, but not equally clear. He could not conceive of the human spirit as really beginning at birth any more than as perishing at death. Some form of preexistence is implied in the very idea of spirit. Yet he would not dogmatize on the subject, or commit himself either to any Oriental schemes of transmigration or to the fantastic assertions of the mystics. He only held that what we know as our spirit must in some sense come from the Universal and Absolute Spirit we call God. Such a change and union with a material body would seem in some sense to be a descent; he often called it, borrowing the term from Plotinus, "genesis by lapse." This notion of the origin of personality was at the foundation of Alcott's theory of education. If our spirit came from the absolute and perfect Spirit, it would seem that it must have, at least in some potential form, traces of the perfection of its original. "To conceive," said Alcott, "a child's acquirements as originating in nature, dating from his birth into his body, seems an atheism that only a shallow material theology would entertain." He held that the familiar passage in Wordsworth's Ode on the Intimations of Immortality is not only noble poetry but the truest philosophy. It was with this conviction that he opened the Temple School.

Here, even more than in the earlier Cheshire school, it was Alcott's effort to bring out the native content of the child mind. The attention of the pupils was fixed not so much upon things as upon thoughts. In the two afternoon hours the older scholars were given a little elementary Latin and practical arithmetic, but all the forenoon hours were occupied with "conversations" intended to educe the original, untutored ideas of the children. Sometimes

Alcott would give out lists of simple words to be spelled, or would spell them himself to make sure the children recognized the words, and would then require the children to define them, not giving any formal dictionary meaning, but stating as well as they could what the words stood for in their own thought. Different statements of meaning were compared; sometimes, when the pupil merely repeated some other word, he could be shown that he had at the moment no definite thought in his mind. The words were sometimes names of sensible qualities often used figuratively of moral qualities or actions, as "black," for example; then the questioning would bring out the native sense of moral analogy in the pupil, at the same time directly cultivating his imagination. The words were always short and familiar: but usually the most familiar words are the most profound—names for what everybody knows and nobody can tell. But it was precisely Alcott's theory that such primal conceptions as "mind," "spirit," "know," "feel," "good," "bad," all lie potentially clear in the child mind, and that he should be taught to recognize them, name them, and perceive their relations to conduct. The hours of every Wednesday forenoon were given to "Conversations on Spirit as Displayed in the Life of Christ." He chose the life of Jesus, partly because His life and sayings are familiar and accessible to everyone, and partly because He claimed—as Channing did—that, whatever your theological views of Jesus, you will admit that He retained through all his life on earth and exhibited in all his actions those primal spiritual truths coming from God that are—as He said—revealed unto babes, but are too often beclouded by what is deemed the wisdom and prudence of maturer years. In 1835 Miss Elizabeth Peabody, Alcott's assistant, published with his consent a full account of the school, explaining its purpose and methods, and giving as nearly as possible a verbatim report of some of its most interesting exercises. This book, now seldom seen, is a classic in the history of education. Doubtless many readers of Miss Peabody's book will say of Alcott's teaching that he was trying to make children think upon themes inaccessible to the thought of childhood—the nature of spirit, the conception of God, the ultimate ground of duty, the rank of our emotions; in a word, that

he was trying to make mystics of lads and lasses not yet in their teens. In reply to such criticism Alcott always reaffirmed his central principle of the primitive perceptions of childhood. As Emerson put it, he was trying to send children back upon themselves for the answer to every question of a moral character; to show them something holy in their own consciousness. To some of his critics he might also have retorted that his procedure was wiser than that of the Christian people who merely teach young people their catechism, and thus secure an idle assent to statements corresponding to nothing in the child's mind—the surest way to produce indifference or hypocrisy. It cannot be denied, however, that in some of his attempts to secure from young children the analysis of their thought or feeling he imposed too far upon the natural and healthy reserve of the child mind; especially when his questioning touched the emotions or affections. It is certain that such a school could not be a model for general imitation; for not one man in ten thousand would be competent to conduct it.

In fact the Temple School soon had to meet adverse criticism. Many parents began to think their children should be learning a little more Latin rather than puzzling their brains over juvenile psychology. Even some of his friends thought Mr. Alcott too visionary for a practical schoolmaster. The first pronounced and public attack grew out of his Wednesday morning conversations, which, for some time, he had been continuing on Sunday forenoons. Early in 1837 he published some of them, as reported by Miss Peabody, under the title, "Conversations with Children on the Gospels." The critics who previously had known little or nothing about Mr. Alcott's work woke up to find that he had been teaching in his school some very dangerous philosophy and religion. The orthodox people who believed in the sturdy doctrine of the condition of every man wherein by nature he is inclined to only evil, "and that continually," found a very dangerous heresy in Alcott's first principles of education; and many who could hardly be accounted orthodox felt that the life and teaching of Jesus had been rather too freely used to support the freakish psychology of Mr. Bronson Alcott. The public press joined in

the outcry, one paper quoting the verdict of a Harvard professor that "one third of Mr. Alcott's book was absurd, one third blasphemous, and one third obscene," and that "such must be the opinion of all those who diligently read and soberly reflect." The same paper, on another date, suggested that this teacher should be "brought before the honorable judge of our municipal court." Alcott himself probably never understood these charges. He declared that he never had any intention of supporting or denying any particular doctrine of the person of Jesus, but was only drawing from His life such lessons as members of any denomination must find in His humanity. But the controversy ruined the school. He had opened in 1834 with about twenty pupils and the number had risen at one time to forty, but before the end of 1837 it had fallen to ten. The end came next year in a characteristic way. He had admitted to his school a colored girl. This was too much for the respectable citizens of Boston who, a few years before, had dragged Garrison through their streets with a halter around his neck. They protested; and as Alcott angrily refused to alter his ways they took their children out; it was insufferable that the spirit of Jesus should be illustrated in the psychology of a negress! Mr. Alcott found his school reduced to his own daughter and the colored girl, and he shut up the doors. It was in June, 1839.

The whole story is an interesting chapter in the history of education. While no one now-a-days would approve Mr. Alcott's extreme introspective methods, there can be no question that his school had considerable influence upon the development of common school education in Massachusetts. It is significant that Miss Peabody's sister, Miss Mary Peabody, was afterward Mrs. Horace Mann, so prominent in the discussions on common school education for the next twenty years. Mr. W. T. Harris, the warm admirer of Alcott and the best expositor of Alcott's philosophy, was superintendent of schools in Saint Louis, president of the National Educational Association, and for many years chairman of the Boston Schoolmasters' Club.

In the next half dozen years there is little of external incident to record in the life of Alcott. After the failure of his school

he removed to Concord to be near his friends, Emerson, Thoreau, and the Ripley and Hoar families. He rented a house with an acre of ground and pleased himself with thinking that he might now support his family in simple independence upon his own acre; but farming proved less interesting than philosophy, and no more lucrative. He was impatient of inactivity and seemed passing into a pronounced individualism, doubting the value of almost every established institution. In 1840 he refused to pay his town tax on the ground that he "could not support a government not based upon the law of love." Emerson tried to persuade him to put his philosophic notions into print, but he would not write. It was not until the spring of 1843 that he found opportunity to make another famous experiment, this time by founding not a school but a community.

The story of the Temple School had got over to England and excited so much interest among a small group of educators there that they entered into correspondence with Mr. Alcott and named for him a school they were establishing near London, Alcott House. From them came an urgent invitation that the Boston philosopher should visit England to give them the benefit of his experience. Emerson and a few friends quietly furnished the means for his passage, and in May, 1842, Alcott sailed for England, "with ten sovereigns in his red pocketbook," says Mr. Sanborn, "and a bill of twenty pounds on Baring Brothers." He was in England through the summer, holding high converse with his new friends on all topics; and his enthusiasm was so contagious and convincing that when he came back to Concord in October he brought with him three of them—a Mr. Charles Lane and his son and a Mr. Wright—with a scheme for what they called a New Eden, to be planted in a region more hospitable than England. They talked endlessly through the winter. In the spring Mr. Lane, who fortunately had one thousand pounds to venture in the enterprise, bought a little farmhouse with some acres of picturesque but not very fertile land, and in June the colonists moved in. Besides Alcott and his three friends there were Mrs. Alcott and her four girls, and within two or three weeks eight other members had joined the little community. There were never at

any one time more than a dozen members besides the Alcott family. The farm was located in the town of Harvard, about thirty miles from Boston; they gave it the attractive name of Fruitlands.

It is difficult for one carrying a fair amount of common sense to appreciate the purposes and hopes of the Fruitlands enthusiasts. The best account of the plan is given by Louisa Alcott in her half-humorous story, "Transcendental Wild Oats." They did not plan a large community, their ideal was rather that of a large family. Unlike the more famous Brook Farm association, organized two years before, Fruitlands was not to be a socialistic experiment, with certain romantic and idyllic attractions; it was rather almost monastic in plan and methods. Alcott and Lane hoped, by abandoning the selfish motives which govern an artificial society, by the discipline of manual labor combined with moral studies, by the exclusion of everything that might suggest bodily indulgence, to attain soundness of judgment and clear spiritual vision. They refused animal food, not only because they held we have no right to destroy life, but also because it is repulsive and degrading to eat a dead animal. Even milk and eggs were forbidden—the milk belonged to the calf, the eggs contained the promise and potency of future life. Their food was to be fruits, grains, and vegetables, and of the latter they preferred those that grow upward, into the air, not downward into the ground. The ground itself was to be fertilized, not with manure, which, said Mr. Alcott, is filthy in idea and practice, a base, corrupting, and unjust mode of forcing nature, but by turning under growing crops—a method obviously impracticable the first year. The reformers objected to employing enforced labor, either of man or beast, and at first proposed to prepare the land for planting solely with the spade; but as that was found to be too laborious, as well as too slow for the season that had well begun, a farmer from a nearby town, who was a kind of half-way convert, was asked to come over with his oxen—really, one ox yoked with a cow—and plow the land for sowing. Ample provision was made for intellectual culture. Mr. Alcott had brought over from England a pretty large library of mystic phi-

losophy and theology, and certain hours every day were to be given to reading and meditation, accompanied by discussions and conversations in which Alcott was, of course, the leader. There were certain indications, indeed, that Lane, who was inclined to be despotic, occasionally intimated that more manual and less spiritual assistance would be welcome.

The family was to be open to all who evinced spiritual sympathy with its purposes, but there were no additions after the first month. Some of the brotherhood were very odd characters. One of them had once been in a mad-house and was pronounced by Lane "still not a spiritual being, at least not consciously and wishfully so." Another, one Samuel Bowen, convinced that most of the ills of life are due to the enervating effects of clothing, troubled the family and scandalized the neighborhood by casting off the linen tunic, which was the family uniform, and walking over the hillsides at night in almost Adamic simplicity. As the season advanced, Lane and Alcott, troubled to find that some of the family were leaving and no new ones taking their places, made a trip to New York in search of recruits, but they got none. "The number of really living persons among the 300,000 inhabitants of New York," said Lane, "is very small." So long as summer lasted, and there seemed a prospect of securing sustenance from the kindly fruits of the earth, life at Fruitlands went on in a high and hopeful calm. Alcott especially, as his daughter says, "simply reveled in the 'Newness,' fully believing that his dream was to be beautifully realized, and not only little Fruitlands, but, in time, the whole earth was to be turned into a Happy Valley." Perhaps the only skeptic of the group was Mrs. Alcott, the real martyr of Fruitlands. But as cold weather came on, the sky changed. The crops, carelessly planted and ignorantly tended, seemed likely to fail altogether. The community had no money and no credit. One after another the members left, until, by New Year's, only Lane and his son were left. Lane himself now began to blame Mrs. Alcott for lack of confidence in higher things, and blamed Alcott for weakly listening to his wife. That blame was unjust, for Alcott never consented to give up his scheme. Finally, when even Lane and his son had deserted to a Shaker Community

in an adjoining town, Alcott in despair shut himself up in his room and faced the end. For days he would neither eat nor drink, while his faithful wife watched by his side. At last, one night, too feeble to rise, he consented to take food, and next morning, in the chill of a January day, the reformer and his family rode on an ox sled to a hospitable house near by where they remained until they could get back to Concord. Lane, anxious to recover at least part of the money he had put into Fruitlands, sold the farm and returned to England. The New Eden had lasted only about seven months.

The remainder of Alcott's career was without striking incident, though it was not half over. In Concord he came to know, as he had never known before, the charm of home and friends. Emerson, and Hawthorne, and Thoreau, and Ellery Channing were his near neighbors; Freeman Clarke, George William Curtis and his brother Burrill were frequent visitors. In such companionship he lived five years, reading, thinking, talking endlessly, but, except a few articles in the Dial, writing nothing. He would seem to have had no clearly visible means of support; and, probably for that reason, in 1848, he went back to Boston, where Mrs. Alcott found employment in a benevolent society and the daughters began to teach. For two or three winters, following the example of Emerson, he gave public lectures, or, as he preferred to call them, "conversations" in a number of Western cities, which were often well attended, and proved of considerable financial assistance. But in the summer of 1857 the family were back again in Concord, where they belonged. The remaining twenty-five years of his life were passed in a high serenity among his old friends. He published two or three little books made up of scraps of his reflections, but the most fortunate work of his later years was the founding of the Concord Summer School of Philosophy, which gave a permanent opportunity for that platonic form of instruction in which he always delighted. He died in 1888.

It is not easy to-day to form any accurate estimate of Alcott's influence. If he had any consistent scheme of philosophical opinions he never put it into print. To most of his contem-

poraries he seemed a curious visionary, with no hold on practical life, obsessed by one or two ideas that he could not express and probably did not himself very clearly understand. His daughter Louisa evidently had him in mind when she said that her idea of a philosopher was a man up in a balloon with his family tugging at the ropes to keep him down. Even his admirers were forced to admit that his talk seemed sometimes sheer inspiration without definite intellectual content, and now and then voted him—as Emerson, in a fit of impatience, once did—"a tedious archangel." Yet we must remember that some of the best minds in New England spoke in what seemed extravagant terms of this man and of their obligation to him. And the few ideas which he was always trying to enforce are just those ideas that, in the material progress of the last seventy-five years, our American thought has most needed to remember. He renders no small service to mankind who can assert with high and convincing confidence the one great central truth: that we are spirit. After all, whatever else they may have said or written, that is the one great teaching of the leaders in English philosophy and literature for the last century—Coleridge, Carlyle, Emerson, Browning. Alcott, whatever his limitations, belonged to their class; rendered that service.

C. J. Wingfield

THE SCOTTISH PARAPHRASES

To do justice to the Scottish Paraphrases one must keep in mind that they were Scottish, and eighteenth century Scottish at that. Otherwise one will be mistakenly critical of their theology on the one hand and of their lyrical barrenness on the other. The twentieth century worshiper after the conventional evangelical fashion, with his unequal and uncertain grasp of even rudimentary religious ideas, his uncritical but unchallengeable approval of smoothly flowing verse and his aboriginal passion for tunes with a "punch" in them, can only, and justly, be impatient with the stark dogmatism, the crude versifications, the staid, not to say stern music of the Scottish service of praise during the period under review.

It is the first distinction of the Paraphrases, however, that they reflect admirably the theological temper of their day. The eighteenth century appears to have been a poor century for religion everywhere. During the first half of the century the blight of an arid and irritating scholasticism lay heavily upon Protestant and Catholic theology alike. The theologians had small concern for the fear or love of God and even less for the character and destiny of man. Out of no great quantity of matter, but by infinite agitation of wit, they developed a frenzy for quarreling scientifically upon issues concerning which even the Son of Man professed a reverent agnosticism. The temper of the leaders passed upon their followers. In Scotland controversy became epidemic, independency became a disease. The whole country just seems to have abandoned itself to a debauch of polemical chaffering, perversely disregarding anything like spiritual perspective, and quite as keen about the merits of mint, anise, and cummin as about the weightier matters of the law. Two movements of more hopeful character appeared in this century: the Moderate movement and the Wesleyan movement. The Wesleyan movement had little effect in Scotland, being identified with "Enthusiasm," to the Scotch a symbol of Antichrist. Moderatism was a Scotch product and came in a reaction from

the rigor of the old theology. In some of its most popular aspects it seems to have been an amiable synchronism of the odds and ends of age-long latitudinarianism, with a voluble passion for the obvious in religion and morals.

Such a pother of conflicting opinion does not augur well for an inspiring service of praise, and yet it was during the active period of these controversies that the movement for the Paraphrase augmentation of the church's psalmody was formally begun. Up to this time the manual of praise in public worship had been "The Psalms of David in Metre," the groundwork of which was furnished by Francis Rous and the finishing touches, which were not always mindful about the groundwork, by a committee of the General Assembly. This version, published in 1650, was "allowed by the authority of the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland and appointed to be sung in Congregations and Families." It claimed to be "newly translated and diligently compared with the original text and former translations," and it was officially guaranteed to be "more plain, smooth, and agreeable to the text than any heretofore." Such a manual of praise had at least two qualities designed to commend it to the militant Scot of that century: (1) it carried the indisputable authority of Scripture, and (2) it had plain speech for all who set themselves against the Lord's anointed. The version reflects accurately enough both the spirit and letter of the biblical psalter, and there is in the main a sturdy forthright quality in the verse itself; but the glory of the version lies in the devotion of the worshipers, who found in it a spring of comfort in their hours of desolation and a challenge to courage when defeat was impending. It would be easy for us to read with patronizing detachment the rather pedestrian rendering of Psalm 76:

> In Judah's land God is well known,
> His name in Israel's great,
> In Salem is his tabernacle,
> In Zion is his seat.
> There arrows of the bow he brake,
> The shield, the sword, the war:
> More glorious thou than hills of prey,
> More excellent by far.

But no Scot of the eighteenth century could read it without quickening pulse and shining eye in thrilling memory that his forebears marched to victory at Drumclog to its uplifting strains.

It was quite natural that to the Scot the psalter should become an object of controversy. At the time of the Reformation Luther's influence was strongly in favor of free hymnody. Calvin's influence, on the other hand, was all in favor of the psalter as a divinely ordained book of praise for a divinely ordained Establishment. During a visit to Geneva John Knox was greatly impressed by the psalm-singing of Calvin's disciples. He made arrangements at once for a suitable translation for the Scottish exiles, and through him and them the use of the Psalter was transferred to the Protestant congregations of Scotland and England, where it received royal patronage and immediate popular acceptance. But the authority of John Calvin or even of John Knox could not make the experience of a Christian subject itself to the testimony of a Jew no matter how superbly endowed, and so in various parts of Scotland unauthorized, but apparently very acceptable, human composures sang their way into the memories and hearts of the devout, and ministered to heavenly-mindedness, both at the fireside and in gatherings for common worship.

Pioneer work in keeping alive and in promoting the thoroughly evangelical desire for a Christian hymnody was done by the Wedderburns in the first half of the sixteenth century and by Mr. Zachary Boyd in the first half of the seventeenth. Verses from both sources seem to have been generally known and liked. During the latter part of the seventeenth century one Patrick Simson, out of ample leisure forced upon him by the displeasure of a sensitive and obdurate Privy Council, precipitated a volume of Spiritual Songs, or Holy Poems, covering the Old and New Testament, distributed into six books. The sixth book, according to the advertisement, comprehended "the Songs of the New Testament, together with some other sweet evangelical passages meet to be composed into songs, taken out of John's gospel and the Epistles." This hints at one of the refinements of the Scottish theological conscience, which permitted the versification of biblical songs but demurred at any such treatment of biblical history

and prophecy. The protagonist of the movement in the eighteenth century was not a Scotchman at all, but an Englishman: Isaac Watts (1674-1748). It is amazing that so little attention is given to Watts in the history of theology. Watts, who in a measure anticipated John Keble's work in the free treatment of biblical themes, had to face a perverse and really ignorant generation, a generation which kept itself busy not so much in revising its opinions as in rearranging its prejudices, and which made its prejudices a test of orthodoxy and of the right to live. In many of the infallibles, and these of course the noisiest and most voluble, the testimony of the Holy Spirit became mainly "an inward assurance that their private opinions about the Holy Scripture were irrefragably true, and to be doubted only on the equal penalty of death and damnation." Watts contributed three important discussions to the subject of the manner and matter of public worship—his introduction to "Hymns and Sacred Poems," and to "The Psalms of David Imitated in the Language of the New Testament," and his essay "Toward the Improvement of Psalmody." There can be no doubt that Watts's discussions were both popular and convincing. The overture from the Presbytery of Paisley to the General Assembly of 1747 is practically a résumé of Watts's argument as elaborated in his work on the Psalms; namely, "that the solemn praises of a New Testament Church are too much limited when confined entirely to these Old Testament composures."

The agitation for augmentation of the Psalm book finally took shape in an overture to the General Assembly of 1741 "to turn some passages of the Old and New Testaments into meter to be used in the churches as well as in private families;" which overture was referred to the Assembly's Commission for report at the next annual session of the Assembly. The matter was in the hands of a special committee until the Assembly of 1745, which body, having duly searched for precedents in the matter, decided that the selection made by the committee should be printed and remitted to the several Presbyteries for consideration and report. The Presbyteries were exceedingly backward in reporting, and the political troubles were sufficiently urgent to make

consideration of psalmody a matter of minor consequence. A reprint of the selection of 1745 with amendments and additions was ordered in 1749, but it was only in 1751 that the Assembly had the courage *to permit its use in private families.* In 1755, that is fourteen years after the initial presentation of the movement to the General Assembly, forty-four of the seventy-six Presbyteries had been heard from. Ten Presbyteries were for it, seventeen against it, seven were for the idea but with modifications, and ten had no opinion to offer. Nothing further was attempted until 1775, when application was made for permission to use the selection in public worship. The matter was referred to a committee which later (1776) was authorized to make such a compilation as should deserve the approbation of the Assembly. In 1781 the new collection was submitted to the Assembly, which gave as its opinion that copies thereof should be transmitted to the several Presbyteries of the church in order that they may send up their opinions concerning them to the ensuing General Assembly; and that the venerable assembly should in the meantime allow this collection of sacred poems *to be used in public worship in congregations where the minister finds it for edification.* This is as far as legislation ever got on the subject of the Paraphrases; so that, after forty years wandering in the wilderness of General Assembly and Presbyterial debate, the net result was a grant of tolerance for the use of the Paraphrases in private families and in congregations where the minister judged it for edification, and only till such time as the Presbyteries should make return of their decision for or against. The committee on the final revision included some well-known names, the most notable being John Logan, the poet, Alexander Carlyle, familiarly known as "Jupiter" Carlyle, the famous minister of Inveresk, William Robertson, principal of Edinburgh University and famous historian, and Hugh Blair, whose sermons were best sellers during a period of twenty-five years—actually forcing surly Sam Johnson to say, "I love Blair's sermons, tho' the dog is a Scotchman, and a Presbyterian, and everything he should not be." Logan, Robertson, and Blair are represented in the collection, and Logan, with one William Cameron, seems to have done the

work of shaping the final form to meet the views of the Committee.

The collection contains sixty-seven selections included under the general designation "Translations and Paraphrases in verse," and, as a sort of appendix, five compositions designated "hymns." The distinction in the two-fold classification is not easy to make, since among the hymns is Addison's really matchless paraphrase of the nineteenth psalm, beginning, "The spacious firmament on high." Of the sixty-seven paraphrases Watts furnishes about one third, eleven are unidentified, Logan contributes eight, John Morrison, minister at Canisbay in Caithness-shire and a classical scholar of parts, is credited with seven, and to Philip Doddridge are assigned five. An Irishman, Nahum Tate, is represented by two, and a German, Andreas Ellinger, by one. Of the other contributors, eight in number, the better known are Thomas Blacklock, the blind preacher of Kirkcudbright and friend of Robert Burns, Hugh Blair, and Principal Robertson; less known are Robert Blair, William Cameron, Samuel Martin, John Ogilvie, and Thomas Randall. The rules under which the committee worked, if they had any, can not now be determined. Some of the Presbyteries in their report to the General Assembly furnished a word of warning and a practical suggestion. The warning was that the proposed verses should keep as close to the original as was compatible with clearness; the practical suggestion was that the arrangement should follow the order of the books in the Bible. The paraphrases selected covered sixty-six passages of Scripture —thirty-two from the Old Testament and thirty-four from the New. This of course one might expect from the prevailing theory of inspiration, which regarded the Old and New Testaments as one book of which all the words and every word was immediately dictated. The slight preponderance in favor of the New Testament is to be regarded as a concession to those who were disposed to think, with Watts, that the New Testament had a message for the Christian which the Old Testament could not compass.

The passages selected for paraphrasing are for the most part those which are familiar and even famous. From Genesis were selected the Creation and the incident of Jacob's vow at

Bethel. In the account of creation the paraphrast omits all reference to the creation of woman; and in Jacob's vow he suppresses skillfully Jacob's offer of the tenth of his possessions by way of reciprocating the divine protection. The books of Job and of Isaiah are most heavily drawn upon, there being from the book of Job seven selections and from the book of Isaiah twelve. Job's pathetic soliloquy on the brevity of life furnishes the basis for a familiar stanza:

> Few are thy days and full of woe,
> O man of woman born!
> Thy doom is written, "Dust thou art,
> And shalt to dust return."

Isaiah furnishes the comforting messages of God's protecting love for Israel and the ultimate triumph of Messiah's kingdom. The passages are among the most beautiful in Scripture. For that reason, probably by reason of comparison, the paraphrases seem rather tame and inadequate. The best-remembered stanza is that of Morrison's rendering of "The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light":

> The race that long in darkness pin'd
> Have seen a glorious light,
> The people dwell in day who dwelt
> In death's surrounding night.
>
> To us a Child of Hope is born,
> To us a Son is given:
> Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
> Him all the hosts of heaven.

The book of Proverbs, which has always had peculiar relish for the Scotch, furnishes four themes, three dealing with the striking personifications of wisdom and one with the sin of indolence. The best remembered, because it speedily became a memory lesson for youth, is Logan's

> O happy is the man who hears
> Instruction's warning voice,
> And who celestial Wisdom makes
> His early, only choice.

The book of Ecclesiastes furnishes the theme, always congenial

to a sober people, of life's urgency. Watts's rendering of "The living know that they must die," reflects in a very striking way the somber tone of the original:

As long as life its term extends
Hope's blest dominion never ends:
For while the lamp holds out to burn
The greatest sinner may return.

The living know that they must die
And all the dead forgotten lie;
Their memory and their name is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

In the cold grave to which we haste
There are no acts of pardon past:
But fixed the doom of all remains
And everlasting silence reigns.

The popular books of the New Testament are Luke, John, Romans, Hebrews, and Revelation. The incidents in the life of Jesus include a song of the Nativity, Tate's, "While shepherds watched their flocks by night, all seated on the ground," the Magnificat of Mary, the Nunc Dimittis of Simeon, the institution of the Lord's Supper, and the Crucifixion. The miracles have no representation and the parables but one, that of the Prodigal Son. Renderings are given of the Lord's Prayer, the brazen serpent, the heavenly mansions, the divine peace, and the exhortation to the weary and heavy laden. One of special note deals with the Master's message in the synagogue at Nazareth, which lays down the program of Christianity,

Hark the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long,

with two stanzas much quoted:

He comes from dark'ning scales of vice
To clear the inward sight,
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial light.

He comes the broken hearts to bind,
The bleeding souls to cure;
And with the treasures of his grace
T' enrich the humble poor.

From the epistles themes are selected with special emphasis upon the sinfulness of sin, the doom of the wicked, and the only sufficiency of faith. The thrilling passage which closes the eighth chapter of Romans is reduced to this:

Nor death, nor life, nor heaven, nor hell,
  Nor Time's destroying sway,
Can e'er efface us from his heart
  Or make his love decay.

Each future period this will bless
  As it has bless'd the past:
He loved us from the first of time,
  And loves us to the last.

There is a metrical rendering of Paul's matchless apotheosis of charity which needs a full measure of that grace not to revile it; and of equally disappointing character is the rhyming of Death's Defeat so triumphantly described by Paul in his letter to the Corinthians.

The selections dealing with the life after death are measurably consoling but scarcely uplifting; one has an approach to tenderness in the lines,

Take comfort, Christians! When your friends
  In Jesus fall asleep
Their better being never ends;
  Why then dejected weep?

Together to their Father's house
  With joyful hearts they go,
And dwell forever with the Lord
  Beyond the reach of woe.

A few short years of evil past
  We reach the happy shore
Where death-divided friends at last
  Shall meet to part no more.

Paul in his messages to Timothy furnishes two paraphrases which have had considerable vogue. The words, "I am not ashamed, I know whom I have believed," give us the song:

I'm not ashamed to own my Lord
  Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the glory of his cross
  And honor all his laws.

The words, "I am now ready to be offered up," furnish this:

> My race is run, my warfare's o'er:
> The solemn hour is nigh
> When, offer'd up to God, my soul
> Shall wing its flight on high.

The visions of the Apocalypse furnish what is even now a favorite, though in the form preferred by Watts rather than that of the paraphrast:

> Come let us join our cheerful songs
> With angels round the throne,
> Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
> But all their hearts are one.

(1) From this review of the contents it must be obvious that the collection had nothing revolutionary about it. The range of thought in the Paraphrases is fundamental but narrow; the majesty and holiness of God, the demerit of sin and of the sinner, atonement through sacrifice, the probationary character of life, the fixed state of the impenitent after death, a providence partial to the elect, and a heaven secure from the eruption of returning prodigals. As these were the themes the Scotch thought about, talked about, preached about, and disputed about, it was inevitable that they should want to sing about them. (2) Moreover, the religious temper which characterizes the Paraphrases is precisely that which characterized the Psalter. One is conscious throughout of God being worshiped at a distance. Where reverence and awe are due they seem to be overdone, if one might so say. No doubt our day sins in the other direction, but surely some way might be devised by which the thought of God could be made impressive without its being made oppressive. Self-restraint is carried to the point of aloofness. (3) This being the character of the book one wonders why so much ado about it. The motives prompting the agitation for a collection of paraphrases are easy to understand and altogether praiseworthy. The popular desire was for a vehicle of expression to voice and enrich a Christian experience which had measurably outgrown the Psalter. But in this particular the Paraphrases make no advance upon the Psalter. As

has just been shown, the selections, so far from interpreting or illustrating Christian experience, are content to reproduce Christian narrative or Christian doctrine in terms as near the original as metrical limitations will permit. The late Professor Clark used to say that faith with many people was built upon the Bible rather than upon God or Christ. In other words, it was the result of a literary or intellectual concept rather than a fellowship of personalities. No attempt is made, as we should say, to apply the Scripture and secure a moving and devout reaction. This is Watts's important contribution to the service of praise and to the common stock of vital piety. This was Charles Wesley's consummate achievement by which he set the whole English-speaking world to singing hymns. And both were of this eighteenth century. It is one of the noticeable things in a comparative study of the Paraphrases of 1781 with their sources in Watts that wherever Watts begins to be personal his Scotch editors tone him down or out. Something of this may be due to the spasm for "moderateness" which passed over the Scotch church at this time, and which deprecated intimacy with the Divine as vulgar ostentation. Whatever the reason, one cannot but feel that through some mischance or other the original motive of producing the Paraphrases—namely, to give Christ's own gospel a free chance at the hearts of men that it might run and be glorified—fell by the wayside, where thorns of spirit-killing prejudice sprang up and choked it. (4) Lastly, it is worth noticing that only a rugged and robust faith could nourish itself upon such scanty fare. But then the Scotch have developed a rugged and robust faith through a constant struggle to define and defend it. And when all has been said in praise of Scotland that needs to be said, or can be said, her most precious gift to the world has been the stanch and sturdy character of her religion. Even our day admires it, though cautiously refraining from imitating it. There is a beautiful instance of the response of the Paraphrases to the faith of a Scots worthy in the life of Dr. George Lawson of Selkirk, one of the most distinguished and trusted leaders of his day. It was the night of the day on which his son died. The family were in great distress, and in his place sat the father, self-

restrained but crushed. Calling them to worship he announced the twenty-ninth Paraphrase, and read with almost overwhelming composure:

Amidst the mighty, where is he
Who saith, and it is done?
Each varying scene of changeful life
Is from the Lord alone.

Why should a living man complain
Beneath the chastening rod?
Our sins afflict us; and the cross
Must bring us back to God.

Before singing he paused, looked around upon the mother and children—who were not careful to restrain sorrow—and said with just a perceptible break in his voice, "We lost our singer this morning, but I know he has begun a song which shall never end," and then himself began the familiar tune to which the words are wedded.

A man who can courageously and uncomplainingly and with a beautiful loyalty stand by the goodness of God while accepting his boy's death as a judgment upon him (the father) for his (the father's) sins, and give thanks for it, may be lacking in many desirable and even more consistent points of view, but he displays a flaming fearlessness of trust which makes splendid and admirable his narrowness and which becomes the badge of a large and heroic soul. For it is not to be forgotten that a forehead may be narrow and high at the same time. Also, a bit of verse, voicing in crude and unattractive fashion a theology even more crude and unattractive, may be easily vulnerable to the just criticism of taste and truth; but if it has mediated strength and comfort to royal natures in their supreme moments the same just criticism will classify it not as poetical but as sacramental, the ward no longer of science but of sentiment. Let the pride of the Scotch in their Paraphrases be indulged; it is their faith we covet and not their verse.

Charles M. Stuart.

706.2.1

CAN THE CHURCH HELP SETTLE THE LABOR QUESTION?

By workingman we no longer mean a man who works with his hands. We mean a man who works with his hands under certain conditions. When I say, therefore, that the church has lost its hold upon the workingman I do not mean that it has lost its hold upon working people in general. I can see no evidence that it has lost its hold upon working people in general. It may be losing it, but thus far, if one may judge from appearance, the man who works with his hands has not lost any more love for the church than the man who works with his brains. In the average American community, outside of the districts where labor is concentrated, the day's work is still largely done by church people. There are exceptions, of course, and they are not so few nor so small as might be wished; but they are exceptions. In most sections the traditional devotion of the village artisan to the church has not been seriously impaired, and among farmers of American ancestry the teachings of the church are still supreme. And if the village mechanic, who works ten hours a day, and the farmer, who works all the time he is awake, cannot be called working people, I don't know who deserve that honor.

This, it must be admitted, hardly harmonizes with the loud alarm that is now being raised in the city over the decline of the country church, but the city's somewhat belated concern for the farmer's soul seems to have had its origin partly in our innate desire to return a compliment and partly in a general misunderstanding. The decline of the country church does not necessarily mean that the farmer has gone from God; usually it only means that he has gone to town. Those who sit in the seats of the scornful may say that this is a distinction without a difference, but the distinction is not without importance. In the South, where the grip of organized Christianity is strongest, and where the drift to town, though serious, is not so great, the farmer is the backbone of the church. Even in the cities of the South the working people are glad to number themselves among the Church's best friends.

In Richmond, which disputes with Toronto for the honor of being the most religious city on the continent, more than half the churches are practically workingmen's churches.

The church has not lost its hold upon working people in general. Nevertheless it has lost its hold upon the workingman. It still enjoys the esteem, and to a large degree the affections, of scattered labor, but it has no grip where labor is concentrated and has become a power. There are exceptions here also—most of them in the South—but they are not significant. Concentrated labor is not losing its affection for the church. It has none to lose. It either hates the church or it is indifferent to it. A generation ago the scorn and venom that were vented upon the church came from little groups of atheists; to-day about the only people who take the trouble to spit upon the church are workingmen. Most of the haters, indeed, are of foreign extraction, but the indifference of the American-born workingman is a more serious problem. The foreign workingman hates the church partly because he does not believe in God and partly because he believes that the church is against him. The American workingman is indifferent to the church, not because he does not believe in God, for he does, but partly because he does not believe that the church believes in God and partly because he believes that the church is indifferent to workingmen.

The biggest spiritual blunder of modern times was committed when the church allowed its workingmen to go out to fight their battle alone. This does not mean that the church blundered in not siding with labor against capital. The church had no right to side with labor against capital. It blundered in not siding with the oppressed against tyranny. Christ came to break the chains that bound men. From first to last he stood up for the oppressed against the oppressor. The workingman had a right to expect the church to follow in the footsteps of its Master. When he went to battle for freedom it was the business of the church to go with him. The church did not go with him. It is true that the church had not usually gone with him. While the workingman had always been its best friend, it had seldom shown any marked appreciation of his friendship. In the great

revival periods of Christianity, when the church measured fully up to its job, it had kept steady company with him, but with the exception of these periods there had never been a time when it was not disposed to say to the man in "gay clothing," "Sit thou here in a good place," and to the poor, "Stand thou there, or sit here under my footstool." When the workingmen of the church went forth to organize their labor unions the church was not thinking of them with sentiments of esteem. It was hardly thinking of them at all. It was busy strengthening its hold upon the rich and the substantial middle class. It did not take them by the hand as they were going and bid them Godspeed. No pastor walked a little way with them to encourage them for their task, to offer them the sympathy and aid of the church in every effort that they might make for freedom in accordance with the teachings of the church's Master. No pastor offered to counsel with them, to help them base their organization upon the teachings of Jesus, to show them how they could fight tyranny and still regard their fellow men as brothers, to remind them that if they would make their brotherhood acceptable to Christ they must organize it within and in full recognition of the larger brotherhood of man. No pastor offered to provide a meeting-place for them. Only the saloonkeeper thought of that. No pastor offered to preach a sermon in behalf of their movement or expressed a willingness to come to a meeting occasionally and make them a speech. Nobody thought of these things. Nobody thought of anything. It is useless to mince matters. Here in Christian America—we called it Christian America in those days—tens of thousands of workingmen who loved the church as devotedly as their pastors went out to fight their first battle against tyranny burdened by the consciousness that they were going alone, and that even the church, whose teachings had thrust them forth to the struggle, had failed to offer its sympathy or to show any sort of interest in the thing that was on their hearts.

"And while men slept his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat."

That tells the rest of the story. While the church slept, the continental socialist of the God-hating type came over and began to

clear the way for his propaganda among American workingmen by poisoning their minds against the church, whose teachings antagonized his own. And the mischief was soon done. It was so well done that when, a few years later, a blatant agitator stood up before an audience of five thousand New York workingmen and scornfully demanded to know if anybody in the house still believed in the church, only twenty-eight stood up. To-day the church, once more jarred out of its slumber, is rubbing its eyes and wondering if it is too late to hope. Is it too late to hope that the church may yet win back the workingman?

It is not merely a religious question. At this moment indeed we are interested in it largely for patriotic and economic reasons. That is to say, we are interested in it because it is bound up with the labor question, which is just now a patriotic as well as an economic question. The labor question has got to be settled or this country will not be a fit place to live in. And the labor question, like all other questions involving the material welfare of large sections of humanity, has its spiritual side as well as its material side. And its spiritual side is fundamental. No problem having a spiritual side has ever been solved without the aid of spiritual forces. The labor question hangs fire, not because of the inadequacy of the material forces that are desperately trying to solve its material side, but because there are no adequate spiritual forces at hand to look after its spiritual side. There are sufficient spiritual forces in America to do this work, but they are not available. They are not available because the church, which embraces most of the spiritual forces of the country, is not in a position for its forces to be utilized. The church and capital are indeed facing each other, but the church is looking up to capital—an attitude which makes the use of spiritual forces impossible. And the church and labor are standing with their backs to each other. It makes no difference what our legislators or economic experts may do on the material side of the problem: if the spiritual forces of America are not brought to bear upon its spiritual side the problem will never be solved. And it is difficult to see where these spiritual forces are to come from if not from the church. Either the church must so change its atti-

tude toward capital and labor that its spiritual forces can be utilized for this work, or else there must be a return of the days of miracles so that an adequate supply of such forces can be built up outside of the church.

Assuming that the church can bring itself into a position that will make its spiritual forces available, what could these forces do toward settling the labor problem?

If we are to find the answer to this question we must steer clear of the popular illusion that great problems can be solved only by great means. No great question is ever settled so long as we insist upon approaching it with methods or means of such dimensions, abstruseness, or complexity as will do honor to its magnitude. It is not until we have the courage to turn from the abstruse and complex to the obvious and simple that we begin to make any appreciable progress. The essentials to the solution of a great problem affecting society at large are always the same as the essentials to the solution of our little everyday problems of a similar character. And these essentials were always the obvious and simple, never the abstruse and complex. It is as true as an axiom that all the differences which rise between men can be eventually settled by the perfectly simple and obvious means of bringing their hearts together. Nobody who has learned the art of settling the differences between estranged brothers cares a rap what those differences are if he can only bring them heart to heart so that they will rediscover their kinship. And what is true of bringing two men together is true of bringing two groups of men together, whether the groups form two communities or two nations or two world classes. Where men come heart to heart there is peace. The teaching of Jesus that makes the harmonizing of the hearts of men possible is the brotherhood of man. Not a make-believe brotherhood, not an artificial brotherhood, but an actual brotherhood founded upon the Fatherhood of God. A make-believe brotherhood does not unite men's hearts, neither does an artificial brotherhood. Men are willing to be governed by a fictional brotherhood until it conflicts with their individual interests, and then the fiction will go to the scrapheap. If they are to be really united they must recognize the brotherhood not

as a fiction but as a fact. They must believe that they are really brothers. And there is but one way to make them believe it: you must show them a common Father.

The brotherhood of man as taught by Jesus does not oppose the organization of lesser brotherhoods, but it does oppose their organization outside of itself. All lesser brotherhoods must be organized within the universal brotherhood and in full recognition of its supremacy. Capitalists may organize themselves into a brotherhood for the protection of their own interests, but under the teachings of Jesus they cannot renounce their obligations to the universal brotherhood, whatever their own interests may demand. They cannot organize for their own protection at the expense of others. So workingmen may organize for their mutual uplift, but they have no right to say that they will recognize only workingmen as their brothers. They are members of the universal brotherhood and have no more right to disregard the obligations of brotherhood toward those who are outside of their exclusive brotherhood than they have to disregard its obligations toward those who are inside of it. No set of men, though they be as numerous as the Bolsheviki, can break out of the universal brotherhood, and if they could they would have no right to set up an opposing brotherhood. It is at this point that we come upon the secret of practically all class differences and the conflicts which arise from them. The spiritual forces of the world, under the leadership of Jesus, are trying to bring all men together around a common Father, thus creating an actual universal brotherhood. And the world, including the part that calls Jesus Master and Lord, is pulling steadily against these forces. The segregating customs of our modern civilization are all hampering the progress of democracy. They all tend to make men strangers instead of brothers. We indeed bring groups of men together, but we do it by pulling them apart from the mass. We choose the neighborhood in which we would live with a view to being with people of our own class. We are eternally organizing associations to bind the like together. And thus we are continually getting the like farther and farther away from the unlike. Every day, instead of working for the brotherhood of man by organizing to bring

the like and unlike together that they may recognize their essential kinship, we are pulling apart in groups and making ourselves strangers to every other group. And I know of nothing in this world that is easier to misunderstand than a stranger.

The separation of the classes into opposing brotherhoods is not the only thing that is widening the gulf between capital and labor. There is our city custom of separating the classes into class neighborhoods—a thing that is as inevitable as death and taxes, but, like death and taxes, not to be ignored on that account. In the village there are no class neighborhoods. In Jonesville John Mechanic lives next door to the high and mighty Col. Archibald Winslow, and John's wife thinks nothing of passing a plate of her extra fine hot biscuits over the back fence for the elegant Mrs. Winslow's supper. The geography of Jonesville makes for democracy. But the city—heavens! Here is John Mechanic's cousin Joe, who lives in a workingman's neighborhood over on Southside. Joe has been living over there ever since he was born and he has never had a speaking acquaintance with any other neighborhood. Nor has he ever really known any other sort of people. He knows the postman, but only as the postman, the grocer, but only as the grocer, and he has had occasion in the course of twenty years or so to speak to several employers; but outside of his little fractional world of workingmen there is hardly a man that he knows as a man. There is nothing in his life experience from which he could logically conclude that the world has any real men except workingmen. As for employers, they are another species. He doesn't pretend to know what they are, though he often calls them hogs; he is only sure that they are not men. When Joe comes home from the labor meeting and sits on the porch to smoke and think, he smokes and thinks as a workingman in the atmosphere of workingmen. He thinks of rights as workingmen's rights, of wrongs as wrongs inflicted upon workingmen by employers. He thinks of brotherhood as a brotherhood of labor. He thinks of love as something he owes to his own kind. He thinks of hate as something that he owes to the other kind. And he does all his thinking just as honestly as does Col. Archibald Winslow, who at that very moment is sitting

in his library in Far West End and thinking of his employees in the very same way that his employees are thinking of him.

Plainly what the problem needs is an opportunity for cousin Joe's wife to hand a plate of her extra fine hot biscuits over the back fence occasionally for Col. Archibald Winslow's wife's supper. But that is the same as saying that we should pray for the millennium. A disagreeable truth is like a disagreeable dose of medicine: when one has got to swallow it the sooner it is over the better. And sooner or later we have got to swallow the disagreeable truth that the emphasis of class interests in a class atmosphere can never result in any permanent benefit either to society as a whole or to the class whose interests are emphasized. Class interests must be stressed, but they can safely be stressed only in an atmosphere of democracy or universal brotherhood. A class organization may help the cause of democracy among those who are living in an atmosphere of democracy, like that at Jonesville, but a large majority of the members of our brotherhoods do not live in such an atmosphere, and if nothing is done to bring them into it—if while we are organizing the like we neglect to organize the unlike—if, for example, while we are multiplying labor unions and employers' associations we neglect to bring employers and bosses and workingmen and salesmen and clerks together in an employers' and employees' association, to look after their common interests and thereby create a democratic atmosphere, our class organizations can never do enough for democracy or brotherhood to overcome the harm which their necessary emphasis upon class interests must inevitabley do among those who live in an undemocratic atmosphere. You can draw lines between men who recognize a universal brotherhood without pushing them apart, but when you attempt to draw a line between men whose only idea of brotherhood is a brotherhood of their class, your line somehow becomes a gulf.

This, of course, is but a cursory glance at the spiritual side of the problem, but it is sufficient to suggest the part which the church can take in the program for the settlement of the labor question and which it must take if the question is ever settled. The church must return to the footsteps of its Master and estab-

lish a permanent propaganda for the spread of its Master's doctrine of the brotherhood of man. Not our modern doctrine of a make-believe or artificial brotherhood, but the doctrine of an actual living brotherhood proceeding from the Fatherhood of God. And it must proclaim this gospel by practice as well as by precept. By this means, and by this means alone, can the church hope to solve the spiritual side of this problem and thus make possible the solution of its material side. But how can the church bring itself into position for this service? How can it get into a right attitude toward capital and labor so that its spiritual forces can be brought to bear upon them? The problem as to capital is simply a matter of courage: the church only needs to step up from its servility to where it can look capital straight in the face. But the problem as to labor is not so simple. There is not only a vast gulf yawning between the church and labor, but, as I have said, their backs are turned toward each other. How can the church win back the workingman but by the same spiritual means that must be used to bring capital and labor together? I can see no other solution to the problem. It goes without saying that it is largely the preacher's job. To the average workingman the preacher is the church, and nothing that the layman can do will be worth doing if the preacher does not lead the way. But it is the job of the preacher, not of the zealot. Now and then a fiery young parson conceives a sudden passion for the millennium and rushes off down to the shops to tell the workingman that he has come to help him fight the capitalist. The result is the inevitable. The workingman is no fool, and he knows that while the preacher, as brother to all men, has a right to fight for the oppressed, he has no right to side with one class against another as such, and if he receives him at all it is only as a convert to his cause. The preacher may come over to his camp, but he'll be blessed if he is going over to the preacher's. Sometimes a preacher who has lost the fundamentals of his faith undertakes to fill up the aching void with the gospel of an imaginary or artificial brotherhood. He would heal the breach between the classes by bringing them together on the same social level. He would have a series of church receptions where rich and poor could meet

together and make believe that they were brothers until, in accordance with the happy law of our new psychology, the appropriate actions succeeded in producing the appropriate feelings and the make-believe brotherhood became a reality. He also fails, and for an equally simple reason. The preacher who is spending his wits and energies in the enthusiastic pastime of trying to mix oil and water may learn a more profitable rule of psychology from the Great War. If the Red Cross had ignored the law that keeps us from bringing people together on a basis where they have nothing in common, and therefore no points of contact, and had attempted to bring the women of different classes together on a social level, its work here at home would have been a failure. You cannot bring the rich and poor together on a social basis to work together even to win a war, for the reason that when you turn their social sides toward each other there is no point of contact between them; but you can bring them together on a basis of service, because service is a matter of the heart and there is always a point of contact between two classes, however far apart they may appear, when you turn their hearts toward each other. The church will take the first real step toward winning back the workingman when it stops looking up to the capitalist and steps up to where it can look him straight in the face on his own level. Then, and not until then, will the capitalist have a chance to hear the gospel he needs. That is the trouble about many a capitalist who does not recognize the brotherhood of man to-day: he has never really heard of it. You can no more reach the ear of a man with the gospel of brotherhood if you look up at him than you can if you look down upon him. When the leaven of this gospel has begun to work in his capitalistic member the preacher can take another step: he can go down to the shops and preach the same gospel to the workingman. Are not the preachers already going down to the shops? No. The Salvation Army goes; the Y. M. C. A. goes; the city missionary goes; but not the preacher—the preacher who has a church, the preacher who is the church. A few preachers here and there have gone; and where they have kept on going until they were found out—until their hearers discovered that they were bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh

—wonderful things have happened. One could tell of a few cases where labor difficulties have disappeared before the faces of such preachers as the frost before the morning sun.

Of course this is only the beginning of the program, but the preacher who takes these steps will not ask to be shown the rest of the way. He will not only go to the workingman's shop, but he will go to his home, and he will go to every workingman's meeting to which he can get himself invited, and he will go as his Master did—not to side with one class against another, but as a brother to all men: ready to lend a hand to every man who is struggling against oppression and reaching out for a chance to achieve the end of his being. And when they open their hearts to him he will lead them to the Father, in the light of whose face they can discover in every man a brother. Moreover, he will put his preaching into practice. He will plan to bring employers and employees together on a basis of service; he will urge upon them the obligations of brotherhood which demand that neither employers nor employees shall organize a brotherhood for their own interests unless they are willing to come together in a larger brotherhood for their mutual interests. Also, before he invites the workingmen to come to his church he will hurry back and see that it is set in order for their coming. He will see to it that the Sunday morning service means something to the workingman. He will see to it that everything about the church testifies to the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Incidentally he will see to it that a certain old deacon who has been a stench in the nostrils of every workingman in town for forty years is relieved of the duty of taking up the collection, and is no longer called upon after the sermon to make a few remarks upon the obligation of the members to contribute more liberally to the support of the Master's cause.

The other day the newspapers published the news that a strike had been ordered in a certain type of mills scattered over the country, and in this morning's paper I read telegrams from a number of mill centers giving the results of the order. Every telegram except one told of a strike. One simply said that the operatives had gone to work as usual, both sides satisfied. I

happened to know that town. Twenty years or more ago several employers who had developed into splendid patterns of Christian manhood set the pace for the community by putting their mills on a basis of Christian brotherhood. From that day to this both the leading employers and the leading workingmen have been enthusiastically preaching the brotherhood of man as founded upon the Fatherhood of God. You will find the same social distinction in that town that you find everywhere else, but the classes have learned to come together on the basis of service, and when they come they come as brothers. And it is all so natural that nobody notices it. Even in the big uptown church nobody seems to notice when those two noble old souls John Millowner and Joe Workingman start down the center aisle to take up the collection together.

In the name of heaven, how could you have a strike in a town where capital and labor walk down the center aisle to take up the collection together?

Edward Leigh Pell

PRIEST OR PROPHET?[1]

Humanity is on the march. It is marching forward. It is marching, we would fain believe, to victory. We once believed that it was marching steadily forward to inevitable victory. To-day we possess no such easy optimism. Nor had we any reason to possess it before; for humanity has never marched steadily forward, and victory, even when it has come, has not come inevitably. There have been times, long periods indeed, when humanity simply marked time—repeating the same formulas, performing the same rites, seeking the same objectives, making no significant advance on any front—and there have been times when humanity was compelled to make strategic withdrawals from positions where it had become fiercely, though falsely, intrenched. It may be granted that once and again it was only a campaign that was lost, never the war itself; but the period between the fall of Rome and the Renaissance was a long time to wait for the resumption of hostilities. When humanity bungles a campaign it has to return to its base and prepare for a new offensive. When it begins merely to mark time, refusing to take the offensive, it is whipped into action by some terrific catastrophe which shakes the very foundation on which it is standing and releases new forces of spiritual vision and redemptive power. It is evident enough that humanity is on the march —soon or late humanity must march—but in what direction? With what result? It is not the easy question of the rhetorician with but one conclusion. It is the violent, searching question of the prophet with a challenge.

To-day at least one thing is clear: humanity has been seeking a false objective and has been compelled to retreat. One may see in the world war the tragic and horrible result of Germany's mad bid for empire. He will be strangely blind if he see only that. The war would not have come when it did if German intrigue had not touched a match to smoldering passions, but in twentieth century Europe only a miracle such as never occurs

[1] A Convocation Address to the Students of Garrett Biblical Institute, March 19, 1919.

could have prevented eventual war. When nations build their lives on the assumption that the ultimate forces of the universe are material forces, not spiritual, and put their trust in might, not right, war is inevitable. Diplomacy may delay it, but cannot finally prevent it. The awful scourge which plunged a world into grief and terror, scrapped the stored wealth of centuries, slew ten million men and mutilated as many more, had as its immediate cause the deliberate treachery of a single nation; it had as its ultimate cause a treacherous philosophy of life that was shared in greater or less degree by all the nations. Humanity was seeking a false objective; it has been forced to retreat. What will humanity do now: prepare for another offensive, or merely mark time? In some quarters there is evident desire to start a new offensive, with new weapons and new objectives. In certain other quarters there is a desire, just as evident, to mark time; to repeat the same slogans, employ the same methods, perpetuate the same spirit out of which a world war so tragically and inevitably came. One thing seems certain, as certain as anything in the unrevealed future can be: if, after the appalling experience through which the world has just passed, our leaders endeavor merely to mark time, it will not be for long. The alternative to a new war, with new weapons and new objectives, may not be an old war for which preparation is surely but slowly made. It may be revolution—swift, sweeping, mad, blind. One has the feeling which the early Christians had concerning the existing order—that it is passing away. It may disappear gradually, under the touch of new ideas and ideals, or it may disappear suddenly in the crash of a revolution such as the sons of men have never seen. In either case the old order is drawing to a close. Our children will live in a new world; that is certain. What is not certain is the kind of world. Will it be a better, happier, freer world? One asks the question almost wistfully, especially if he has children of his own, or is a lover of the children whom he meets sometimes in the homes of his friends. What does the future hold in store for all the little children who are now alive and for the millions that will soon be born? There are those to whom this is something vastly more than a purely academic

question that can be discussed calmly, without emotion, in the quiet atmosphere of a class room. By putting this question I have stated what seems to me to be the mighty challenge of this hour. And I cannot see how to any thinking man the challenge can appear otherwise than very terrible—unless it shall appear as very glorious. But, whether terrible or glorious, it must be faced by every one who is in a position to influence the thought and activity of mankind. And because to the man who stands in the pulpit there is given a unique opportunity to influence the very springs of life to him the challenge must come with peculiar poignancy. Facing the terrible, glorious challenge of a changing world, a world in which for the first time in fifteen hundred years almost anything may happen, what manner of man ought a minister of Christ's gospel to be?

There is always danger in an alternative as a rhetorical device—the danger of that subtle half truth which is sometimes even more destructive of real values than an outrageous untruth. It is doubtful whether any human being knows enough, or ever will, to pack a whole truth in an alternative. An either—or always leaves a conscientious man with the uncomfortable feeling that there may be something to be said on both sides. And now, having made this frank avowal, I am moved to suggest a bold alternative. As I have tried to face in my own soul the inescapable challenge of a changing world it has seemed to me that the great alternative before every minister of whatever church is just this: priest or prophet? Shall he be a priest, apart from men, or a prophet in the midst of men? Shall he be a priest upholding tradition or a prophet seeking truth? Shall he be a priest restrained by fear or a prophet led on by faith? There have been priests in the school of the prophets and prophets in the vestments of a priest. There have been historic instances where priest and prophet dwelt in the same man in more or less hearty accord. Witness Martin Luther and John Henry Newman. The contrast is never absolute, but it is real, none the less. It exists in all religions; in Christianity as well as in paganism, in Protestantism as well as in Catholicism. It persists through all history.

I. The prophet is a man among men, just one among many; enjoying no special privilege, claiming none, wanting none; finding his chief joy in this: that although at times he may see truth a little in advance of his fellows they also may see it, and rejoice in it, and be saved by it. With the priest it is not so. He is not one among many; he is one above many. He enjoys an access to the world eternal which to the unfrocked multitude is denied. He holds in his hands the keys of heaven and of hell; and men who differ from him do so at their peril. I have neither the time nor the desire to trace the working of this conception in ancient Judaism or in modern Catholicism. It is nearer to my purpose to suggest that in Protestantism also men may be priests in feeling if not in form. The whole clerical profession is exposed to the danger which lies in the conventional belief that clergymen are by ordination more virtuous than other men. And the homage which the learned always receive from the unlearned, the respect which the specialist ever inspires in the less informed, the unconscious flattery which men, and especially women, pay to one who is supposed to be unusually religious, the wondering awe which the uncritical feel in the presence of a man who can *talk* so eloquently about all the splendidly heroic impulses of the human spirit—all this presents a danger so subtle that many a minister has succumbed to it without realizing what has happened. Quite unconsciously he has come to think of himself not as one among many but as one above many; one to whom the many should give unquestioning audience as to one who speaks with an authority to ordinary men denied. Nor is this the only resultant of ecclesiastical self-consciousness and self-laudation. The man in whom this unlovely habit of mind exists will find it difficult not to adopt a patronizing attitude toward the people he addresses. He may adopt such an attitude even toward men who are so much better than he that in their presence he ought to remove his shoes, standing as he is on holy ground. In the quiet of his study he has merely thought about the virtues which, in the dust and din of daily life, they have endeavored to practice. Yet he may stand in the presence of moral and spiritual greatness and think only of his own importance.

And a danger still more subtle confronts him. Full of ecclesiastical self-consciousness and self-importance, he may become blind to the need of cultivating the virtues of which he so eloquently speaks. What a wonderful time the preacher may have in the discussion of such themes as courage, unselfishness, idealism. How trenchant the phrases with which he denounces moral softness and spiritual blindness. With what power of flashing epigram, what wealth of historical allusion, what whiteness of kindling passion he pleads for every great and selfless assertion of the soul. But the great and sickening danger is that, having done so, he may determine his own conduct in the cold light of a calculating prudence. And the sight of eloquent priests urging upon others a courageous unselfishness which they do not require themselves to practice is altogether the most saddening sight under the skies.

II. It would be a dangerous experiment for any man to try to live out of history; to sever every link that binds him to the past; to turn a deaf ear to all that the race has heard, a blind eye to all that the race has seen, a closed mind to all that the race has learned. Inevitably we are linked to the past; and if candor obliges us to acknowledge the relationship wisdom admonishes us to make the most of it. It is simple truth to say that we need all the help which the long experience of the race can give to us. Something more than modesty constrains us to acknowledge that even to-day we know only in part. What we do not know is perhaps far more than what we do know. How vast the universe in which we live. How small, almost infinitesimally small, our own little planet. We stand in a small circle of light. All about us is darkness. As we push out into the darkness in our quest for truth surely we may be grateful for every guidepost with which intellectual pioneers and spiritual frontiersmen have provided us. But that is what the priest never does. He never leaves the little circle of present knowledge and steps out into the darkness of the unknown in heroic quest of truth. For the priest, humanity's guideposts—its traditions, memories, customs, creeds—are not something to progress by; they are merely something to stand by. To the prophet tradition says, "Begin here."

To the priest it says, "Stop here." The face of the prophet is ever forward. The face of the priest turns ever back. The prophet may look forward because for him truth has no external abode. It is like God himself, spaceless and timeless. But the priest must look backward because for him truth has become incarnate. In Judaism the priestly mind found its authority in the law, and especially in the rabbinical refinements of the law. In Roman Catholicism it found its authority in the patristic traditions, the decisions of councils, the pronouncements of popes. In Protestantism it found an authority equally external in the Bible. For the prophet the law reveals God; for the priest the law is God. For the prophet the church is a medium of truth; for the priest the church is truth. For the prophet the Bible contains God's word—a part of his word; for the priest the Bible is God's word—the whole of his word. Augustine went even so far as to say, "I should not believe the gospel if the authority of the church did not so determine me." And the priest in Augustine—there was, of course, a great prophet in him, too—was no more in evidence than is the priest in many a Protestant who virtually takes the position, "I should not believe that a deacon must be the husband of only one wife if the authority of the Bible did not so determine me."

John Henry Newman, who was born a prophet and died a priest, stultified his intellect even to the point of believing that natural phenomena are the result of angelic mediation because this was the teaching of the church. And if there are Catholics who agree to believe whatever the church teaches, however at variance it may be with the whole trend of modern thought, there are Protestants who agree to believe whatever the Bible teaches however widely it may differ from the findings of modern science or the pronouncements of the modern conscience. Even to-day one finds people who so far stultify their moral judgment as to justify in the Israelites what they condemn in the Germans, applauding the destruction of Jericho even while deploring the burning of Louvain. And one wonders whether on German soil, under the skillful direction of German exegetes, they would not have accepted the whole German position on biblical authority.

During the third year of the war I picked up a religious paper, published by one of the greater denominations, and in it I found an article written in repudiation of the modern movement for world-wide peace. "In contradiction to the word of God," the author declared, "statesmen, politicians, and even so-called ministers of the gospel persist in hoping and planning for permanent world peace." He granted that "every Christian man, and, for that matter, every humane person, would rejoice in the prospect of enduring peace if such condition were possible or sanctioned by Holy Writ." But he asserted, without a scintilla of doubt, that "the possibility of world-wide peace is forever excluded by the nature of humanity itself and by the express declaration of God's unfailing word." I found myself thinking of a striking cartoon that appeared in one of our great "dailies" soon after the war began. It presented a battlefield on which line after line of uniformed men and boys were being mowed down by that dread reaper whose name is Death; and overhead the black sky was frightfully illuminated by the red glare of burning villages. Underneath the cartoon appeared the question, "Must it ever be thus?" This religious leader replies that it must ever be thus; for so he interprets what is for him an external, infallible authority!

Down through the centuries the priestly mind remains the same. It bears now one name, now another, and, again, another still. But under whatever name it goes by it remains the same; demanding always and everywhere some visible, external authority, worshiping tradition rather than truth.

III. A third distinction between priest and prophet is now apparent; for it is evident that the priest is inspired by fear, the prophet by faith. With many a priest in the Catholic church the question is not whether the doctrine of papal infallibility *is* true, but whether it *needs* to be true in the interest of uniformity of belief and practice. What would happen if the doctrine were declared untrue? And with many a priest in the Protestant church the question is not whether the Bible *is* infallible, but whether it *needs* to be infallible in the interest of orthodoxy. What would happen if men's confidence in the Bible as an

infallible teacher were shaken? Ever in the background of the priestly mind is the grim specter of fear. But the kind of fear which I have especially in mind, and with which I would contrast faith, is not the crass and sordid thing to which I have just referred. I am thinking of something far more subtle and refined—the half-conscious, hardly confessed fear that in any really bold attempt to explore life's undiscovered secrets the spirit's horizon may disappear, and God himself be lost. Within the bounds of the accepted tradition there is certainty and peace; beyond its borders there is—one knows not what. Therefore let us remain where we are, giving heed to the voice of a hallowed and authoritative tradition, nursing the soul on the ritual of piety, saying to the too-inquiring mind, "Peace, be still." That is ever the cry of the priest, and it is the cry of fear. How different the voice of the prophet. Listen to it as it comes ringing down the centuries:

"I hate, I despise your feast days; I will take no delight in your holy days. But let justice roll down as waters and righteousness as a mighty stream."

"Ye have heard that it was said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy: but I say unto you, Love your enemies, and pray for them that persecute you; that ye may be sons of your Father who is in heaven; for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust. For if ye love them that love you what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same? And if ye salute your brethren only what do ye more than others? do not even the Gentiles the same? Ye therefore shall be perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect."

"There is neither Jew nor Greek; there is neither bond nor free; there is neither male nor female; for we are all one in Christ Jesus."

"Recant I cannot and will not; for it is hazardous and dishonorable to act against one's own conscience. Here I stand. God help me."

In the first case the prophet is daring to secure a new emphasis; in the second he is daring to create a new ethic; in the

third, he is endeavoring to affirm a new internationalism; in the fourth he is endeavoring to obtain a new seat of religious authority. In each case he must pass by tradition and walk an unbeaten path. He does so with what inner tumult no man knoweth, but with a courage that never falters, and by reason of his holy adventuresomeness humanity leaps forward into the light. The new emphasis gives a new vitality to the life of the spirit, the new ethic sends a new life coursing down the veins of the centuries, the new internationalism saves Christianity from becoming a localized sect and it becomes to-day the hope of the race, from the new seat of religious authority comes a new freedom for the soul of mankind.

"Forward" is the cry of the prophet—and the cry of the prophet is the cry of faith. For what, after all, is faith? In those unforgettable days I spent at "Drew" there was one hymn which we sang so often that it came to be known as the "Drew" hymn:

> "Faith of our fathers! living still
> In spite of dungeon, fire and sword;
> O how our hearts beat high with joy
> Whene'er we hear that glorious word!
> Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
> We will be true to thee till death!"

To what were we pledging ourselves to be true till death? I am not sure but that in the thought of the author the faith of our fathers was identified with certain theological beliefs. It is quite likely that it was so identified in our thought also. And, in that case, what we were pledging ourselves to do was to believe as our fathers had believed till the day of our death. But it is clear—is it not?—that if men were to believe only what men before them have believed progress along any line would be impossible. Suppose men had always believed what their fathers believed about the conformation of the earth—that it was flat? There would have been no Columbus, no Santa Maria, no America. Suppose men had always believed what their fathers believed about the cause of disease—that it was demon-caused. No single triumph of modern medicine, modern surgery, or modern sanita-

tion would have been possible. Suppose men had always believed what their fathers believed about the institution of slavery —that it was ordained of God. There would have been no Abraham Lincoln, no emancipation proclamation, no real democracy. Suppose men had always believed as their fathers had believed about God himself. There would have been no Jesus, no New Testament, no Christian church, no modern civilization. Surely it were impossible for men to do anything more ruinous both to themselves and to others than to pledge undying loyalty to their fathers' beliefs. Such loyalty is like unto a whited sepulcher. Outwardly it is fair to look upon, and at Annual Conferences and elsewhere the unthinking crowd will always applaud it, but within it is full of all uncleanness and dead men's bones. At the heart of it is cowardice—the fear to venture forth in an unbeaten path; the fear to cross the border between the known and the unknown and explore life's undiscovered secrets. But such cowardly clinging to traditional belief was not our fathers' faith. There were times when our fathers steadfastly refused to be bound by the beliefs of a former day. They suffered themselves to be "chained in prisons dark." They braved "dungeon, fire, and sword." They went to the arena, the scaffold, the stake, choosing rather to die than to cling to conceptions which the wonder and glory of their own experience had shown to be false. They dared to think new thoughts. They dared to champion new theories. They dared to live in accordance with new ideals. If we to-day are men of faith because we cling to the beliefs of our fathers, then our fathers themselves were not men of faith, for they departed from the beliefs of their fathers. If faith is the acceptance of traditional belief, then most of the men whom we have been taught to honor can never be enrolled among the heroes of faith. For John Wesley, in not a few particulars, departed from traditional belief. And so did John Wycliffe. And so did John Baptist. And so did Jesus.

But this, of course, is not faith. Faith is no such fearful, reckless thing as I have been describing. Faith is courage. It is the courage to go on; the courage to advance as life advances, not knowing what lies beyond the horizon, but trusting that the

God of the past is the God of the future, that the God of the known is the God of the unknown, and that in the end all will be well. Faith is the Christopher Columbus of the soul, saying to a hundred fears, Sail on, sail on, sail on! and by sailing on discovering in the universe of truth another world.

Priest or prophet: which shall it be? The new world will not need the priest, and the forward-looking portion of it will not tolerate him. It will refuse to tolerate his claim to special recognition, special privilege. The scientific conception of the universe has erased the old distinction between sacred and secular. God is not in the church alone; he is in the store, the factory, the market-place. And God is not in the pulpit in any sense in which he is not also in the pew. The desk behind which the preacher preaches is no more sacred than the desk behind which the teacher teaches or the bookkeeper keeps his ledger. There are other callings quite as sacred as the preacher's. The layman also may be a minister. In removing cataracts from the eyes of the blind; in improving the condition of those who are bound; in teaching and befriending the children of the poor; in doing justly in all business transactions; in showing mercy in all social relationships, he too may minister in the name of Christ. He may take the things of God and show them unto men. He may rightly divide the word of truth. It follows, therefore, that the preacher may no longer think of himself as being in any sense apart from men. He may no longer make demands for himself that men in other professions would not think of making. He may not take refuge behind his cloth, using it to cover his laziness and inefficiency. And when he fares forth to purchase new cloth he may not expect to be treated as though he belonged to a privileged class. "Blessed is the minister who refuses to accept a discount; he shall not be discounted." Henceforth the minister who thinks of himself, not as one among many, but as one above many, will exert a steadily decreasing influence. He will preach to a steadily diminishing congregation. His words will become as sounding brass and a clanging cymbal. He will be as salt that has lost its savor, as light that has become darkness. And the people will continually cast him down even though an

Annual Conference picks him up. Nor will the new day shine with favor upon the priest's subserviency to tradition. Men are beginning to realize that it is just this priestly devotion to external authority which produces that uncritical atmosphere in which hideous wrongs are enabled to flourish. How significant it is that often the most reactionary men in a community are just the men who believe in an infallible church or an infallible Bible. It is true, of course, that subserviency to tradition will still be utilized for political purposes or to maintain the status quo in some disquieting industrial situation. But it will no more stem the mighty current of modern thought, the mighty on-rushing progress of life, than the angry protest of a petted child will stop the incoming of the tide. The time has passed when the priest might circumscribe the bounds of knowledge and say to men, Thus far you may think and no farther. The time has passed when the priest might identify truth with tradition and say to men, As the fathers believed so must the children believe throughout all generations. "The modern world refuses to be bound by the scientific views of medieval school-men; it will refuse no less firmly to be bound by the theological views of medieval church-men." To the modern mind there is thrilling significance in those words of Jesus, "The Holy Spirit will lead you into all truth." That is the growing conviction of men of faith the wide world over. Truth was revealed to the fathers, but not all truth. There are whole continents of truth that lie yet beyond the horizon of our human ken. But the spirit of the living God is leading us on. Cry shame to him who fears to follow! In the new day that is now breaking, men will find it difficult not to despise the accredited representatives of religion if they persist in asking not, What is true? but only, What is safe? And not perhaps without regret will they turn away from the official leaders of religion and in their doubts and perplexities look for guidance to more daring souls who do not fear change; who fear only the deadliness of standing still when life itself is moving on. For the priestly mind there will be little demand in the coming days. What this new world age loudly calls for is the prophet—the man who is not afraid to stand with uplifted

brow in the dread presence of the Everlasting Truth of Things and say, "Speak, Lord; thy servant heareth."

It is not improbable that the work of the prophet will still be dangerous. There are men, and always will be, who do fear change, and not without reason. For any change in human thought may leave them stripped of certain dignities and prerogatives which do not properly attach to them; and any change in human institutions may leave them peeled of certain possessions which do not properly belong to them. Such men do fear change and may be counted upon to resist it. They have always done so. But they will be as powerless as the priests of Baal to prevent the final entrance of a long-suffering humanity into the promised land. Truth may be resisted for a season. It may be denied, shamed, spat upon, crucified. But ever on the third day it rises from the dead and resumes its triumphant march. The work of the prophet may be dangerous; the work of the priest will be futile.

Priest or prophet: facing the new day, with its terrible, glorious challenge, which shall it be?

E. F. Tittle

MY PREFERENCES IN POETRY[1]

I PROFESS myself a lover of poetry—nay, a devotee. I give it the place in my mind that most people give to science and to mathematics. If this peculiar and long-enthroned love should suddenly fail me or the faculty become extinct, as it is reputed to have done in the case of Darwin, it would not be from the same cause; but in that event I should be deprived of my chief spiritual asset, and must then be reckoned very poor indeed. For to me that "guide by which the nobler arts excel" is not a guide that ever led astray, and the love of poetry and the love of beauty and the love of truth and even the love of holiness are one. My tastes in the realm of poetry are as catholic as is usually to be found with students limited in range and opportunity, as I have been. I have traversed only a small segment of the sphere and tarried only where I felt at home, yet I count it fortunate that the desert of my youth yielded its manna, and that my infant muse drank first at some of the purest and sweetest fountains of the English Castalia. It is with me, in this great department of human thought and feeling, as it is in the realm of nature. I do not take things easily or readily in their vaster manifestations and larger relations. I have always been a stay-at-home body; and like that happy little vaulter of the summer field, I enjoy my choice place in the sun or harbor, with Milton's eremite,

> Far from all resort of mirth
> Save the cricket on the hearth.

Sometimes, indeed, I take the lofty excursion; I arise, and lo! the heavens take heed; I launch out into the great spaces until my mind grows dizzy with its limitless excursions among the

> Planets and suns, and adamantine spheres,
> Wheeling unshaken through the void immense:

being unable to find any ultimate wall or boundary line of creation. Or sometimes I may take a wider sweep than usual of our own ponderous planet; taking my flight—since cannot

[1] A Paper read before The Poetry Society at Springfield, Mass., February 7, 1919.

otherwise go—with Scott, and Hugo, and Dickens; rambling with Christopher North, or the Ettrick Shepherd; hovering with Kilmeny over the beaded Caledonian lakes and rugged Trossach glens. Or taking flight by continental ranges, plunging after a Park, or a Bruce, or a Roosevelt, penetrating "the untrodden wilds, the mysterious forests," the caves of silent awe and beauty, the desert and the prairie; cutting the air on pinions fleet as the wings of the morning, to where the melancholy tracts of western billows toss and foam; or southward, where the vaster oceans go "sobbing to the moon, and rolling their echoing chime around a thousand isles," and the snowy surf leaps laughing on the rocks of coral. Or I have my mountain stunt, and fancifully climb the Everests and Chimborazos, where the senator-mountains stand, "clad with the glacier and scarfed with the iris, where the great storms sing their thunder-hymns." But I am glad to fold my wings of fancy and rest them a long while. Rather would I choose for my habitual excursions much narrower bounds. Rather would I choose for home consumption some detached beauties: The "violet by the mossy stone"—that object the most beautiful in nature:

> Fair as a star when only one
> Is shining in the sky;

The dancing daffodils; the daisy of the mountain "turned down by the share of Burns," and a thousand kindred objects. Than all that vastness and splendor beyond, me rather the soft amenity of life within familiar borders, the bowery loveliness that clusters "round the heart of home."

And it is so with me with respect to the grander epical and universal creations of the master spirits in poetry. I have sought to reach and rise and attain to some comprehension of their unusual scope and vastness; but, for the most part, I must survey them as those who worship from afar, and cannot presume upon intimacy. The charm of these great poets to me lies largely in their episodes and lyrical parts; passages where language suddenly blossoms as the rose, or feeling strikes a white heat and some molten star-passage comes down the dusky blue of his night-

thought in the light of which we see for a moment the poet's shining face. Indeed, I am of Poe's opinion, that essentially there is no such thing as a long poem, but the epics are rather a succession of lyrical outbursts connected—sometimes, as in the case of Wordsworth, with marked imperfection—by a filling less emotional and less poetical.

I have a decided preference for the brief lyric. I admit dialect verse, where it is genuine, as in Burns and Lowell; but much of that kind of verse has, as it is apt to do, degenerated into coarseness and the falsehood of an extreme. I am an eclectic in verse; I would select the themes of beauty to the exclusion of the vile and vulgar. I like rhyme, rhythm, and even poetry more or less jinglish, like Poe's Bells, or Francis Mahony's Bells of Shandon. Whitman and his ilk do not flow readily into my mental current. The "barbaric yawp" is inharmonious. I can remember, "My Captain! O my Captain," because that comes near to being a genuine and pure lyric, and is a real heart-expression. I do not think I am a bigot about this matter. One of my friends told me he could not enjoy Evangeline because it is written in unrhymed hexameters. I am not unfavorably affected by the form of that charming idyllic story. In general, hexameters may not be congenial to our language; but I believe that, in this particular instance, the poet triumphed; and, as Lowell has said, in his Fable For Critics,

> Its place is apart,
> Where time has no sway, in the realm of pure art;

and I, for one, would not alter a single line of it. But what is a true poem, in its truest sense? To me, it is a finality—an inevitable form of beauty. It is something portable, too. It is something that stays by us, and harbors with us. That is my test. It makes its abiding place in our memory. It is a guest of the heart. The years cannot dispossess it, or mar its sweetness, or dim its luster. As Byron so beautifully said of one of his maidens:

> She was a form of life and light
> That, seen, became a part of sight;
> And rose where'er I turned my eye—
> The Morning Star of Memory.

So the perfect lyric. When once it has entered in, you can never be rid of it, and you never want to. If you sit by the fireside, it is with you there. If you walk by field or wood, it is humming in your subconsciousness. When "rosy morning breaketh," it rises with the orb of day, but sets not with moon or evening star. Take, for instance, Shakespeare's—

Hark! Hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings!

That little outburst of clear aerial music! How often my heart has been lifted up on its wings! I would not exchange it for some of the third-rate plays about which we entertain doubt that he ever wrote them; nor would I yield those magic lyrics of the Tempest, as,

Nothing of him that doth fade;

nor his song of the eternal rest and the everlasting home, in Cymbeline, on which Tennyson's dying hand was closed. It is this aerial lyric grace and empyreal sweetness that charms me so in Shelley. He floats with the cloud; he mounts and sings with the lark (though Shelley's lark, and Wordsworth's lark to Shakespeare's are "as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine"); he breathes with the west wind, and curves with the iris, and shoots up with the fountain, and rides with night over the western wave. To me, among his shorter lyrics one of the most exquisite is the one beginning—

I awake from dreams of thee;

and the next, his Song to the Spirit of Delight, of which here are two perfect stanzas:

I love all thou lovest,
Spirit of Delight;
The fresh earth in new leaves drest,
And the starry night;
Autumn evening, and the morn
When the golden mists are born.

I love snow, and all the forms
Of the radiant frost;
I love waves, and winds and storms,
Everything almost
Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery.

Contrast this with Burns's—

O, Nature, a' thy shows and forms
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms,
Whether the summer kindly warms
Wi' life an' light,
Or winter howls, wi' gusty storms,
The lang, dark night.

One of the briefest of English lyrics is also one of the most significant, for a certain stately, elegiac beauty. It has Landor's peculiar poise and dignity. It is his tribute to Rose Aylmer:

Ah what avails the sceptered race,
Ah what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace!
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.
Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and sighs
I consecrate to thee.

Besides the wealth of Shakespeare himself, what English age was so rich in lyric wealth? That lyric outburst is unmatched from Shakespeare, Spenser, Jonson, Drummond, Marlowe, Herrick, (that soul of a May day morning!), Sidney (whitest soul of all!), Lyly, Hayward, Campion, Habington; and the choir also that sang in the Stuart reigns, Carew, Wotten, Waller, Walton, Herbert, Vaughan, Davenant, Lovelace, and the Marquis of Montrose; these, and others unnamed, have given us a treasure it will not be easy to duplicate, rich as the Georgian and Victorian eras may be.

Taking the whole range of English poetry, among the choicer things that have become a part of my permanent mental furniture I may name a few. Of all the Spenserian *répertoire,* nothing has pleased me better than the *Prothalamion* and *Epithalamion.* In all sexual and connubial affection there must of necessity be a portion of earthiness; but in these exquisite pieces it is sublimated in the highest degree, and adorned with all poetic beauty. I recognize in the earliest poems of Milton some of the most precious of the treasures that English literature can have to boast; and I have often taken delight in their rare and elevated

loveliness. Then, early to affect my taste in poetry came the Odes of Collins; that unhappy poet who was never to know what the world was to think of him, and who, more than Keats, had the right to feel that his name was written in water. His Dirge in Cymbeline is especially perfect, in my thinking, and I often find myself repeating that last stanza:

> Each lonely scene shall thee restore;
> For thee the tear be duly shed;
> Belov'd till life can charm no more,
> And mourn'd till Pity's self be dead.

To mention Gray may be nearly superfluous; for who that knows or loves poetry at all has not felt the impact of his Elegy, that most universal of English poems? The Odes are for more select circles, perhaps; but I early was persuaded, against Johnson, of their peculiar delicacy and beauty. Another English lyric, though by a Scottish author—be it Bruce or Logan—that made an early appeal to me, is the Ode to the Cuckoo, which always enlivens me as with the advent of Spring itself. I cannot think that Wordsworth's precious stanzas on the same subject are clearer or sweeter:

> Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
> Thy sky is ever clear;
> Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
> No winter in thy year.

Perhaps I cannot better indicate my preferences than by citing a few of the poets I hold to, or who have made an initial impression on my formative mind. God knows, it was a hungry mind, not always abundantly supplied, and that eagerly took its food.

Burns and Byron. These two were my boy majesties. I have been challenged. What have you, a minister, to do with enthusiasms over the reprobate poets? I answer: I have not lived with these alone, nor committed myself wholly to them. They were men who had their nobler feelings and their diviner moments; Burns, particularly, was such a man. I will say, concerning both, that if it could not always be said of either, "his worst he kept, his best he gave," that only the best have cloven to me and are parts

of memory. They are both beyond our reach, except in the association of thought; and, as Watson says, so say I—

> Their greatness, not their littleness,
> Concerns mankind.

Burns filled the thicket of my heart and thought, as if a thousand rare birds of song were suddenly there, flashing their rainbow hues, with new splendors and bursts of melody. Elegy took a new meaning in my thought, when he sang of Mary and of good Glencairn, while pathos and sorrow went wailing together with music and beauty along the banks of Doon, where the forsaken maiden cried aloud—

> Thou'lt break my heart, thou little bird
> That sings't sae sweet on yonder thorn;
> Thou mind'st me o' departed joys—
> Departed never to return!

And "Tam o' Shanter"! That poem is a microcosm of life, and its celerity of movement is wonderful. It darts, for speed and brilliancy, on the flash of the lightning it describes; it moves with the force and velocity of the storm. Humor, and mirth, and poetry, and life's wisdom, and death's sublimity are there. Rarely in any poetry can you light on a passage to equal his "But pleasures are like poppies spread."

Campbell. I was a schoolboy on the bench when—to speak in metaphor—Tom Campbell came in one day, with an extended hand, and I can feel to this day the pressure of his palm. Here was the old-day classical form with a new-day enthusiasm. For Campbell had that special gift of lyric enthusiasm. If the perfect gliding grace, softness like the feline movement, ease, and literary taste and allusiveness, with propriety, the properties of Rogers's "Pleasures of Memory," may not have been quite attained in Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," we have fine compensations in those glowing pictures, and ringing lines, and martial heroisms, and splendid declamations, that are the property of youthful poets who can write such masterpieces at twenty-one. We wonder that we have had no renascence of Campbell in these years of war. For he is surely one of the most martial

of poets. How well to our emergency did his indignant lyric apply, written when Napoleon Bonaparte was threatening an invasion of England:

> Our bosoms we'll bare to the glorious strife,
> And our oath is recorded on high,
> To prevail in the cause that is dearer than life,
> Or crushed in its ruins to die.

Goldsmith. I count it a fortunate and happy day in my formative years that brought me the acquaintance of Oliver Goldsmith, even as I count that another day of smiles and pearls that made me the inheritor of the "spoils of time" in the pages of Irving, his genial and elegant biographer. Amid all the ringing of poetic and literary changes and the climbing of the high and rugged mountains of song "The Traveler" and "The Deserted Village" hold their original sway in my affections, and are like musk or other sweet fragrances hid away in the drawer of my heart.

When Goldsmith had a pen in his hand he was a full grown man; and as Johnson wrote in his epitaph, being master of many subjects, he "touched nothing that he did not adorn."

Tennyson. O, that dear little volume of blue and gold, that first brought me "In Memoriam!" That poem has entered into my midmost soul. It is not merely for the charming of the ear, or the titillation of the fancy, or the gratification of the intellectual taste. Critics who prefer such poets as Swinburne, or Morris, or Rossetti, or De Musset, or Gautier, may not like it, and pronounce it funereal and divinical; but it has not only charm, but a sacred message for the earnest, serious-hearted man. It has the solemnity of nature in her autumnal moods, and of truth when truth approaches the greatest theme—the Problem of Existence; and yet it clusters thick as an arbor of rambler roses with poetic bloom.

Shelley wrote in his "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty":

> The day becomes more solemn and serene
> When noon is past—there is a harmony
> In autumn, and a luster in the sky
> Which thro' the summer is not heard or seen,
> As if it could not be, as if it had not been.

So nature has her solemnity, her sanctity, her holy periods and places, where idle laughter would be profane. And when we come to draw nigh to the great and grand realities that Death and Eternity press upon us, In Memoriam becomes a royal text-book that none of us should omit to study. Tennyson seldom violates the canons of the classical poet's art, though he is less severe than Landor and Arnold. I remember, however, what seems to me a lapse from his even scale, in the closing of "Enoch Arden." In describing his death he writes a line in the elevated style—

> So passed that great heroic soul away.

Then he immediately subsides into a statement that might have been copied from the local newspaper:

> And when they buried him the little town
> Had seldom seen a costlier funeral.

The people in Tennyson's Idyls move in an atmosphere of dream. He comes to a real passion, however, in "Guinevere." But, dream-people or no, they are people fit to meet, and you revel in their old-world realm of beauty. Tennyson is superb in his lyrics. I trust that nothing will ever happen to mar or mutilate The Princess, so there should be nothing left of it but a few

> Jewels, five words long,
> Which on the outstretch'd finger of all time sparkle forever;

as has happened in the case of Sappho (and why, if she wrote well?) But if such a mischance should be in my time I trust the residuum may include those exquisite jewellettes of the heart, "Tears, idle tears," "Sweet and low," "Home they brought her warrior dead," "Ask me no more"—and that little masterpiece of verbal melody that even that poetic bandmaster, Swinburne, cannot surpass, "The Bugle-Song."

Longfellow. It shall be personal. For no poet of my time do I cherish quite so tender a regard. Along in the early seventies of the century past, a youth of twenty years, then a compositor in the University Press of Welsh and Bigelow (an old printing house long since gone), used to see a venerable figure

clad in black, and black-hatted, with a beautiful face framed in white beard and hair, as he passed by from day to day, and was lost to sight amid the shades of Brattle Street. It was Longfellow. A wild-fire longing came into his heart, and going to his lodging place he wrote and sent to the poet this note:

> **A young man from the land of Acadia, the home of Evangeline, desires an interview with the poet who has made his birthplace classic and immortal.**

Did hero-worshiper ever have a master-hold like that? It was a clincher! An instant reply was given; and on the following Sunday evening, in the pleasant month of June, I was ushered into the poet's study, and met the gentle spirit who had the gift to charm, if not to instruct, his generation as few have had the power to do. I have no need to tell what I heard or saw. Everybody knows the place, and what is within the house, now open to all comers. What I want to say is this: that after fifty years, or nearly that, as I look back and see that reverend form, and feel the gentle touch of that dear man, and hear the friendly and quiet tones of his voice—never more to be heard—my heart leaps up anew to peruse his features, as Wordsworth's heart leaped up at sight of a rainbow in the sky; and when the memory of that evening comes back to me, I bless God for the impress of that sweet time, and my heart dances within me, as the poet said his heart did at memory of the dancing daffodils.

No wonder he is the laureate of the domestic affections, as well as of the sea, and of foreign lands; no wonder men love his poems, even as I do; for behind the poet was the man, and as gentle and lovable a man, I deem, as ever trod this planet.

Arthur J. Lockhart.

A CATECHISM OF EDUCATION

We have begun to take stock of education as of other institutions embodying our national life—law, health, labor, welfare, neighborhood. The new to-morrow is even more a crisis with education than with the rest, for in a very true sense education is the religion of democracy. Madame Breshkovsky cries, "For Russia education is salvation!" and the whole world awaits the results of that seminar course in the diplomacy of peace which an American college professor is conducting for some apt pupils at this hour upon the Quai d'Orsay.

Graduates of American colleges ask, as the old magazine writer asked fifty years ago, "What are they doing back there at college?" and it is my duty to answer to my best knowledge and belief. I say belief advisedly. Education is to-day largely a matter of faith; it is the evidence of things not seen that spurs us on. And as faith is personal I will give you to-day my personal catechism. It comprises three questions: What is education? What is good education? What is education good for?

1. What is education? Is it not, first of all, an institution of our national life; a basic stratum underrunning citizenship; a separate function in each State system of government and soon to be recognized with proper dignity at Washington by a responsible federal agency and a cabinet officer of education? Is it not, too, a profession—at least in the making; working toward professional standards, developing a professional code, and claiming recognition with other learned professions? Is it a science, perhaps? As yet those who advance this claim are professors in departments of education. Let us allow them so much, at least, that education is a department, and a very lively one. Its mobilized facts, however, compose a kind of Foreign Legion, escaped from the more settled domains of ethics, philosophy, psychology, physiology. But to me education, while all these, is, first and foremost, economy, and a branch of economics; it is the conservation of experience; it is the labor of sifting, recording, and trans-

mitting the great *traditio* from generation to generation. And that is a task of infinite magnitude, dignity, responsibility. Not the torch, beautiful though the symbol be, but the gray tower's height of the college library, whose sentries, beauty and aspiration, forbid us to fill her shelves with empty trash—that is the true escutcheon of education. Just as eighteen hundred years ago, when Rome was threatened, scholars met together and chose seven plays of Sophocles, seven of Æschylus, seventeen of Euripides, and said, "These we will copy and no others, though we love the others too; so haply these thirty-one shall yet live among men," so education maintains the great *traditio* of to-day, and says to our children, "This at least is worthy; this is yours." And this we do at college.

2. What is good education? I can answer in a sentence, but every phrase would take a year to explain. Education is good of which the subject matter is ample and worthy, the means by which to impart it competent and adequate, and the method of instruction consistent with science and good sense. The subject matter or content, which we in our professional language call the curriculum, is ample at a college when upon the training of a secondary school is placed a training of four years in the mastery of knowledge progressive toward a limit of human thought, and as much knowledge in the way of ease and refreshment as can well be carried in life's comfort-kit. I ask only this of the curriculum. No royal road to learning, no high seat at her table. Does it lead toward a limit of thought? Does it mark an advance upon what has gone before? Then let us teach it at college freely and fully. And the means of education is good when classroom, laboratory, and library are adequate, when good teachers are well paid and well encouraged. Mark Hopkins and the log still make a college. And we should not spend more money on the log than on Mark Hopkins.

The method of education, I have said, is good when its presentation is consistent with science and good sense. It varies with every class. There are as many methods as there are teachers—I had almost said as there are students. Science may be trusted to insist that the method shall be logical; and good sense, too, must

be heard pleading with the professor that he recognize students as human; if the recognition be mutual so much the better.

3. What is education good for? I have named the physical and objective demands. There remains the greater intellectual and spiritual task. What effect should education work within the student? Education is good for something when it keeps the student sane and steady and sweetened by constant contact with current life; it is good for something when the intention, the mind, what Chaucer would have called the *courage,* of the campus is concentrated upon service as the call may come. In our day this call is for public service. And education will be good for something only when students are universally public-minded; so that whether one specializes in music, then that musical knowledge is to be placed at the community's command; whether chemistry be chosen, that the demand the State makes upon chemistry shall first be met; whether one's education comes to be for the learned professions of wife and mother, it shall be well used there and something yet be left for the profession of citizen. Education is good for something, lastly, when the student early finds her star, and builds her life plan upon the vision she has seen, no matter what years of effort or sacrifice lie between her resolution and its fulfillment. And at college in our day that goal which her life purpose shall set for itself must be leadership. Does not the motto of Vassar women, "Valere," "To be of account," serve for the women of other colleges as well? They have had education, good education, education good for much; of them, therefore, much shall be required; nothing less than the front trenches.

This is my personal faith, not theoretical or untried, but daily expressed, either in plan or in achievement. Not the college of fair campus, spreading lawn, and noble hall is my theme; but the college of the spirit, the teaching college of the long classroom hours, year upon year, the college not made with hands.

"And so ends my catechism."

Hu Max Cracken

MEDITATION

In all meditation there is probably an element of fancy, imagination and reflection, but our subject in its highest essential differs from all these and is more than their combined sum.

Fancy is the humming-bird of the mind flitting unrestrictedly from flower to flower, tasting the sweetness of each but accomplishing little or nothing because it is without any definite aim and is pursuing no royal purpose. Imagination is the mind focused upon a mental image, and if properly developed it transforms this mentality into a physical reality. This is the source of our poetry and our beautiful works of art. Reflection is turning or bending the mind back on something it has previously heard, seen or read, and causing that something to reappear and relive. It is the mind chewing its cud. Meditation, on the other hand, in its loftiest sphere is not the act of a faculty of the soul; but the soul itself, for the time being unconscious of its physical appendage, sitting upon the throne of its own judgment day, observes self in the light of the eternal and beholds the eternal in the light of revelation, and—overcome with its human limitations and overwhelmed with the majesty of the divine—cries, "Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips; for mine eyes have seen the King, Jehovah of hosts." Through this means we are brought into spiritual fellowship with all other spiritual intelligences, and because of this comradeship we can remain no longer what we were but become a part of the new relationship, richer in thought and life, nobler in ideals and aspirations. By this process our souls are related to the great soul, the eternal God, as the mountain stream relates itself to the boundless waters of the ocean and, while losing its individuality, does not lose its identity and partakes of every element common to the ocean. The soul in meditation has all words, all ages, all themes, and all experiences in its mighty sweep. As it sits upon its high mountain it beholds not only all the kingdoms of

this world, but all the kingdoms of all worlds pass, as moving troops, before its eyes and it realizes that "this is all mine." This is the highest form of devotional life, and implies at least two persons who are so vitally and intimately related that for the time being they are one in thought and life, and the hearts of the two open like rosebuds to each other, and each finds in the other that which neither found in himself alone. What wonderful discoveries in both man and God await the venture of the daring soul!

The great need of meditation is apparent when we compare the great men of our generation with the great men of historic and biblical fame. I am aware of the tendency to lionize and immortalize the dead past, and criticize and minimize the living present. It has almost reached the stage that if one wishes to become famous he must not merely wait until death overtakes him, but he must "step lively, there" and overtake death in order that he may wear the sooner his crown of coronation. I also know the pressing demands of our age, surpassing any in the history of the world, so that to-day the man of fifty years of age has left Methuselah far in the distance. Yet when all is said and done we are forced to admit that there is a great gulf between the men of to-day and such princely characters as Abraham, Moses, Job, Elijah, Isaiah, Paul, Saint Augustine, Chrysostom, and Saint Francis. Truly there were giants in those days. When we study the lives of these men it will be found that each one of them spent much time in devotion. In John Knox's house in Edinburgh, and in John Wesley's house in City Road, London, the most interesting thing to be seen is the prayer-room where each spent long hours alone with God. This is the secret of the dominance of Scotland and the irresistible spread of the Wesleyan revival. We must suffer ever in comparison with these sun-crowned characters until we find more time for meditation and intimate personal contact with our Lord. The two big things in this world are the mightiness of God and the greatness of man; and when these two work together and blend in sublime harmony, the revelation of the one and the exaltation of the other, they produce that state of wonder and mystical grandeur which is

overwhelming and all-masterful, and men are forced to say, "The gods are come down to us in the likeness of men." The mystery of Jesus walking upon the waters and compelling winds and waves to obey him practically disappears when we recall that he had spent the whole of the preceding night in meditation with his Father. The deep things neither of God or man will be revealed to us in a hurry. "Wait on the Lord. Wait, I say, on the Lord."

The mere reading of books, however good the books may be, is not study any more than running a harrow across an unplowed field is cultivation. Stumps must be uprooted, stones removed, and the plow sunk to the beam if a future harvest is to be secured. Reading through the Bible, Shakespeare, Milton, Dante, Browning, Tennyson, once or twice a year may be good mental gymnastics, but if one would become a conscious possessor of the fathomless riches of the world of thought, and taste the power of the world to come, then he must linger under the tree of life long enough for its food to digest. He must abide in his cave until all the confused voices have exhausted themselves and then he will hear "the still small voice." He must wait on the mountain if he would hold converse with Moses and Elias. We need go slowly through the Valley of Eshcol, for often the richest clusters of grapes are hidden by their own foliage. We hurry through the world trampling diamonds under our feet and finding only burnt-out beds of iron ore which lie on the surface. We rush beneath crowns of gold dangling just over our heads while we chase a copper coin at our feet—and often when we overtake it we find it spurious, or that it has a hole in it. The great purpose of meditation is the accomplishment of the unusual or the miraculous. The tarrying of Elijah in the desert was not self-indulgence, nor dissipation, but the preparation for rending the heavens and bringing down floods and flames as well as to nerve his limbs to outclass the chariot horses of Ahab. We are living in strenuous days, when the gods of selfish greed, unbridled lusts, inhuman prejudices, implacable hatred, and demoniacal wickedness are prevalent everywhere; in seats of learning, halls of Congress, sanctums of editors, hospitals of the sick, tribunals of

justice, Christian associations, and temples of divine worship. We need thunderbolts hurled with superhuman power and lightning rapidity. We need altar fire hot from under the throne as credential of our commission. We need power to harness the sun, tether the moon, and open the heavens and force them to do our biddings. We should be able to gird up our loins and lead the chariots of commerce, industry, science, and government instead of calmly taking the dust of their passing wheels. The great reason we do not rise and take our place is that we do not take time for the forging of thunderbolts; we are content to shoot birdshot, and frequently these are purloined. Among the greatest crimes which ministers can commit is the immoral and abominable practice of indolent men who fritter away their time during the week and then on Sunday pick up other men's sermons and preach them as their own. It is a crime against themselves, for it undermines the power of creation. Man was made to be but little lower than God, and, like him, a creator. It is a crime against their people. They come as hungry sheep to be fed, and instead of the sincere milk of the word and strong meat they are given predigested extract of tasteless, juiceless, lifeless breakfast food which had but little vitality in the beginning. No man can follow this practice without it sooner or later telling on him. The people may not know where he gets it, but they know that it is worthless and so stay away. "You may fool all of the people part of the time, you may fool some all of the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time." Spenser in his "Faery Queen" pictures a knight led through a portion of the underworld. They approach a gate and read the legend thereon, "Be bold." They enter and approach a second gate with the words, "Be bold." They pass on and approach the third gate and read, "Be bold, but not too bold." A hint to the wise is sufficient.

The death of King Uzziah appeared to Isaiah to forbode direful consequences, and he proceeded to the temple to meditate. While in this state he suddenly beheld not the dead king, but the King Immortal, high and lifted up, and his train filling the temple. It is not strange that in the presence of such grandeur

and holiness his own imperfection should be revealed to him. What spiritual and mental poverty for this world without this remarkable vision, the direct fruitage of meditation. John on Patmos was evidently meditating on the historic Christ as he knew him when suddenly the living Christ stood before him, revealing in unforgettable form his relation to the churches and to the angels thereof. But greater than the vision was the message delivered: "I am the first and the last and the Living One—and I have the keys of death and of Hades." The vision was for John, but the message is for all the world. No such visions or messages will come to men who have no time to receive them. The burning bush, the glowing altar, and the golden candlesticks are the ever-abiding footprints of the Master across the plains of human history. The "Hallelujah Chorus" is the product of meditation. It was while Handel was in profound thought that he saw, or thought he saw, the heavens opened and he beheld the King on the throne. He heard, or thought he heard, the hosts singing the "Hallelujah Chorus" and he wrote simply that which he had seen and heard. One day he sat in the great auditorium and heard his music sung by a great chorus, and someone turned to him and asked how did he ever write such music. With tears flowing down his cheeks he replied, as he pointed toward heaven, "It came from up there; it came from up there." But it never would have come down had he not gone up after it. God has more music and revelations for those who find time to climb to the starry world and receive them.

The highest forms of art and loftiest expression of poetry have their roots in meditation. And what art is more sublime and poetry more intrinsically beautiful than sermonizing, and the preaching of the gospel; the power of God and the wisdom of the Infinite? It is the Sunday sermons which reveal in what pasture the minister has been grazing; in what distant or foreign country he has been a pilgrim; what hidden streams of sweet waters he has discovered; in what threshing-floor he has flayed his wheat, and with what company of choice spirits he has held discourse. For he cannot taste the king's wine without retaining some of the odor; he cannot eat his Master's meat without in-

creased strength; he cannot walk in his Lord's garden amid roses and spikenard and escape their fragrance; he cannot fraternize with kings and princes, lords and potentates without betraying some of the secret qualities of the exalted company. If one passes slowly through the King's vale he will certainly find a smooth stone which will fit his sling and, if hurled with the strength of faith and power of love, will take white heat in passing and find the giant's weakest spot. He will find also among the sacred treasures of his Master a sharp two-edged sword, which automatically sharpens itself in the using. It will pierce even to the dividing of soul and spirit, of joints and marrow, and is quick to discern the thoughts and intents of the heart. It is not safe to travel without this at your side. If for any reason one is not well in heart and strong in spirit, he will find growing, high up on the mountain side, near the summit, myrrh, aloes, and sweet balsam; these have never been known to fail in the most stubborn cases. And while standing on the mountain, if a clear day and you use your long-distance glasses, you will see the Celestial City coming down from God out of heaven and forming a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.

William H. Brooks

SOME IMPLICATIONS OF DEMOCRACY

No word is more upon the lips of men to-day than this word democracy. Perhaps no word is more enshrined in their hearts. It abounds in common conversation. It forms the staple of practically all speeches on public and world affairs. Upon it the scholar broods, while the statesman seeks to translate its spirit into the forms of humanity's organized life. That much of the spell this word has cast upon the world is due to our great American President no one can doubt. When Woodrow Wilson gathered all the fine idealism of the entrance of our country into the war with Germany into the thrilling cry, "We must make the world safe for democracy," he not only separated the worthy from the unworthy in the forming purpose of our people, but he gave to the formation of that purpose a mighty creative impulse. He became at once the interpreter of the deepest longings of the common mass of battling humanity throughout the world and the prophet of their new day of hope. Men felt somehow that they were called to a crusade and in the spirit of crusaders they marched forth. With the destruction of autocracy and the enthronement of democracy the world would be safe. Of this there could be no question. Nor were questions asked or needed as to the precise meaning of this democracy. It was felt that it was somehow the people coming to their own. If the way was not wholly clear it would be their way anyhow, and in that way one thing above all else must happen: the demon of war must himself be done to death. To-day that hateful thing, the German autocracy, lies broken and beaten into dust. The final end of the war awaits but the formal and technical signing of the treaties. Few, if any, victories in history have been more complete, yet never did the sun shine down upon a more restless world. Over against an insatiable longing for rest on the part of a broken, bleeding, and war-weary world there is a universal expectation of changes affecting radically the very structure of human society.

At the peace conference the diplomatic battle goes on. It is the age-long struggle, the

> One death grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word.

Old systems, with their greed, their imperialistic ambitions, their efforts to maintain the old "balance of power" idea, battle for essential selfishness. Against them stands democracy. Here center humanity's hopes. Here, too, gather humanity's fears. Meantime the earth rocks as

> When the travail of the Ages wrings earth's systems to and fro;
> At the birth of each new Era, with a recognizing start,
> Nation wildly looks at nation, standing with mute lips apart,
> And glad Truth's yet mightier man-child leaps beneath the future's heart.

Of course the naïve expectation that the mere defeat of Germany, however crushing that defeat, would be the end of the battle in behalf of democracy, was doomed to disappointment. This is not to minimize the importance of that defeat. It is rather to elevate to its true proportions the task of one who would achieve democracy for the world. For, after all, we shall come back from our crusade with the conviction that we have not sounded with our plummet the depth of meaning in this word democracy. If this deeper meaning eludes us we shall either sink in despair or seek elsewhere for deliverance. What meaning, then, shall we attach to this word whose lure has called forth such buoyancy of hope as to be accepted by multitudes as the dawn of a great new day of humanity? Quickly we are ready with our answer. A democracy is a society in which the people rule. Its requirement is opportunity for the people to have a free hand and full power in all the conduct of life. Never has it been better expressed than in the words of Lincoln: "government of the people, for the people, and by the people." But, inasmuch as unanimity of purpose can be obtained in few things, the rule of the people resolves itself, by common consent, into the rule of the majority. All this, however, is but the formal meaning of democracy. That meaning is, indeed, of large significance, for, while what any people given a free hand and full power in all the conduct of life will do with their opportunity

must, in the last analysis, depend upon the character of the people themselves, yet we must not lose sight of the fact that in human progress method is more important than goal.

But no formal definition can exhaust the meaning of democracy. We are not dealing with mere definitions in the realm of logical abstractions, but with a great evolutionary movement in human history. Stirring underneath this movement, as its mighty propelling power, there is the surge of a great spiritual principle. In every advance there is discernible a new appreciation of human value. That value belongs to man as man, to the least no less than to the greatest. Jesus did not give worth to man, but he did reveal a value greater than the world, or all possible worlds. It shall not profit a man, though he gain the whole world, if he lose his soul. The world shall pass away, but he that does the will of God shall abide forever. And forever the soul holds its place of infinite worth in the heart of God. And it is the deep, dark, damnable curse of every form of autocracy that it reverses these values. But, as God liveth, whenever insatiable greed or unholy ambition gives offense to one of these little ones it were better that a millstone were hanged about the neck of the offender and that he were cast into the depths of the sea. "It must needs be that offenses come, but woe unto him by whom the offense cometh." It is implied in democracy, then, that there shall be a frank and ungrudging recognition of personal worth. But even yet we have not come to the full meaning of democracy, that personal worth can find no worthy expression in isolation. There is, indeed, a high sense in which every moral person must stand alone. We all know how lonely is the great soul-grapple and how dense sometimes the darkness which, though others may not see, we can feel as we grope our way to God. We all know, too, I may hope, the glory of that great experience when, lifted into the heights of our personalities, the light breaks and our truth lies clear. After that we may be alone, yet not alone, for our Father is with us. All this vision, however, will be lost in the sordid ways of a selfish world into which we will surely revert if we do not discover in it the anti-toxin which shall cure forever the selfishness of our souls and give to us a glowing passion for

brotherhood. Herein is revealed the spiritual principle of democracy: Reverence for personality, expressing itself through all the forms of organized life. This principle has been well stated by Professor Harry F. Ward: "Here is the fundamental principle of democracy, that life must be organized in brotherhood for the purpose of realizing the eternal worth that belongs to every individual soul."

If now we seek to compare the ideal of democracy as we have gained it with the life of the world as it actually is we find great disparity between the ideal and the real. The world is yet very far from being a brotherhood. One need not argue that, in the light of the awful slaughter of some millions of our fellow men in the war and the no less dreadful hatreds and animosities it has engendered. But, while we do not find brotherhood realized, we do find a mighty hunger for it and a new emphasis upon democracy in every sphere of life. The union of the great democratic peoples in the conflict with autocracy is in itself significant. Moreover, there is a growing recognition of the truth that democracy is more than a mere form of government. It is a vital spiritual principle which affects the total life of man and must find expression in the whole circle of man's interests. Spheres of interest in man's life cannot be divided between autocracy and democracy after the order of the balance of power idea. Between the two there is an irrepressible conflict. To paraphrase an oft-quoted saying of Lincoln's, the world cannot remain half autocratic and half democratic. The one must be destroyed if the other is to live. If democracy is to triumph it must extend its conquest to the whole domain of life. For the interests of life are so complex, so interwoven one with another, that brotherhood to be real and effective anywhere must be realized everywhere. I do not mean merely that it must be realized in every land, among all peoples, but that wherever realized it must find recognition in every sphere of life. It is the growing recognition of this truth that gives such momentous significance to these days in which a broken world calls for reconstruction.

Some there are, no doubt, who will dismiss the whole matter as Utopian, fine idealism but wholly unrealizable. They would

welcome Utopia if they were sure it could arrive, but they think we shall get the upheaval and the suffering and miss the goal at last. Such should be reminded that it was the late Theodore Roosevelt who wrote some time before his death that we are forced to choose between Utopia and hell. Some reactionary utterances to which we have been treated of late may serve to remind us of that utterance of Ian Maclaren—that one fears that some people may choose hell and be content. These we may quietly recognize as those, whether in the church or out of it, who of set choice are fighting in behalf of the forces which democracy must overcome. For

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's New Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand and the sheep upon the right.
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

But as those who have devoted our lives, under God, to the task of helping humanity forward toward the goal of democracy we know what abject slavery must await us if we fail to undertake our task with courage and devotion. For

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.

Just now there is need that some clear, true words should be spoken concerning democracy in the sphere of the church, of the state, and of industry.

I. Democratization of the church.

A recent writer has said: "We are witnessing the Christianization of the Christian Church. The next step must be the democratization of the church. The future of the church is in the hands of the common people, and if she is to have the adherence and love of the toilers she must be thoroughly democratic in spirit and polity." Nothing could be more anomalous than

autocracy in the Christian Church, for the spirit of autocracy is the exact antithesis of the spirit of Jesus Christ. Indeed, the establishment of a great brotherhood of holy persons is the final aim of the whole Christian movement. To state this is to reveal at once the supreme importance to the church of the spirit of democracy. Not only are we called to proclaim that in Christ all barriers are broken down, we are called likewise to give to the world a society in which the barriers of race and clan, of poverty and wealth, and of all other invidious distinctions, have actually vanished. Much advancement has been made toward the realization of this ideal. It is the spirit of universal love for even the lowliest of those for whom Christ died that, in every age, has sent forth the messengers of the cross to minister to all classes and conditions of men. It has written many pages of imperishable glory for which we have every reason to devoutly thank God. It may be questioned whether even the church itself appreciates the greatness of its own contribution to democracy. What we are dealing with, then, is an institution whose fundamental aim is democratic, whose message, if delivered at all, must, in some way, further the cause of democracy; and for such an institution to adopt either the spirit or the form of autocracy is to prove untrue to itself and, to that extent at least, to misrepresent its Lord and Master. Yet some ecclesiastical organizations are wholly autocratic. In America most Protestant churches are democratic to a large degree in both spirit and form. Yet in every one of them much remains to be achieved before the spirit of democracy may become regnant. In our own Methodist Episcopal Church the polity is still largely autocratic. That it has worked as well as it has is a great tribute to the high character and self-effacing qualities of our pastors and the fine consideration and care on the part of our chief pastors. Our bishops have, I believe, sought sincerely to possess and to manifest a brotherly spirit. But our system does them the grave injustice of requiring them to fit their democracy into a rigid autocratic mold. It would be, I should think, a real relief to every democrat among them if the mold could be broken.

May I venture to suggest a bit of desirable advance toward

a Methodist Episcopal democracy? First, Let the people of the local church elect the official board. Second, Admit laymen to the Annual Conference on a basis of equality with preachers. Third, Elect district superintendents by a vote of the Annual Conference so constituted. Fourth, Make the appointing power of the bishops subject to the approval of a majority of the cabinet. This might not accomplish everything desirable, but it would break the back of autocracy, an evil which appears to be growing among us.

II. Democratization of the State.

It is in the sphere of the state that democracy has made its greatest advancement. In Germany autocracy made its last great stand. We know how that struggle has resulted, in the complete victory of democracy. Prophecies were never more dangerous than now, yet it does not seem likely that any great or powerful political autocracy will ever again menace the world. It does not follow, however, that, even in democratic countries, all autocratic elements have been eliminated. We know that they have not. But the means by which this process may be carried forward to its ultimate perfection are now in the secure grasp of the people. But even this will not hold if we fail to act in accordance with the perception that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. It is surely well for us to hold steadily in mind that the rule of the majority cannot long survive a failure to give full recognition to the rights of the minority. Moreover, that nation is doomed which does violence to the consciences of its people. Nothing can be more fundamental in a democracy than the right of a minority to the fullest and freest expression of its ideas and convictions in order that it may win adherents and thus become a majority. In this matter the fine example of Abraham Lincoln should be our guide. It was to this example that the late and lamented ex-President Roosevelt appealed in his vigorous and timely, though futile, protest against certain elements of our espionage and sedition laws. I am not unmindful of the arguments in behalf of the policy which has been pursued, based upon the stern fact that the nation was at war. These measures, it was and is argued, were war emergency measures and the liberties which they have

taken away will be restored when the war is over. Well, the war is all but technically ended and nothing would do more to allay the unrest which is growing throughout the country than for our President to proclaim general amnesty for all political prisoners. But in any event these laws should teach us how opposed the methods of a true democracy are to the methods of war; for they force us to bring in a verdict against that freedom without which democracy is mere mockery or an empty name, or else against war itself. In German militarism you have exhibited with brutal frankness the final logic of war. The military organization is itself the very apotheosis of autocracy. The stake of democracies in a League of Nations is the stake of life itself; for history records that the fate of republics is empire. The strength of empire is ever the army. And, if democracy does not destroy war, war will some day destroy democracy. As we have seen, the aim of democracy is the coronation of the human in an organized brotherhood. It is in the very nature of war to defeat that aim. War is not, and cannot be, a test of righteousness, but solely of brutal and inhuman strength. Nothing more utterly at variance with the character and spirit of Jesus can be conceived. "Granted," says Bishop McConnell, "that war in self-defense is justifiable, we keep ourselves open to Divine revelation only as we refuse to glorify the inhuman. Only that nation can succeed in war and remain open to revelation from above which recognizes the inhumanity of war and refuses to glorify it." That our war with Germany was such a war of defense may be freely granted. We entered it loudly proclaiming our hatred of war and our determination to put an end to it. And unless we come out of it still hating it, and bending our full energies to its destruction, we shall justly be rated among the most colossal hypocrites of earth. And this you shall not be permitted permanently to doubt: if we, having conquered Prussianism in Germany, establish militarism in America, Prussianism will have won. But if we would do away with war, the one bulwark in which the autocrat trusts, we must do much more than feel a consuming hatred of its wanton waste and inhuman horror; we must transform that hatred into a relentless crusade against

war and in behalf of peace. For no mere recognition or denunciation of the horror and wickedness of war will put an end to it. Few indeed would have the temerity to deny either. The verdict of General Sherman, that war is hell, is universally accepted. But war can be ended only by a removal of its underlying causes. Doubtless no simple statement of these causes is possible. No doubt the absence of any adequate international organization for the carrying forward of international programs and the adjustment of conflicting interests is in itself a fruitful source of war. The effort toward the creation of such a League of Nations is worthy of all praise, and surely calls for the heartiest support of every well-wisher of humanity. It is a venture in behalf of a better world which transcends all partisan considerations whatsoever, and the attempt to make it play a part in the game of party politics merits the scorn it is likely to receive. The going forth of our President, not knowing precisely whither he went, was a great venture of faith, like unto that of Abraham in the long ago, and that God of our fathers who is still the God of their succeeding race will surely count it unto him for righteousness and in him shall all the nations of the earth be blessed.

But such a League must be supported by a great, growing passion for brotherhood. Especially must it be upheld by the removal of the economic causes of war. This would mean

III. The Democratization of Industry.

Bishop Edwin H. Hughes has made a study of the history of each of the wars waged by our own nation and has found that "at some point every one of these great struggles has been caused by a false relation to wealth." He states his conclusion as follows: "Thus do we find that somewhere in the heart of each war there was the lurking passion for gold. When we make up the mournful lists of the many thousands whose lives have gone out in these contests we can debit them against the spirit of greed. Milton in Paradise Lost represents that the rebellion in heaven was caused by the like lust, and that Satan's eyes were ever bent in anxious desire toward the very gold of the streets! Milton's imagination concerning heaven stands for the historical fact about earth. The demon of greed is usually the demon of war." In

an editorial on the social deliverance of the Methodist Church of Canada the New Republic says: "Statesmen and political scientists have seen in the Great War not merely the result of personal and dynastic ambitions, but, more than anything else, the logical result of an epoch of unrestrained international competition under an undemocratic industrial system. That is a view that few of our religious and ethical teachers have grasped. It was thoroughly understood by the Hamilton Conference, and its implications drawn with logical rigor."

Herein is laid bare the palpitating heart of the world movement of to-day. It is a movement that is stirring more deeply and has gathered more momentum and power than any movement within the past century. "My conviction is," says General Maurice, "that the people who fought in the war have burned into them the determination that there has got to be some new form of government to relieve them of the danger to which they were exposed in the past, and if they do not get it the danger will be that they will take the law into their own hands, upset the authorities, and patch up things as best they can." This has already happened in Russia and, apparently, in Hungary. How far that movement will go no one can foresee. It is not even clear as to precisely what the movement is. That it has sent terror to the heart of capitalism is as clear as sunlight. Raymond Robins testifies that the Bolsheviki have been lied about in every key and every language. Because he pleaded for a little judicial poise, and a disposition to become really intelligent in regard to Bolshevism, Harry Ward has been roundly abused. Yet the advice he gave is altogether the sanest advice on the whole subject that has come to my attention. The only complaint I have is that, if anybody has very much real intelligence on this subject, he has it securely bottled up and hermetically sealed. What we need is the lifting of the embargo on light. This much, however, seems clear. The economic order has been overturned by a revolutionary process. The fear men in all other countries have is that the revolutionary process may be repeated in their own land. Beyond question, there is good ground for that fear. But if that fear drives us, as it seems to be doing, to a policy

of intolerance and repression it will only make matters worse. That policy will only hasten the coming of the revolution. Moreover, the movement toward the democratization of industry, instead of being guided into peaceful channels and guarded from unwise extremes, would under that policy be ushered in with the open flood gates of violence and horror which have always attended such upheavals in human history. Too long has this guiding hand of the church been withheld. Great changes are coming. We need to recognize that fact and adjust ourselves to it. We need to do more. We need to recognize that the democratization of industry is not only inevitable, it is highly desirable. We are called to repent and to bring forth fruits meet for repentance. A good place to begin would be to take some of our Annual and General Conference reports, too often embalmed in Conference journals, and make our people really acquainted with them. Then we should press the organized life of the church toward their attainment. The task will be found to possess heroic elements. Industrial autocracy will not yield without a struggle. It may open up for some feet the path of suffering, but now, as of old, if you suffer for righteousness' sake the spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you. It seems more than likely that the class struggle will grow more bitter and intense before it ceases, but let us not forget that what we have now is class government in industry. To utter the oft-repeated wisdom that no class should govern, but that all the people should have a free hand and full power in all the conduct of life, instead of justifying the present system, as it is usually intended to do, is in reality its unqualified condemnation. The class struggle may take the form of the struggle of the working class, but the working class did not originate it; they have revolted against its bondage.

The test we must apply is the human test. The main thing is that the spirit of human brotherhood prevail. The forms of organized society have shifted with the shifting centuries. What the next form will be it is impossible to more than dimly guess. One thing we know: the form will be conformed to the spirit. It is our task to pour into the molding life of the world the mighty spirit of brotherhood which Christ possessed and waits to impart,

and to seek to capture that life and organize it in brotherhood for the purpose of realizing the eternal worth that belongs to every individual soul. In so far as the Paris Peace Congress may have this spirit and achieve this purpose it will advance us toward the goal. It will be a wonderful gain if the life of the world may through the establishment of a League of Nations be so protected from the ravages of war as that its development may be peaceful. But there must be ample provision for that development. If the Congress shall seek to stifle the aspirations and crush the hopes of the downtrodden millions, the oppressed and the poor of Europe, it will but have repeated the dreary and dismal mistake of the past. The Congress of Vienna sought to destroy democracy and to bulwark the crumbling monarchies of the world. The Congress of Paris is pledged to make democracy safe throughout the world. May God keep that purpose true and crown with success the accomplishment of that difficult task.

Charles B. Dalton

ON THE NEW LIFE AT SIXTY

The plastic stuff of circumstance hardens into environment, the grip weakens, the will crumbles, and all that we oppose to the world grows softer. That is to grow old; and that is a—lie. It is the last heresy. Burn it! Call the hangman! Burn it to the root! The quality of this being is that it lasts as it aspires. There is a sinew in the soul. There is a new life in the land of possibilities; although for the sad majority nothing happens after forty—nor can happen in their sun-baked world. It is afternoon and night with them and no stars between. My real career will begin fifteen years hence, when I shall be turning sixty. Some bright morning, set diamond-like in the hoar bosom of time, will see me turn inland and upcountry. The half score and five years left me to pack and set the clock are just enough. How good the gods have been in the matter of luxuries. The stern Olympians starved me more than once, but never in the article of time. There was enough and to spare. I shall awake at cock-crow, dress by candle-light, and be off at the streak o' dawn. Then to the north—north to the pines and the salt sea! Skoal to the Northland!

You may call that my belated vacation, my Indian summer, if you like, and seal my failure in a gentle figure. For I *am* a failure, a moral failure, and in proof of the fact I claim the meed of praise for crystal honesty in telling it. Do you understand from this that you are reading an epitaph, or a sort of *morituri salutamus* in a literary setting? Then, indeed, you misunderstand. You are herding with the hopeless. You are in the "gall of bitterness," and you taste things black. "The bond of iniquity" has warped your tall spirit to a hunchback's outlook. A yawn was your undoing, when an extract from the Pit, distilled by the world's most eminent M.D., was dropped plump into your bird-wide mouth. That did the business for you, my sad darling, in the dark decade before the war:

> "A man's vital powers are at their best at forty."
> "A man's efficiency is greatest at forty-five."

You took Dr. O's little pill, and it has stained your system ever since. You are invisibly tattooed. That tiny green crescent below your right ear——But never mind, that can be treated. Nevertheless, real harm has been done. Ah! the tragedy of the man of two score and ten, that epitome of wisdom, sense, and seasoned force, in the balance with fleshly youth, frothy keenness, flinty strength. O, D'Artagnan, with your frost-touched head and that heart of yours so full of faithfulness, you plead forever with your shallow Louis for a trial of your truth. Have you learned nothing in the light of the sword, eternal Bourbon? What of the last Goths? of Gallienni? Joffre? Foch? At what age did the three Martels bestride the Marne? Had the steel lost temper through sixty years of sun and storm? Were those hammers soft-nosed which broke the iron edge of Hundom?

You smile sadly, dear, and point to the Book. "Three score years and ten; and if by reason of strength——" So be it, then. To the Book: "They shall renew their strength . . . they shall mount up like eagles." Why should I hunt texts? They are all mine, and the cattle on a thousand hills. Do you appeal to its silences? At what age was the call to Abraham in Ur? or to John on Patmos? To go to the heart of the thing, the Book is the key to my arch. It is the record in black print of my pact with the Unseen. It is the new life. No issue is evaded, no decision is postponed, when I set sixty for my real birthday. I am merely prudent, adapting the promises, "appropriating," in religious jargon. A failure at forty-five has learned wariness on the bleak turnpike as a hunter breathes woodcraft in his birchen thickets. It is too late to be in a hurry; too soon to spring the mines. It is the middle of the long watch. Faith grows tense, and ductile hope thrills to the stir of dawn.

"It's all a question of quality—the living o' it. How have you served?" That question! Ask it of the drifting loess on the plains of Shansi; ask it of the carbon blocks at the roots of Penn's woods; of clam or deep-sea cuttle-fish; but ask me how I have enjoyed. It is the real test for souls. But I answer according to your catechism. A failure at forty-five is not *ex facto* the slacker you imagine. Somewhere among the secrets of his bag-

gage might be found the raw materials of complacency. Do you recall Lancelot S., the knightliest fellow of all that class of '94? You may remember the mystery of his dropping out and the scandal at O——. He is my ranking officer in the F's-at-F. That brother whom he saved from a term at Leavenworth was elected governor of Athabasca last week. For the quality o' mercy's sake I don't object to cutting five years from his probation. Put L's birthday at fifty-five. I stick to my sixty, first frost of the year and cider time. There is a corporal in the company who might—on sacrificial merit—get off even earlier than my captain, for in his affair honor had to go with the great chance in one debacle. The golden threads are scant in the woof of my romance, but the gray glitter as steel. There has been no flinching. I have served: I serve. You may read it there in the communiqué of October 18, 19——: "Hill 208 taken at daybreak by company A of the F's. We paid the price of victory." At forty-five I am in the old trench. Yes; if it is life it is sacrificial.

"In twenty years we shall both be in our graves——" Stop, Carissima! You are too, too cruel for truth. Twenty years and in our graves? I'm at war with just that. Put away the unclean thing. It's a wormy thought. I have failed to a better purpose. You would nail me down into a narrow place, with a green barrow above to blanket me and a smooth stone to tell the tale, just because my brow is lined and memory slips at names? Don't talk to me of the shadowy world. The Greeks hated it with a sound instinct. And I crave no moldy peace. Dead greatness or black dust—what the difference to me, asleep while the west bleeds out its heartbreak?

"In twenty years." At best you would cut me off from the sinewy joys of age to go untingling to a bed of feathers. Clean straw will suffice for me at sixty, but I'll have eagles' down next my skin. One will need a warm coat on the wintry road against the purple chill of twilight. Then, while you are dozing out the last five of your starveling twenty by the smoldering log, I'll be topping a red hill.

It is not a monument, you say, but the sweetness of old age

that you wish for me, beloved; the harvest-home of a heart at peace. We are one in that—but not in twenty years. You see, dear, my scheme of things includes a real success on the plane of this dirt-world, and that means time. Think a moment of the traps that threw me down: that empty oil-hole in Oklahoma; the threat of synthetic rubber; a pair of silver foxes at $40,000 the year of the Russian crash. I want a taste of righteous revenge, reprisals in kind on bad luck. I won't insist on the gold-dirt, although I've a sure intimation that Headquarters wouldn't grudge it. I can forego easy footing for the first few miles only that I come at length to the frost-bitten ridges and granite peaks. The cheek-teeth in my right jaw are set for a purpose—to sharpen on the grit of the everlasting hills.

As to the thing itself, the new life which I am trailing to its habitat in these smoky lowlands, it needs neither phrasing nor paraphrasing. Orthodoxy and originality, the long track and the short-cut, meet where the mystery begins; then they diverge to beat out new trails and to meet again where the willows draw their yellow line at the bank of the great river. It is fundamentally a question of morality. Decision is the beginning of all creative newness; the will plowing the loam of life. My sum total of failure up to this moment is due to conduct flowing from indecision. A continuous infusion from the high sources of the Unrevealed is changing that bias, and when I begin my new career, fifteen years hence, my moral renovation will have been completed. That means a clear brain and a stout heart, a pair of good legs and, above all, a dash of the great presumption—I mean the grace of God—in the blood. My eye—all of me in the bright circle of consciousness—will be set in the Gleaming Rim, enlarging on discoverable beyonds. That is my ideal chart, but I have made a real map in my spare moments. It is placed inscrutably in the stony field not twenty yards from the big road. This bit of romantic nonsense is for the amusement of my neighbor's boy, Jim Hawkins, and my own, too. The key is kept in my own person. Don't imagine, dear, that I am going alone on my long cruise. I love my kind, and I am picking a crew already.

Dash that misty sweetness from your eyes. My course was set by those blue twin stars. Nothing will change that. I wish you to become familiar with the thought of travel, and so I have marked out points in the stages of our great adventure. An advance courier left yesterday; he is now speeding toward a certain inn in a gorge of the Pyrenees; he will knock up the house in "the dead waste and middle of the night" and place a paper in the hand of the landlord. That will insure us the great room over the parlor for the night, October, 29, 1935. It's all worked out something like that.

Let us study the map, my dear. There is a legend at the top:

> "Deep in that lion-haunted inland lies
> A mystic city, goal of high emprise."

Timbuctoo. Here it is, this blue cross like an X. ("From Paris by rail and boat, three days and two nights.") . . . That brown stain at the edge is for the Bohea Hills. ("Black Bohea. Superseded in the 80's by Lipton's Ceylon.") . . . These yellow dots mark a camel-trail on the plain of Turkestan. ("The last caravan started for Novgorod five years ago, writes my Pekin correspondent.") . . . This lone red tower stands for Khiva in the waste.

There are a few marks now in cipher, but I think they can be worked out: An inch of crenelated line: Two hundred miles of the great wall beyond the river. ("Surmisable.") . . . Unicorn: A bit of Tibetan alp where the takin ranges. . . . Greek delta: Place of the Portuguese, lost at the world's end; no name.

Then there's a thing not indicated at all. It was given each man in a whisper: an ivory city in Hindooland. A fellow named Kipling discovered it——

"Dream-riddled junk—all of it. There's capturable stuff nearer home." I saw that coming, my own dear microcosm. Patience. *You* are the continent beyond all western isles and there at last my winding gulf-stream sets. I was holding that for the last. Have you forgotten the old sea-chest by the dormer window in the attic? There are some odds and ends of toy-world there, and under them, at the bottom, a crystal ball. Do you remember how two children looked into its magic well and the

picture they saw?—not what they expected then: an old stone fence around a sky-cutting meadow, a row of shimmering poplars for a screen, and there on a bluff above the Hudson the low white house to be. O carissima! *There* you would have me at the three-score stroke, beside the ruddy blaze and the great hearth, and the slow snow drifting over our citadel at last. There we would bask under the white suns of the northern summer, under our bent orchard trees, "two bright and aged snakes, that once were Cadmus and Harmonia." And there would I be with you —for a week and a day!

For I have made a covenant, I have signed a bond.

At sixty all things will be made new. Body and spirit will rally to a new unity for that career. The black glitter returns to the eye and the gray plume lifts from the wind-flushed brow. There is a shout from the beach; Ulysses stirs at the hearth-side; the black boat shoots out into the surf and in a moment stony Ithaca lies tossing behind. It is thus with the sun-born. The secret is well-hidden in the blood. The heart lies quiet at home while the world dips into the shadow. It is more than half in twilight now. Then the summons comes: a flash of light on a fallow field, a flight of purple swallows over still water, a copper wire ringing in the wind—one or many, the same authentic call; the spirit is up and afoot; it passes the mossy threshold out into the new life. It is the second great adventure, and the third is still to be. At sixty a man may begin to live.

W. S. Bissonnette

IS PATRIOTISM A SAVING GRACE?

When Dutch William crossed the Channel on his way to assume the English crown the night was boisterous and, walking the upper deck, he heard the captain calling to the man at the wheel "Steady! Steady!" The future king was so deeply impressed that he made that word the watchword and banderol of his gracious reign.

If there ever was a time for right-minded people to keep their heads it is just now. The splendid passion of patriotism—for which God be praised!—is carrying everything before it. Let it be remembered that even the noblest impulses may carry us too far.

A few weeks ago a company of our soldiers was surrounded by the enemy in the forest of Rouge Bouquet and almost all were slain. One of the survivors wrote this tribute to the memory of his brave comrades:

"Never fear but in the skies
Saints and angels stand,
Smiling with their holy eyes
On this new-come band.
Saint Michael's sword darts through the air
And touches the aureole in his hair
As he sees them standing there,
His stalwart sons.

"And Patrick, Brigid, Columbkill,
Rejoice that in veins of warriors still
The Gael's blood runs.
And up to heaven's doorway floats,
From the wood called Rouge Bouquet,
A delicate cloud of bugle notes
That softly say:
'Comrades true, born anew,
Peace to you!'"

The same thought has been expressed by chaplains now and then, ministers of evangelical churches "in good and regular standing," and by Y. M. C. A. workers in their addresses to soldiers

on the firing line; encouraging them to believe that valorous deeds in defense of their country would entitle them to an immediate entrance to mansions in the skies.

God forbid that I should belittle the splendid grace of patriotism. It is one of the brightest stars in the galaxy of character. But salvation is not won by personal merit: it is the gratuitous gift of God, bestowed on the sole condition of a vital and practical faith in his beloved Son. The unspeakable Turk is stimulated to valorous deeds under the yellow flag by an assurance that his courage will assure an immediate entrance to Paradise: "Kill, kill, kill! Allah will know his own! A thousand houris wait to embrace thee!" This may answer for poets and Mohammedans, but Christians are pledged to another way of thinking. The question is not as to the praiseworthiness of courage on the high places of the field in defense of justice and humanity, but whether such courage entitles a man to claim eternal life.

To begin with, such a position is distinctly *opposed to the teaching of the Universal Church.* For however the denominations may differ as to other and minor points they are in harmony as to the great doctrine of Justification by Faith. This is what Luther called *articulum ecclesiae stantis aut cadentis,* that is, the manifesto of a standing or a falling church. Here, in the last analysis, Greeks, Catholics, and Protestants agree. The icon and the wafer are explained as outward tokens of an inward grace. There is not an evangelical church in Christendom that does not stand committed to this *articulum* of justification by faith: and there is no evangelical minister who is not under covenant vows to "maintain and defend" it. What shall be said then of those who announce that it is not necessary to believe in Christ in order to enter the Kingdom of Heaven?

In the second place, to affirm that patriotic courage is a saving grace *is to take issue with the entire trend of Scripture.* The prophets and apostles are at one in this matter. Abraham was saved by faith, beholding Christ afar off. Read the Roll Call of Heroes in the eleventh of Hebrews: here are Barak and Samson and Jephtha and Gideon with his three hundred—soldiers all—

who "waxed valiant in fight and turned to flight the armies of the aliens." And behold what is written of them: "These all obtained a good report *through faith.*"

It goes without saying that the faith referred to is a practical faith, that is, a faith that expresses itself in terms of an upright life. For "faith without works is dead." In other words, it is no faith at all, any more than a corpse is a man. Nevertheless, the power of salvation is not in the works but in the living faith. Our good works are rewarded in the larger joys of heaven; but they do not admit us there. Over the great archway of the heavenly city is written, "There shall in nowise enter here any save those whose names are written in the Lamb's book of life."

In the third place, to say that patriotic service gives an assurance of salvation *is to deny the teaching of Christ.* Read John 3. 14-18: and then listen to this, "He that believeth on me hath everlasting life" (John 6. 47); or this, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." (John 3. 36.) *Only believe!* The teaching of Christ rings with it. His answer to certain ones who asked "what they should do that they might work the works of God" (that is, such works as would commend them to the divine favor) was as follows: *"This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent."* (John 6. 29.) If that means anything it means justification by faith and not by deeds of the law. And surely the least that could be expected of a Christian, certainly of a Christian minister, is that he should take his Master at his word.

In the fourth place, the position referred to *is diametrically opposed to Christ's program of the Kingdom.* His injunction to the disciples was "Go, preach the Gospel," that is, the Good News of a free salvation through Christ. And in this connection we note the startling words of Paul, "Though an angel from heaven preach any other gospel let him be anathema!" (Gal. 1. 8.)

The business of Christians, not only such as are "in holy orders" but all and several, is to bring men to the saving knowledge of Christ. When they are asking as the multitude did on the Day of Pentecost, "What shall we do to be saved?" the answer is

not "Quit yourselves like men," but "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ for the remission of your sins" (Acts 2. 37-39).

It thus appears that all true preaching, when reduced to its simplest terms, is "Come to Jesus." By this the Kingdom grows, soul by soul, until every knee shall bow before him. To preach otherwise is not only to beat the air but to trifle with immortal souls by placing a stumbling block before them. The campaign of the Kingdom is so distinctly marked out for us that the height of presumption is reached by any professed follower of Christ who takes liberties with it.

And finally the setting forth of patriotic service as the power of God unto salvation *is opposed to common sense.* Nobody knows this better than our soldiers. In the rank and file of the army are all sorts and conditions of men. Among them are many true-hearted Christians, like Tom Taylor, of whom the poet Montgomery wrote, a hundred years ago:

"At midnight came the cry,
'To meet thy God prepare!'
He woke, and caught his captain's eye;
Then, strong in faith and prayer,
His spirit with a bound
Left its encumbering clay.
His tent, at daybreak, on the ground
A darkened ruin lay."

"The pains of death are past,
Labor and sorrow cease;
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul shall rest in peace.
Soldier of Christ, well done;
Praise be thy new employ;
And, while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Master's joy!"

But there are others of a different kind: some who go into battle with blasphemies upon their lips. Men like these do not care for heaven. Frightful as it would appear, there are those among them who speak openly and defiantly of going to hell! What interest have they in a place where the chief business is to serve as ministering spirits and to worship and render thanksgiving in such hymns as "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty,"

and "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain and hath redeemed us by his blood!" They know, apparently better than some of their spiritual advisers, that such a heaven would be a veritable place of torment for those whose character has unfitted them to enjoy it. Nor are they likely to thank anybody for sending them there against their will.

So, from every point of view, the proposition of Justification by Patriotic Works is a diaphanous sophism. But, alas, it is more. The man who advises a soldier on the thin red line that he need not believe in Christ for the remission of his sins, but may rest assured of heaven anyway, is crimsoning his own garments with bloodguiltiness. (Ezekiel 3. 17-21.)

If any man is a Universalist, 1 more. It is written that "Christ tasted death for every man." This, however, does not mean that all are saved; but that all are made savable through him. The gates of heaven are open so that "whosoever will" may enter; but there must be a will to enter by the appointed way.

In making man "in his own image and after his likeness" it was necessary that God should equip him with a sovereign will. Otherwise he would have been no better than a graven image or a mechanical automaton. But, ~~in~~asmuch as the power of choice is involved in a sovereign will, he is thus enabled to "gang his ain gait," even in defiance of God. "As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that all should turn and live!" But what of it? The King's highway is cast up, and waymarks are abundantly provided in the Word of God. But suppose a man refuses to walk therein? What can God do? Let Matthew Arnold speak, surely an unprejudiced witness if ever there was one:

> "Though God be good and free be heaven,
> No force divine can love compel;
> And though the song of sins forgiven
> Should ring through lowest hell,
> The sweet persuasion of his voice
> Respects thy sanctity of will:
> He giveth day; thou hast thy choice
> To walk in darkness still."

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

A PECULIAR CENTENNIAL

Familiar to most of us is Louis Stevenson's story of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," two opposite natures appearing alternately in one personality, one a noble man, the other a base miscreant. That this bit of Stevenson's fiction mirrors an actual human possibility is confirmed only too often. In a Massachusetts city not long ago was a man who was for years a trusted bank official by day, and at night a burglar at large in the community, robbing homes and stores. Walt Whitman illustrates on a large and looming scale this capacity of human nature for Jekyll-Hyde-ness. From Dr. Jekyll's noblest to Mr. Hyde's basest is a vast distance. From Whitman's tributes to Lincoln to the worst he ever wrote, and from his nursing sick and wounded soldiers in the Civil War to the worst he ever did is a vast distance. The Whitman centennial has brought up for re-adjudication in the Court of Public Opinion the case of Jekyll-Whitman versus Hyde-Whitman. Courts have an austere venerable custom of swearing witnesses to tell the *whole* truth. Certainly in a centennial estimate of any man's character and works *suppressio veri* is not allowable; it is virtual falsification besides being stupid.

The Whitman celebration has just gone by under our windows, part of the passing show which a veteran observer watches from his conning tower. As he listened to the celebration the fanfare of trumpets seemed to him not quite so noisy and windy as the frenzied eulogies of twenty five years ago, rather less blatter and blare now than then, less ignoring of ugly facts which modify the public estimate of that bold and brawny bard. This observer remembers a time when the Whitmania fever reached the delirious stage; and when even the most beloved poet-naturalist alive joined in a chorus of praise which amounted, as was said at the time, to a deification of "one of the Roughs," as Whitman correctly declared himself to be.

The editor of this Review does not write ignorantly concerning

Whitman and his writings, having studied both during half a century. Regarding the Whitman craze as the strangest phenomenon in literary history and desiring to be well informed and to judge fairly, this observer has read for fifty years all Whitman's writings, and all he could find written about the man and his works both pro and con, being interested to know whether, as is claimed, a matchless genius and a new Messiah was really born at West Hills, Long Island, in 1819. In addition we had opportunity to watch him. We first saw him when he was about fifty years old.

A striking figure the big fellow was at that time, a lusty, deep-breathing mammal, with an aspect suggestive of male bovininity, or some large lethargic animal. One of his admirers called him a kingly animal. In later years we saw him frequently on streets and ferries. His habitual parade ground was Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, the city's popular promenade. There he could be seen almost any fine day when there were plenty of spectators, stalking slowly along the sidewalk or on the front platform of a horse-car beside the driver where the whole street could see him. He had the self-conscious look of large posing egotism, evidently regarding himself as a spectacle. He was the most hirsute and shaggy figure ever seen on the street. He seemed to have dressed himself for his promenade with an eye to striking effect as studiously as a belle for a ball. His dandyism was not of the dudish but of the cow-boy or 'longshoreman variety.

Once on Chestnut Street on the thronged sidewalk, caught for a moment in the jam of opposing currents, we found ourselves halted against Walt Whitman, face to face, so close we felt his breath and looked him straight in the eyes. He wore, as always on parade, a broad-brimmed slouch hat, a soft shirt, with loose wide rolling collar wide open to show the base of his sinewy throat and broad hairy chest. The look which answered ours that day on Chestnut Street had something like cynical insolence in it. Recalling it now we are reminded of the look on the face of a tramp sitting on the brown stone steps of a Brooklyn mansion as we came home from preaching one Sunday. We remember the look and tone of that hobo as he drawled with a leer, "Well, parson, what sort of gospel did you give 'em this morning?" "The old gospel, my friend, the only one there is for you or me. It will save you if you let it. Better try it."

In further addition we chance to know something of what was said concerning Walt in the community where he lived. Two men

in honorable positions who lived there many years ago have recently compared their recollections of what was there reported. It was said that families warned their boys to keep away from him because of reports that he corrupted them. It was known that some sensitive women shunned passing him on the street, crossed over or turned a corner, to avoid the look he cast on them.

Walt Whitman and Oscar Wilde have been coupled together, Oscar a sort of little Walt. Oscar parading on Broadway, Saratoga, was a companion-piece for Walt promenading Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. Both were dandies, vain and egotistic poseurs, studiedly primped for the occasion. A worse resemblance was alleged. He was attacked for the English æsthete's brand of wickedness from as far away as Norway by Knut Hamsun, a writer of Norwegian "best-sellers." Oscar was not the worst of literary men. Not a few manage to keep out of prison, whose faces yet belong in the Rogues' Gallery. In word and conduct Whitman was an apostle of stark-nakedness. He wrote the city officials protesting against the police requiring men and boys to wear anything while bathing from the docks and waterfront. The neighbors said he walked stark naked in his backyard, basking in the sun, to the scandal of surrounding overlooking houses.

Three typical celebrations in the recent centennial were the one at the bard's birthplace on Long Island, and in New York City the one by the Whitman Fellowship at the Brevoort Hotel, and another in Percy Grant's Episcopal Church of the Ascension.

At West Hills, Long Island, he was exalted as a moral leader. To the contrary, William Roscoe Thayer, after making a study of Whitman at close quarters and eliciting his views on many subjects in long talks together, wrote, "It became plain to me that for him morals did not exist"; and Mr. Thayer's conclusion finds plentiful confirmation in Whitman's writings and conduct. Yet a gifted preacher-essayist told the assembled devotees celebrating at Whitman's birthplace, that "He was the leader in a new morality." To us the Whitman brand of new morality wears a German look. Dr. Engel, a Berlin City Councilor, claims in Vorwärts that the large percentage of illegitimate births in Prussia "is evidence of the moral healthiness of the German race." That is the kind of "moral healthiness" the German beast exhibited in Belgium and France for over four years. It recalls Whitman's "moral healthiness" in the jolly life he says he led in "youth, midage, times South, etc." To the West

Hills celebration Percy Mackaye sent lines inspired by the vision of Whitman rising from "Leaves of Grass," and "Children of Adam";

> "Naked and vast, uprising from the ooze,
> The Adam of a new world Genesis,
> Ancestor of Democracy."

"Naked" and "ooze" seem felicitously chosen words.

About the same time with the West Hills celebration, an ex-schoolteacher writes in the New York Call of "a new morality." It looks as old as Satan. An August and Authoritative Book calls it "sin," "earthly, sensual, devilish."

The Call calls it "Supermorality," and expounds it thus by way of insisting on "The Right of the Ego to Expand":

"How shall a being know when to curb his ego and when to impose it? He must experiment. If he experiments he will make mistakes. His mistakes will be called lapses from the moral standard. Whose moral standard? Certainly not his own. He is still developing his code. Morality evolves by denying the validity of antecedent moralities. Supermorality is interested in the expansion of human personality. It does not gormandize on vindictive yeas and nays. Only after a lifelong struggle with egotistic desires can any one speak with mellow wisdom on the problem of self-control. Why, then, expect children and youths and ambitious grown-ups to resign their passions to desuetude when the powerful compulsion of instinct and curiosity urges them onward to fresh experimenting with the life stuff?"

That sort of talk sounds like an echo from, and finds full warrant in the doctrines of Whitman, who is the boldest insister on the right of each man's ego to expand without regard to statutes of morality.

A peculiar centennial surely!

As might be expected, the liveliest, most Whitmanish, elemental and cosmopolitan celebration was the one held by the Whitman Fellowship. According to reports the Elements were all there. A "liberal" minister, latest and most voluble clerical cut-looser and outward-bounder, roused enthusiasm by likening Whitman's flowing beard to the clouds of heaven, and remarked on how enlightening and inspiring it is to commune with such men as Jesus and Whitman. Then the worst and most dangerous woman in America, virulent anarchist, coparcener with assassins, unwedded consort of many paramours, shouted by wire from a federal prison in Missouri where

she is serving sentence for some of her numerous crimes, her boundless admiration for old Walt, who also was a defiant insurgent against order and decency, and declared her devotion to his doctrines, from which she and her insolent shameless sort take warrant. It was a bit startling to have an official of the City Board of Education, acting as toastmaster, read this message from the unspeakable Goldman woman and then say of that notorious criminal, "She is known to you all and is admired and loved by all who know her."

An indignant American, exasperated by what was going on, blurted out something about "German swine." Then the Irish bard, Shaemas O'Sheel, on fire for Whitman, resenting the slur on the Huns, sniffing a possible fracas, and seeing it was not a private fight but anybody could join in, threw in some stimulating words.

T. B. Harned, literary executor for the poet, came in by mail to inform the Fellowship that Whitman is a new Mohammed, which seems a suitable name for him, and that Camden will become a new Mecca whither pilgrims will come in droves to pay homage to their great prophet; which seems like warning the Camden Board of Health to enlarge their hospital for contagious diseases. Thus there was, according to reports, an entirely appropriate and consistent birthday celebration at the old Brevoort on Fifth Avenue.

A peculiar centennial surely!

At the Sunday evening celebration in the Church of the Ascension, Edwin Markham was chief speaker. Of the orators we heard or heard of in the centennial he best kept his balance and did his duty. There stood a poised critic whose honesty matched his analytic discernment, who with clearness saw and without harshness told the truth. After doing full justice to all that could be rightly claimed for the poet, he turned to the somber side of his subject and showed the blotched face of Hyde-Whitman. When he came to the facts declared by Whitman about himself in the letter to Symonds, Markham seemed to avert his face as Noah's sons did from their father's drunkenness, and looking down as if into a grave said solemnly, "There lies hid one of the deepest mysteries in all the history of literature."

Referring to the abominable things in Whitman's writings, Markham said, "They are most shocking, and Whitman meant to shock us." Yes, and to the end he gloried in it.

After Markham's address a visiting Englishman volunteered to take the pulpit platform to testify, "The three Americans who have

influenced me most are Emerson, Whitman, and the founder of Christian Science"; which made this also a peculiar centennial!

These celebrations were held over a mass of literature which contains things which made the Boston Intelligencer say, "Leaves of Grass is the work of some escaped lunatic"; made the Criterion say, "The author of this book must be possessed by the soul of a donkey who died of disappointed love"; made the London Critic say, "The author of this book ought to be publicly whipped"; made another London paper say, "The man who prints such stuff belongs in jail," which is where English law would have put him as it did Oscar Wilde; made a Massachusetts Attorney-General suppress the book under the law against obscene literature; made J. R. Osgood and Company of Boston cancel their agreement to publish it; made Secretary Harlan discharge Whitman from government employment in Washington; made Emerson, who at first was much taken by some of Whitman's best, say to Colonel T. W. Higginson later, when he came upon some of the worst, "It is disgusting, vile, outrageous"; made Edmund Gosse hold his nose in this fashion, "Something mephitic breathes from this strange personality"; made Professor Dowden of Trinity College, Dublin, who had accepted Whitman on his own valuation as the Great American Poet, concede his infrabestial indecency, saying, "He falls below humanity—falls below even the modesty of brutes."

This peculiar centennial has been striking its loud cymbals over a perpetrator of abominations. Whitman doggedly refused to take out or suppress any of them. No denunciations from an indignant world, no serious reasoning by wise advisers, no entreaty by real friends who were grieved and shocked—nothing availed to induce him to eliminate or modify one of his unpardonable indecencies. He had put them in deliberately on principle; they were essential to his system of doctrine; and he would stand by his cardinal principles, answering scorn with scorn defiantly. The most insolent offender who ever spit in the face of human decencies! That ancient and honorable phrase, "a decent respect for the opinions of mankind," he had no respect for.

The most unanswerable indictment against Whitman is in his own handwriting. His English literary admirer, John Addington Symonds, was forced by some things he discovered in Whitman's writings to have misgivings about the personal character and life of the "turbulent, sensual" Walt. So he wrote to inquire whether there

was any real foundation for his misgivings. Whitman replied on August 10, 1890, without any sigh of shame, "My life, young manhood, mid-age, times South, etc., have been jolly, bodily. Though unmarried, I have had six children."

That horrible letter, written at the age of seventy, implies a life of extensive and irresponsible licentiousness over half a lifetime. That vile fact is bad enough, but the most hideous thing in the letter is the startling adjective which this expert chooser of his words applies to his licentious years. He calls them "jolly"! The word fairly chuckles and gloats over his disgraceful history. No penitence or regret, but rather lickerish satisfaction. That in an old man is morally ghastly and loathsome. Whitman did not believe in repentance. He would not so humiliate his self-adoration as to confess that his lecheries were wrong. He said he preferred animals to men, because the beasts did not weep for their sins; because there is no confessional or mourners' bench or altar in the barnyard.

In Whitman's so-called philosophy mental and moral confusion prevail. A well-known literary and dramatic critic, epitomizing Whitman's message, refers to his democratic dicta, and gives their substance of doctrine as follows:

"One man is as good as another."

"Woman is as good as man."

"The Now is as good as anything in the Future or the Past."

"The lower forms of existence are as good as the higher forms. The grain of sand is as perfect as the egg of the wren."

"The body is as good as the soul. The soul is not more than the body."

"One part of the body is as good as another." (This belief has serious and pungent sequels.)

"Man is as good as God. Nothing, not God, is greater than one's self is."

The bad is as good as the good. Whitman says, "*What is called good is perfect, and what is called bad is just as perfect.*" Satan is as good as God. This is explicit. In "Chanting the Square Deific," Satan is added to the triune God of Christianity, making the Trinity quadrangular.

Why not complete the equalizations in one fell swoop by declaring that nothing is equal to everything, zero to infinity? Could lunatic asylums, prisons, and brothels combine to produce anything more absurd? The worst of it is that Whitman abolishes moral

distinctions, spurns them as fictitious. "The bad is as good as the good." And he is acclaimed as the leader of a new morality! O, ye gods and little fishes! What do ye think of that?

One of the most curious phases of the Whitman craze is the attitude and behavior of some women. At the head of this list of adorers is widow Annie Gilchrist in England, mother of several children, an acutely amatory and tumultuously emotional person, who fell precipitately in love with him through his writings, and for five years sent him across the sea most ardent and impetuous love-letters, begging him to marry her and telling of her desire to bear him some children. Finally her craze culminated in coming to America over his protest and settling near him for a two-years' visit. To the end of his life this infatuated matron made a movie-show of her affections, vainly prostrating herself at Whitman's feet.

In the North American Review Edith F. Wyatt prints in full Whitman's unblushing avowal to Symonds, and in the same article the same lady writes concerning this extensive breeder of bastards: "The beauty of Whitman's expression of democracy in sex would alone mark him as a great contribution to civilization." Charlotte P. Gilman was on the program of the Whitman Fellowship to speak on his view of women, a subject some would suppose no self-respecting woman would wish to discuss in public; a question definitely and finally settled by his own confessions, and about which the less said the better in a friendly and laudatory celebration.

We will celebrate purity, chastity, decency, modesty, delicacy, and even punctilious propriety, but not Walt Whitman. These things are indispensable to manliness in men and to respectability in women. To discard these is to throw precious jewels of the soul and ornaments of life down the waste pipe into the sewer. Few things so dignify and ennoble life as does the marked and delicate deference shown by all honorable men toward the growing girl, intimating to her the dignity and sanctity of her maturing, God-given nature. We will exalt George Meredith's manly phrase, "Decency, than which life is less dear." Scores of women in France and Belgium died rather than submit to indecency and outrage. And there are men and women everywhere from whom not all the Whitmaniacs in the world can coax or extort one word of aught but utter disrespect for any man, though he had the intellect of an archangel, who sets up a cult of indecency and shamelessness; men and women whose blood boils against such an one as it does against the spike-helmeted Hun pic-

tured on the poster dragging a French girl by the hand away from home and protection to be the piteous prey of his bestiality. Every decent man wants to smite him to the earth. Nor is the angry crowd of those who feel thus made up of the finical, effeminate, and over-dainty, but of the healthy-minded, morally robust, clear-brained, and sturdy of soul. A recent sound-hearted, hard-common-sense book presents in "Mr. Squem" a rugged embodiment of "the massive decency of the common man," husband of wife and father of children. He and his wife will not join the Whitman cult, and dirty dogs better beware of him. It is there all right, that Massive Decency of the Common Man, solid as Gibraltar, and, like "the Ten Commandments, will not budge." It saves the nation from rottenness. It blurts out roughly, hotly, and contemptuously, "To hell with your dirty indecencies!" So says Mr. Squem, and "God bless him!" say all honorable men. His wrath is righteous and his scorching words are not profane but only sternly solemn.

The protest against indecency is not puritanic nor prudish nor ministerial. Physicians are in it, for they as a class are among the cleanest of men in thought and speech and conduct. Their profession trains them to it, as also society demands it of them. Coarseness would damn any doctor as a low, vulgar fellow. We have found a few clergymen glorifying Whitman, but not one physician. When a minister wrote to the New York Sun defending Whitman against the charge of indecency, it was a physician who replied, rebuking the clergyman and saying to the newspaper, "You would not dare to print in your columns Whitman's worst." Similarly it was a physician, Dr. J. G. Holland, who wrote in criticism of some poetry: "The doctrine that one virtue can compensate for the absence of another—that bigamy can be atoned for by bravery, or infidelity to one's wife may be condoned because of honesty in business—for that doctrine we have only horror and disgust."

Professor Garner, just back from Africa, reports finding in the Congo region a creature, six feet tall, cross between gorilla and chimpanzee, that can talk in the language of the natives. Fortunately the animal has not published any poetry. There is a plague of animalism already in poetry, fiction, and drama, in society both fashionable and proletarian, in the scum on the top as in the dregs in the depths. Concupiscence is a pestilence walking in darkness and wasting at noonday. There is no excuse for a *cult* of animalism. Without any cult it flourishes all too rankly, flagrantly, and viciously. No need

to fertilize weeds, thistles, poison ivy, deadly nightshade, or skunk's cabbage. Animalism in men is infrabestial. It inevitably becomes dissolute, cancerous, putrescent, maggoty. Not any axiom of mathematics is surer than that "He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption."

In an alcove of the historical museum of American literature is a brazen statue—a figure two-faced, like some pagan idols, and like Stevenson's Jekyll-Hyde. On the front admirers have inscribed, "WALT WHITMAN. POET." Truth requires that on the rear be inscribed by warrant of his own words about himself, "Walt Whitman, one of the roughs, turbulent, fleshy, sensual, eating, drinking, and breeding bastards."

John Milton wrote: "It is of great concernment in the church and commonwealth to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men, and therefore to do sharpest justice on them when they are malefactors." Sharing Milton's conviction we have dealt with a malodorous subject such as no man likes to handle. Our concern is with the moral effect of a peculiar centennial.

RELEASE FROM CAPTIVITY[1]

SAINT PAUL is himself far more interesting than anything which he wrote. Indeed our interest in what he wrote is due first of all to the fact that his words give us continual glimpses of himself lying back of them and speaking through them. Only that which is personal can find its way clear to our hearts, and we enjoy reading Saint Paul and the like of him because his utterances are felt to be not so much the production of his tongue and thought as they are to be mintings from the molten metal of his own heart.

That is the feature of some writing and speaking that it is warm with its author's personal pulse. It is felt still to be personal even after it gets into the atmosphere or into type. I once heard some one say of Phillips Brooks' sermons that his were almost the only sermons he ever read, for the reason that there was so much of Mr. Brooks in what he said that you still felt him even after he had been hammered out into black and white. There is great difference between stringing together a medley of ideas and sentiments and making a sentence, sermon or book of them, and making a straight-out coinage of some of the impassioned material of your own experience and

[1] By Charles H. Parkhurst.

heart. There is all the difference there is between a flower that has come from the wax-workers and the flower that has come from the rosebush.

It is in this way that we feel about the letters of Saint Paul. They are almost two thousand years old, but they are still warm and tinged with his blood. The personal juice of the man is not evaporated from them. With all of the printing house and the bindery there is about them you still feel in reading them that you are looking at a cross-section of the Apostle's own spirit. He is not repeating something that has been told him nor, cabinet-maker-like, putting together something that will be philosophically pretty or theologically ornamental; he is turning himself inside out; not talking theories but telling realizations.

All of these letters of his are chapters of his own life. All of the best writing is biographic. If a man wants to be listened to he must give *himself* to his auditors. The measure of a man's power with others will be just according to the accuracy with which what he *says* tallies with what he *is;* which is only to say that our words take their effect not so much from the technical accuracy with which those words state the truth as from the fidelity with which they state *us.*

We do not mean by this that Paul purposely and egotistically advertised himself; but at the same time, words never take hold except to the degree that they *are* self-advertisement, and faithfully sample the life and experience of the man who speaks them. The world will never be turned topsy-turvy by descriptions. Distributing photographs of Jesus would never contribute to extending the kingdom of Jesus. Effects are wrought by influences working at first hand, and Paul worked mightily at the world's redemption because he was in his own person an exponent of the necessity of redemption and of its meaning and efficiency.

He stood personally for everything he preached. He broke up his own experience of sin and salvation into small pieces and fed them out to his auditors. He preached sin to them, but sin as he knew it, not sin as he had found it described in a theological or biographical dictionary. He preached the struggle that goes on between the energies of good and the energies of evil, but the struggle not as he had read of its being waged on the general battle-ground of history or in the hearts of other men, but that struggle as it was being fiercely fought out upon the arena of his own experience.

And he preached to them Christ, not in obedience to any formula prescribed to him by the contemporary church or even by Christ himself, but Christ as he knew him to have wrought reconstructively in his own heart and as he knew him to be working administratively and inspiringly in the process of his own life. When, therefore, he wants to get before his Roman readers the fact that a divine impulse is the only thing that can save a man from being wrecked by his own moral impotence, when he wants to put that truth forward he does not do it by saying that in conservative theological circles it is recognized that the Spirit of Life in Christ Jesus has a tendency to deliver from the power of sin and death: instead of that he says that *the Spirit of Life in Christ Jesus* HAS DELIVERED ME *from the power of sin and death*. To him Gospel was simply what he *knew* of the Gospel, and what he knew of it by its workings in and upon him.

People are proverbially shy of experience meetings and of uncovering to others the workings of God's Spirit in their own hearts. *Why, Saint Paul was a continual experience-meeting.* What are these letters and this chapter but an exhibition in black and white of the anatomy of his own hidden life with all the human necessities of it and divine furnishings of it? *So far from its being bad taste to disclose our own religious experience it is the only thing we can disclose that will have any promise of religious effects upon others.*

If I have no sense of sin, nothing that I can say about sin, however well I say it, will work in you a sense of sin. If I have not a sense of God's power to deliver from sin, nothing that I can say about such power, however true biblically and historically, will have any effect to bring you within the reach of that power. Experience is the only thing you can neither dodge nor answer. We can get along with ideas, but there is no doing anything with people who personally incarnate those ideas. I can talk about sin as a doctrinal generalization and you be able to argue me out of countenance and demonstrate to me unanswerably that sin is a mere conceit of infected minds: but let me feel myself a sinner, and there is no logical lever long enough, or logical fulcrum firm-planted enough, to begin to pry me out of the rock-bed of my conviction. You can get away from a reality so long as it is only in black and white, but there is no getting away from a reality that is in flesh and blood.

The Scribes and Elders in the times of Peter and John could have proved to any one's entire satisfaction that any man born lame couldn't be healed. There is no difficulty in proving that or any other

abstract proposition, if only you keep it abstract. The only thing that bothered them was the particular concrete instance of a man who was known to have been born lame but who had been healed.

Now that is the supreme significance of Saint Paul, that he was himself the truth that he spoke and wrote. That is why he has been such a torment to the infidels that have tried to get rid of Christianity. They can get rid of abstract propositions about Christianity, but they are not equal to exorcising a man like Paul, who intelligently and at the same time passionately is a personal illustration of a man's need of God and God's power to meet that need. In the Seventh of Romans he describes the situation in which a man finds himself, with one set of energies dragging him toward sin and another set helplessly inclining him in the counter direction. Or, rather, he described the situation in which he (Paul) finds himself.

There is no generalization about it. It is all in the first person singular. He is not reading from any note book that he had kept while attending seminary lectures on Christian theology. He is reading out of his own heart. "For that which I do I allow not: for what I would, that do I not; but what I hate, that do I." "I delight in the law of God after the inward man: but I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members. O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

That is not one of those passages that you can puncture with any fine needle of interrogation or insinuation. It is the statement of a condition by the particular man that is in the condition. It is not put forward in support of a theory. He had no interest in theories. What concerns him is situation—his own situation as he knows it. And we trust his statement not only because it is the attempt of an intelligent man, evidently honest, to tell things as they are, but because it is just such a statement as we should, any of us, make if we were similarly honest and knew how.

His "delight in the law of God after the inward man" we can all understand. We also delight in the law of God after the inward man. We understand what is right and believe in it. Whether we do what is right or not we know what is right and respect it. The lower part of our nature may do only evil, but the upper part of our nature loves only what is not evil. We have very clear perceptions along this line; just as clear as Paul had, perhaps.

And the best part of Paul not only loved what was right but

wanted to do it. It is a very easy thing to say that if a man wants to do right he can do right;—an easy thing to say but not a very profitable nor a very profound thing to say. Paul wanted to do right but couldn't. That is what he says, and he evidently understands himself and has no intention of saying anything but the truth about himself. He describes himself as a captive to the law of sin. Without trying to tell what each word of that sentence of his means it is enough to say that according to his account of the matter he had gotten into a place where he could not get out.

That is what being a "captive" means. Perhaps it was his fault that he got into that place. Perhaps if he had tried he could have kept out: but even so that does not get him out now that he is gotten in. Just this situation is one to emphasize, because there is no point at which more serious mistake is liable to be made than here. The fact that he "delighted in the law of God after the inward man" was of no use to him so long as he was a prisoner to the law of sin, any more than it is an advantage to a caged canary to delight in the open sunny heavens so long as he is held within wires. Making the heavens brighter is of no use in the second case, nor any more is increasing a man's delight in the law of God of use in the first case. In either instance everything hinges on release from captivity.

It is one of the strangest of facts that people do not realize that they are in captivity. You see how clearly Paul realized it, and the wonder is that we do not. I doubt if there is more than one in ten of us here this morning that has any earnest feeling of the fact that he is not able to do whatever he knows it to be right and duty to do. Sin destroys free agency. You have some evil habit that holds you. You know its detaining power. It may have exerted its restraint upon you a year, a dozen or fifty years. You have attempted to shake off its hold upon you. Now if your neck were caught in a noose and you had striven to pull out of it for as many years, and without effect, as you have striven to free yourself from your evil habit, would you have any hesitancy in saying you were a captive?

The reference we are making is to no particular class of habit. It contemplates the bent of our disposition away from any course of conduct that our moral sense approves. Supposing you are an habitual drunkard. You do not believe in being such. You wish you were not such. Why don't you drop it? For the same reason that the caged bird does not fly out of doors; the bars that hold

him in are stronger than the impulse that urge him out; and it amounts to nothing for the bird to say,—"O I am a free agent and when I get ready to fly abroad I shall fly." He is ready now but he can't get out. You are ready now but you can't get out. "Captive": that is what Paul says,—"Captive."

Or, supposing you are a miser, getting all you can and keeping all you get. You don't believe in being a miser. You know something how mean you are and you despise yourself for it. You despise other misers, and you know you are just like them. You are a free agent, you say, and can be generous if you want to. Well, supposing you be generous this week. You say you could be if you wanted to be but you don't want to be: and that means that whatever belief you have in charity your devotion to accumulaton is still stronger. That is to say that your power to get away is measured, say, by nine, and the power of the rope that holds you is measured by ten; in other words you are tied, a captive, manacled and fettered with the passion of gain.

There is nothing in this to startle anybody. It is all told in the letter to the Romans when Paul says of himself that he is captive to the law of sin. He is not using words there for the fun of the thing. And he cries,—"Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" He does not ask,—"How am I going to get out?" but,—"*Who is going to get me out?*" It is just at this point now that for the first time the real meaning of Christianity is able to assert itself. We have at another time tried to do justice to the service which Christ rendered in exhibiting himself to the world as the ideal man, but the more perfect that ideal the heavier and more impossible the burden he imposed in disclosing that ideal.

It is hard enough to be the kind of man portrayed by the Ten Commandments, and a score of times harder to be the kind of man delineated by and impersonated in the man Jesus. There is nothing shallower, nothing that betrays a more poverty-stricken grasp upon the human situation than to imagine that there is any more deliverance or any more Gospel in the scheme of behavior taught and illustrated by Christ than in that taught and illustrated by Moses. There is not as much. The Hebrews did not and could not keep the Ten Commandments.

I would rather stipulate to keep a hundred commandments of the kind comprised in the decalogue than to keep one of the sort announced in the Sermon on the Mount. So long as murder means

nothing but cutting a man's throat I can keep the sixth commandment by taking some pains and taking care not to go armed; but when we come along to the ministry of Christ and find him teaching that to be angry is to be a murderer, I feel like congratulating Moses and Aaron on the easy times they lived in and find the law of Christ a hundred times more inherently damnatory than the law of Sinai. People who expatiate upon the benignant service Christ rendered men in showing them how to behave have very little idea of their own meaning or of the moral contempt which religiousness of that lean type excites in the thought of such as have mind and conscience enough to go clear around the matter.

We acknowledge the magnificent ideal of life set before us in Christ, but the higher the point to which he lifts the ideal the deeper the pit of helplessness into which he thrusts men unless along with the ideal he makes over to us the means and the power by which we shall be able to make that ideal real in our own hearts and lives. If you are a drunkard (reverting to our previous illustration) the more wholesomeness and dignity of human living are shown to you to mean, the greater will you feel to be the distance between what you are and what you would like to become, and the more it will make you ache to think how impossible it is for you to traverse that distance and *become* what you would like to become.

People were already in a pit before Christ came, and it would have been a piece of savage irony for God to have expatiated upon the blessedness of getting out of the pit, at the same time pushing the pit down to a deeper abysm and contriving no scheme for extrication. Now that is the plight in which the entire matter is put practically by men who let it be understood that Christ is pattern and pattern only. Any teacher, human or divine, that carries my ideal farther into the sky without impelling me along the path that conducts toward it only damns me before my time and merits my curse and not my blessing. That is but putting new links into the chain that binds me and new metal into the wires that cage me.

And it was that impulse along the path leading him up to the ideal that to St. Paul made out the supreme meaning of the salvation of Christ. There is no salvation in knowing; the only salvation is in having power given us to become. Captivity to the law of death must be met and overcome by the enfranchisement of the Spirit of life. That is what Christianity means. It is what it meant to Paul. It was not a meaning that he had woven out of his

own brain or that he had coaxed out of religious treatises. It was the meaning that came to him from his own experience of the Spirit of life in Christ plucking at the bonds of death that time and habit had riveted upon him and wrenching him free.

He is not preaching a generalized salvation that he has committed to memory, but he is publishing his own particularized salvation that he knows all about and that is permeated and punctuated with lines of his own vivid experience. He knew Christ as his Saviour, not because he imagined that Christ would step forward and get him out of difficulty by-and-by when it came time for him to be damned, but because he realized that *the Spirit of life in Christ was working in him just now in a way such that there would be no propriety in his being damned.*

He felt that the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus was crushing the law of sin and death and setting him free. He conjugated salvation in the present tense, progressive form, as the grammarians would say; and that salvation was an escape, not from the consequences of sin merely, but an escape from sin and the damnable tyranny of it, as that escape was being wrought out in him by the Spirit of Christ working in him emancipatingly.

Paul is but a single object-lesson of *what the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus can do for a man* when once that divine Spirit of life is given leave to work largely and unhinderingly. There is no position of supremacy over evil to which it is not possible for us to attain if our ascent thither is made in God's power. This appeals to that in all of us which is the best. However much we may love sin, we wish we didn't love it, and wish we were as far from its dominion as are the angels of God.

O Christ, our Redeemer and our Emancipator, set us free from the dominion of sin! We hate sin even while we cling to it. "We delight in the law of God after the inward man," but are helplessly tangled up in the coils of our own evil dispositions. We want to do right but we can't. We want to move forth in liberty but we are tied. Constrain us all to put ourselves completely under thy management and power, to have the fetters that bind us shattered by the blow of thy spirit, and the impotence and deadness of our souls quickened into beauty and strength by the fullness of thy life. What thou hast done so generously and gloriously for others do thou for us, and make our hearts and lives to be so thoroughly and evidently loyal to truth, righteousness and the mind of God, that those to whom Christianity

is but an idea may learn to know it as a reality and a power, and the world grow stronger, sweeter and holier in its consciousness of God and of the splendid liberty that is in his Son, Christ Jesus.

THE ARENA

ARE THERE EVIL SPIRITS?

THOUGH I have never taken much interest in the devil and his angels, I am thoroughly in sympathy with anything that frees us from an exaggerated fear of them. Christ has conquered all such spirits and his conquest is ours by faith or union with him. So slight a thing as resistance makes the devil flee, so weak is he; so powerless evil against determined good (James 4. 7). Witchcraft came from a perverted and diseased consciousness, and in post-biblical times from that and an utterly unscientific understanding of Scripture.

As to the teaching of your book, that there is no devil, I have looked upon the matter thus: If it is rational to believe in good spirits it is equally rational to believe in evil spirits, unless, indeed, God by compulsion keeps the former from choosing evil. A virtue thus compelled would be worthless, and a being thus compelled would be contemptible. If, then, there are evil spirits, it is rational to believe that one or more may excel others in intellectual vigor (the name is of no consequence, devil, Satan, Lucifer, etc., any more than Michael on the other side). If all this is true, it is not only not irrational to believe that spirits, evil and good, influence other spirits, including ourselves, but it is one of the first principles of psychology that they may. So much for the Christian teaching on the basis of reason.

As to Scripture, I have taken it for granted that it taught the existence of such spirits. This can be met in four ways. (1) By explaining these Scriptures away as symbolic, figurative, etc. This will cover such expressions as dragon, serpent, etc., but even in these cases a personality behind the figure must be understood, as we compare a deceitful person to a serpent in the grass. The British Weekly, May 16, 1918, p. 99, says, referring to the answer to the Maurice charges, "Dragons' tails were twisted last week in Parliament and on the sea." Evil has no existence whatever except in a living being. It is not an entity or substance. (2) By claiming that belief in evil spirits is borrowed from heathenism and is a part of a dualistic philosophy. But it is nothing against a truth that heathen religions have an idea more or less similar. May it not be for it? as witnessing either to an original revelation or to an indestructible conviction of the human spirit "naturally Christian," as Tertullian says (*Apol.* 17), which knows itself as the child of the Great Spirit and brother of innumerable spirits as good or evil as itself? Nor is this truth dualistic. What is dualism? The belief in *two* original, eternal principles, or souls, or gods—one good, the other bad. That belief is not in the Old Testament, not to speak of the New. But that

the only original good Spirit (God) may have created later angelic beings, some of whom later freely chose wrongs, is not dualism. (3) By claiming that the Bible references to such beings are simply an accommodation to popular prejudices, etc. Well, some of the Old Testament history is an accommodation to low civilization, an effort to lift people up by getting down to their level (the times of ignorance God overlooked, Acts 17. 20), but the belief in evil and good spirits is so a part of the consciousness of the writers of the Bible, inwoven as an essential part of their faith and life, that it is just as reasonable to say that their belief in a personal God is an accommodation to popular superstition. (4) By saying that the Bible is mistaken. But if the Scripture is in error in this field of good or evil angels where, pray, can it be trusted?

As to demon possession, that is a phenomenon not confined to Bible times or lands, but realized to-day under certain forms of depraved living and in a civilization which offers a psychological background. See Nevius's Demon Possession and Allied Themes, New York, 1894, my remarks in Cyprian, pp. 26-28, and compare Professor L. M. Sweet's article in International Standard Bible Encyclopedia, i., 827ff (1915).

One or two small points: You are misled in taking up the popular legend about that "ransom to Satan." See Professor Sheldon in this REVIEW, 1878, 504ff, and Faulkner in the same, 1917, 459ff. Belief in personality of evil spirits, devil, etc., is not derived from Milton, because not one Christian in many thousands has ever read the Paradise Lost, and the few who have read it had their opinions already formed. As to Christ, scientific exegesis shows that he believed in evil spirits. It is more rational to believe that they exist than that he was mistaken, or that, knowing that they did not exist, he virtually, by a thousand acts and words, taught that they did.

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BY-PRODUCTS OF THE CENTENARY

IT is well to read Isaiah 43 at this juncture. This is one of the missionary chapters of the Book of God. It is the chapter which reads well in the shadow of political changes now rocking the earth, like a storm raging through Norwegian pines. Let us get this poetry into the soul:

> I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine.
> When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee.
> And through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.
> When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned.
> For I am Jehovah, thy God, the Holy One of Israel.
> Fear not; for I am with thee. I will bring thy seed from the East.
> And gather thee from the West.
> I will say to the North, "Give up";
> And to the South, "Keep not back";

Bring my sons from far, and my daughters
From the ends of the earth;
That ye know and believe me, and understand
That I am He!

We say, Tithers will solve the problem; that a million prayers a day will change the face of civilization; that a hundred million dollars will break down the walls of rebellion; that a world circled with a League of Nations, and shot through with the philosophy of human justice can modify and mould this planet after the similitude of a perfect palace.

The Prophet says this will avail nothing unless the heart of humanity is obsessed with the Sovereignty of God. Even today it will be easy to be lost, almost without knowing it. It was so in Micah's day. He says the people had become cannibals (3: 2, 3). Court decisions were given to the one having the largest bribe. Prosperity had made them numb and vile. If we pride ourselves only on our strength in physical equipment, while the soul starves, how much better are we than they?

We rejoice in the response of the church today to the appeal for funds to finance the Kingdom. God knows this was necessary. It ought to have come sooner. But what shall happen if there is a dearth of souls, a dearth of hunger for spiritual consolation, a dearth of longing after Infinite Love!

If there comes to the nation a quickened conscience in revealed religion one of the after-products of this agitation will have been realized. Should it fail, we must have some terrible things to answer for.

Twenty years ago, in the widespread upheaval which swept over France and threatened to undermine the foundations of faith, Paul Desjardins wrote on his standard the cry of Tolstoi:

It is necessary to have a soul.

How much good it did no one but God can tell, yet the lesson cannot be evaded. Man's life can easily become worthless in the turmoil of a maddened age. Frenzied with profit and pleasure, the facts of like must be reckoned with. Money is too often the mouthpiece of piety. Credit becomes a substitute for devotion.

We dare not be overthrown by incidental matters which come threatening our existence. Not even escape from devastation in war, not even trade balances in our favor, not even through plenty and pleasure and presumption.

Wordsworth lost God in the midst of local revolutions. The times were out of joint. This threw him out of joint. Such things unman millions. His friends were ashamed of him. He did not seem to see. He could not see till he was removed from the Revolution and heard again the voice of Dorothy, and after that sweet image once more cast its glow over his life he wrote:

Thus was I reconverted to the world.

In the "Universal Ferment," where the "Earth was too hot to Tread upon," he had lost God. Dorothy called him back, and he came! He

yielded himself to the mystery of her unshaken Faith in God. Man cannot live by bread alone. High wages will not alone suffice. We must have high thinking, high purpose, purified manhood.

But our Gospel is one of Personalism. It must become a deep conviction with us. It must be endemic among us. The living Presence, Sovereign, presiding over, and leading us, in the complex motions of the marvelous period through which we are passing.

Edom cannot hide from God. She cannot forever whet God's anger. Dwellers in the cleft of the rocks can be brought down. Not always can she be a storehouse hidden by mountains. With the "deepest spring of hate bubbling in her heart she must be sensible of her isolation, her self-sufficiency, her self-complacency." In the center of moral and spiritual destitution she cannot "Pass by on the other side."

Neither can we as a people be blind to the festers that may yet bring pain and blood-poison to the soul. The battles of moral and spiritual supremacy are yet to be finished. Christian men dare not be silent or neutral.

From the pulpit, from the pew, from the office, the people of Jehovah, with a sweet and courageous insistence shall yet make the world know, and believe, that he is "Jehovah, the holy one of Israel."

Sin is the same. Hosea knew it. Herod tasted it. Judas fell by it. Paul was crushed with it. Jesus was tempted by it. From Solomon to Smithfields it is the same sinuous, subtle, seductive, and unspeakable power against which the world has to reckon.

The only message written in history to bring the lost sheep to the Life of God is the prophetic redemption of the Son of God. He alone is the hope for a shattered, battered, bruised, and bewildered world.

Shelley's wife was a suicide. The poet himself came into court asking for the custody of their children. The court refused. The court was right. His reason was that Shelley admitted he was an Atheist. No man who has no God has a right to be a guardian of childhood, much less should such a one be their parent.

May the Church of Christ, in this hour, in the wake of the Centenary, reeling with anxiety for the future, proclaim as never before the astounding Gospel of the Grace of God, as the sole cure for the world's despair and pledge of lasting peace.

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ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

THE SAMARITANS

THE term Samaritans, as employed in this discussion, is applied and limited to the people who inhabited the city of Samaria and the region around after the conquest of that territory by the Assyrians in 722 B. C., after the northern kingdom, as such, had ceased to exist or when colonists

from various parts of the Assyrian empire had been imported by the conquerors to replace the deported Hebrews.

The account is recorded not only in the Bible (2 Kings 17), but also in the annals of Assyria. In an inscription of Sargon we read: "Samaria I besieged and conquered . . . 27,290 people I took into captivity. The rest I let keep their property. I set my officer over them, and laid upon them the tribute of the former king." In another we read: "People out of all lands, my captives of war I settled there." The agreement between the book of Kings and the Assyrian annals is quite noticeable.

The first colonists, as stated above, came in the days of Sargon, not Shalmanezer, as sometimes stated, for the latter died in 723 B. C. Sometime after the return of the first captives with Zerubbabel, when the adversaries of Judah and Benjamin, that is, the Samaritans, offered to aid the Jews in rebuilding the temple, their help was spurned. These mixed people said: "Let us build with you, for we seek your God, as ye do, and we do sacrifice unto him since the days of Esarhaddon king of Assyria, who brought us up hither" (Ezra 4. 2). Esarhaddon reigned 680-668 B. C., thirty or forty years after Sargon. After the lapse of fifty years a letter was sent to Artaxerxes, king of Persia, by the representatives of nine different peoples mentioned by name, and by "the rest of the nations whom the great and noble Osnappar brought over and set in the city of Samaria, and in the rest of the country beyond the river, that is, west of the Euphrates (see Ezra 4. 7ff.). Osnappar, not mentioned elsewhere, is generally supposed to have been Asshurbanapal of the inscriptions.

Some believe that there were more than one deportation of Hebrews from Samaria. Be that as it may, colonists from other places were brought in at three different periods to replace them. Those deported were, no doubt, the nobles, the priests, the ones capable of bearing arms, the ones most likely to influence public opinion and oppose Assyrian domination. The old men and old women, the children, the poorer classes, the less efficient would be left unmolested. According to the Sargon inscription above inserted fewer than 28,000 were taken to Assyria, or, perhaps, less than one tenth or one twentieth of the population of Samaria and the adjoining country.

Nevertheless, the relieving of Samaritan territory even of that number of able-bodied people, and the delay of replacing them by others as well as the great ravages which usually follow in the wake of war, caused a great increase in the number of wild beasts, which terrorized the new settlers. They interpreted the calamity as a direct punishment from the God of the land—they, in common with most people of the time, believed in local duties with local powers. At their request a Hebrew priest—perhaps several—was sent to Samaria to instruct the colonists in the religion of Jehovah. These new settlers, though from different portions of the empire, were, probably, for the greater part Semitis, who had "served gods after the manner of the nations from among whom they had been carried away" (2 Kings 17. 23), but, nevertheless, had much

in common with the Hebrews, though differing in language and customs, perhaps to such a degree that they remained separated for the time from the original inhabitants of Samaria. If these spoke different Semitic dialects they would have in the course of time to unite in learning the Hebrew in order to profit by the instruction of the Hebrew priest sent them from Assyria to teach them the religion of Jehovah. Even though these colonists might have used their own native dialects in everyday life, the language of the sanctuary would be Hebrew, or the language used by the large majority of the population.

Nor is there any good reason for thinking that the people who were not deported from Samaria, though not as influential or vigorous in mind, or body, yet formed the bulk of the population, may, nevertheless, have been quite as religious as those taken to Assyria.

Now if these colonists profited by the religious instruction given them by the priests from Assyria, it is reasonable to think that they became more and more united in religion with the original inhabitants of Samaria. It is also possible that many Hebrews, though residing in Samaritan territory, remained faithful to Jerusalem, and its mode of worship (see 2 Kings 23. 15; 2 Chron. 30. 11; Jer. 41. 4ff.). It is quite certain that the feelings between Samaria and Jerusalem or Judah were kindlier from 722 B. C. to the Fall of Jerusalem than either before or after, and that the inhabitants of both sections during this period not only spoke the same language, but worshiped the same God, namely, Jehovah. Nor can there be any reason for believing that the colonists to Samaria had not adopted the Hebrew language before the return of the captives from Babylonia about 538 B. C., and not only the language, but also the religion and customs of the original Samaritans.

The offer, that of the Samaritans to aid rebuild the Temple at Jerusalem was, no doubt, sincere, even though turned down by the more orthodox Jews, fresh from captivity. We say more orthodox, for those who returned belonged to the more patriotic and spiritual classes. Moreover, Judah at all periods of her history was less exposed to association with the outside world than was the northern kingdom, usually more or less influenced by Phœnicia and other places. Such foreign influences would have increased rather than decreased from contact with the colonists sent from many countries to Samaria.

The refusal of the Jews to accept aid from, or any religious intercourse, whatever, with the Samaritans, increased as the ages rolled on and the bad feeling resulting therefrom was at its very height in the days of our Saviour, when "the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans." This hostility commenced at the division of the kingdom in the days when the ten tribes revolted from Rehoboam and set up an independent kingdom with Jeroboam at its head. The reason for such enmity and jealousy was thus more political than religious. Both Jews and Samaritans spoke the same language, Hebrew—to this day the sacred language of both peoples. Both regard the Law of Moses with equal zeal. While the Jews consider the *Torah*, that is, the five books of Moses as the most inspired of all their books, the Samaritans regard the *Torah*

as the only inspired Scriptures. While Moses according to the Jews is the greatest of all prophets, the Samaritans consider him as the only prophet. Jews and Samaritans worship Jehovah in their synagogues according to essentially the same ritual. Both peoples circumcise their male children on the eighth day after birth. They both observe the Sabbath, the Samaritans, however, with much greater strictness. They know nothing of a Sabbath journey. The only place visited by them on the Sabbath is the synagogue; this they do three times on that day, morning, noon, and evening. No cooking of any kind is permitted on the Sabbath, nor may any fire be kindled. Not only do the Samaritans do no work on the Sabbath, they are not allowed to hire any Gentile to do it for them, no matter how necessary. They, like the Jews, observe all the feasts prescribed in the twenty-third chapter of Leviticus: The Passover, Unleavened Bread, Pentecost, Tabernacles, Trumpets and the Day of Atonement. Three of these, Passover, Unleavened Bread, and Pentecost must be celebrated in the "holy place" on Mount Gerizim, unless prevented by circumstances over which they have no control—as in the early part of the last century when forbidden by the Turkish government. They are quite as pronounced in their monotheism as the most orthodox Jews, and much more narrow in many particulars.

Their creed has been summed up thus: "We say: My faith is in thee, Yhwh; and in Moses, Son of Amram, thy servant; and in the Holy Law: and on Mount Gerizim Beth-el; and in the day of vengeance and recompense" (see Montgomery's: The Samaritan, pp. 207ff.). To this must be added their belief in a Messiah, who will rule the earth from Shechem, the ancient seat of power, and from his holy mountain of Gerizim." They also believe in angels as well as the resurrection of the dead.

Leaving out the question of the relative sanctity of Gerizim and Jerusalem there is a remarkable correspondence between Judaism and the Samaritan confession of faith. Indeed, this is admitted by even some of the most orthodox Jewish authorities of different ages. Josephus, hostile to, and prejudiced as he was against the people of Samaria, admitted that they were Israelites in origin and creed.

The rock on which the two people split was, and still is, Gerizim or the true place of worship. In their zeal on this point the Samaritans have deliberately substituted Gerizim for Ebal in Deut. 27. 4, and have been guilty of other changes besides in other portions of the Pentateuch. To them Gerizim is not only higher than Ebal—though not as high by 128 feet—but is the highest mountain in the world. Adam and Noah built altars on Gerizim. Here Abraham offered Isaac, and here too he was blessed by Melchisedec. It was from Gerizim that Jacob's ladder reached heaven, and when Adam was driven out of Paradise, it was to Gerizim. How childish such notions compared to the words of Jesus to the woman of Samaria, "The hour cometh, when neither in this mountain nor in Jerusalem, shall ye worship the father."

Whether the Samaritans of to-day are of mixed origin, or genuine unadulterated Hebrews, one thing is certain: They claim that they are

direct descendants of the tribe of Joseph—the priestly family, of course, of the tribe of Levi. They call themselves children of Israel. Another name is Shomeronim or Shomrim, that is, keepers of the Law of Moses. Josephus almost invariably calls them Shechemites, but the post-canonical Jewish writers call them Cuthites, that is, people from Cuthah (2 Kings 17. 24).

The story of the Samaritans, like that of the Jews, has been one of continuous suffering and calamity. They have suffered from the Jews, the Greeks, the Romans as well as from the Christians and Moslems. The hatred between them and the Jews which began in the days of Zerubbabel and Ezra, kept growing as the ages rolled on. This was by no means one sided, but quite mutual. They suffered less than the Jews under Antiochus Epiphanes. John Hyrcanus captured the city of Shechem and destroyed the Temple on Mount Gerizim in 128 B. C. They fared better after the victories of Pompey in 63 B. C., and enjoyed the religious liberty granted by the Romans to all their subject people. Herod, too, was very partial to Samaria, which he rebuilt and beautified and called Sebaste (Augusta). In the Jewish rebellion of 66 A. D., Samaria was utterly destroyed once more and about 12,000 of its inhabitants were slaughtered by the armies of Vespasian. Little is known of the Samaritans from the destruction of Jerusalem in 70 to the days of Hadrian (117-138). According to Cawley, "the Temple on Mount Gerizim was rebuilt by the Romans as a reward for Samaritan help in the suppression of Bar Kokhba's revolt." Their persecution of the Christians under the reign of Justinian brought upon them the wrath of the emperor, who sent his legions to Samaria and soon succeeded in crushing them. Large numbers were slain or captured. Indeed, the defeat was so complete that they were all but annihilated by it. As a people they never recovered from the shock. From that time down to the middle ages references to them are scarce. They played but a little part during the Moslem invasion, the Crusades, or the later wars in Palestine. "It is singular," says Robinson, "that the Christian historians of the crusades appear to make no allusion whatever to the existence of the Samaritans at Nabulus."

A very interesting notice of the Samaritans is given by Benjamin of Tudela, a Jew who visited the Holy Land in 1163. He tells us that there were about 1,000 of them at Nablus, and about the same number in other portions of the land. Montgomery calls attention to the *first* notice of Ottoman rule over the Samaritans in "which we learn of oppressions and confiscations of lands." No matter how small a people may be they are never too small for Turkish greed and cruelty!

No doubt the Samaritans, in common with the Jews and other non-Moslem inhabitants, have suffered exceedingly from the great war through which the world has just passed. For that reason it is impossible to say with our present knowledge of conditions in Palestine how grievously they have been afflicted, and how largely their small numbers have been depleted. Our latest data comes down to 1910. In that year, counting all men, women, and children, the Samaritan com-

munity was estimated at 150 or 160 souls, or just the same figures as given by Dr. Robinson in 1838. They do not intermarry, nor have they but little social intercourse with any who are not Samaritans except in trade and purely business relations. Another singular fact, which necessarily keeps down their numbers, is that there are nearly twice as many males as females.

The fact that this peculiar people have, notwithstanding wars, rebellion, persecutions, and all kinds of suffering, continued to exist in one particular spot for about 2500 years, have kept their customs, their religion, and, to some extent, their language—the language of the synagogue is still Hebrew, though the vernacular is Arabic—makes them of great interest to European and American scholars, who, during the past hundred years, have continued in ever-increasing numbers to visit them at Shechem and observe their worship on Mount Gerizim. Dr. Mills truly says: "As a community there is nothing in Palestine to compare with them." But as Robinson writes: "They are a people lingering slowly to decay . . . a reed shaken with the wind, but bowing before the storm."

The Samaritans possess considerable literature. This is almost entirely of a religious character, and consists chiefly of hymns, litanies, prayers, and responsive readings for the use of the synagogue and the great feasts. The earliest of these are from the pens of Amram and Marka, and, for the greater part, written in Aramaic, perhaps in the fourth century of our era. But a number of these are in Hebrew and of much later date, beginning possibly with the fourteenth century and coming down to our own days. No fewer than two thousand quarto pages of such literature are preserved in the British Museum alone. The Royal Library of Petrograd has also a goodly number. The same is true of many other libraries and museums.

Besides this class of literature, there are histories, or, rather, annals or chronicles. Cowley, in an excellent article in The Encyclopedia Biblica, gives the following: 1. El-Tolideh (cf. Hebrew Tolecloth of Genesis). This is made up of annals from Adam to the present time. We may call it a priestly code, for every high priest is supposed to have added to it a chapter covering the days, and recording the principal events of his priesthood. The language is mostly Hebrew, with an Arabic translation. According to Montgomery the major part of this document was written in 1149. Jacob ben Ishmael added to it in 1346. 2. The Book of Joshua. This was written between 1362-1513. It professes to be a genuine history of Israel (Samaria) from the days of Joshua to the fourth century A. D. It is, however, anything but history, and was probably compiled from various sources, written in Hebrew or Aramaic; some portions show knowledge of and dependence upon the Septuagint. The book in its present form is in Arabic. 3. The Chronicles of Abul-Fath. This, too, starts with Adam and concludes with the Moslem conquest; as Abul-Fath wrote about 1355 the language is, naturally, Arabic and is based upon earlier chronicles of the Samaritan people, such as the Book of Joshua, the Book of the Province, etc. Supplements

to this work of Abul-Fath brings the story of Samaria, with interruptions, down to 1853 A. D.; at least the high priests are named to that date.

There are also other less important chronicles and a goodly number of unedited manuscripts, as well as not a few letters of comparative recent date, which were written by the high priests to prominent Semitic scholars in Europe and America, interested in the modern Samaritans who never tire to tell the story of Samaria and its religious institutions. These letters are written usually in Hebrew, but some in Arabic.

By far the most important work of this people is the Samaritan Pentateuch, which we may discuss in another issue.

Whoever would make a thorough study of this ancient but vanishing people can do no better than to read Professor James Alan Montgomery's erudite and fascinating book: The Samaritans.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

OPPORTUNITIES AND ATTRACTIONS FOR THEOLOGICAL STUDY ABROAD

The war has put an end, for a long period at least, to the fashion of our ambitious young theologians of finishing their studies at German universities. The breaking off of the old relations should signify for us a real gain, but it may also involve a loss.

There is gain, in the first place, in the mere fact that the spell which has held many men in an unnatural subjection to German theological thinking has been broken. For even if German theology had been generally quite wholesome in its tendencies, we should have been able to profit by its good qualities only in so far as our relation to it was free. But some of its tendencies were anything but wholesome. Having now clearly recognized this fact, we are learning to be no longer imposed upon by mere learning and ingenuity, but rather to appraise theology according to its Christian spirit and content. There is gain, in the next place, in that our attention has been freshly and powerfully directed to the merit of the theological thinking of other countries than Germany.

On the other hand there will be a distinct loss to us if we henceforth refuse to recognize and have fellowship with the good that may be found in German theology. In Christ there is neither Jew nor Greek. The war is really over only when we have real peace, and peace is fellowship. If there be in German Christianity only a very small remnant left—and the case is not so bad as that—that remnant must be cherished. And we must not forget, that, if the case is even as bad as it seems to the least optimistic, our call is not to quench the smoking flax. We are called to do all we can to restore German Christianity. God has not utterly cast off any nation. It would be a loss to ourselves as well as to humanity at large, if we who have the larger and truer vision should refuse to help

the German people to share it. We must not fix a gulf so that we can neither give nor receive. Let us rather get into contact with the good that may be found in German theology and help to make the most of it. Even from a purely intellectual standpoint it should be enormously instructive to follow the next reactions and the later developments of German theology. We have complained—most justly—that the German Christians have not declared themselves. Well, one of these days we shall hear various voices from representative German theologians and preachers. Whether their utterances shall satisfy us or not is very problematical, but at all events whatever they shall have to say will be highly interesting to every student of the history of man.

Be that as it may, our young theologians will not be going to German universities in the next few years. It is well that they should not go there for a while. But why (one may ask) why should our young men go abroad at all to study theology? Have we not adequate facilities at home even for the most advanced students? The answer which we give to this important question represents an intense conviction. We hold that the need and advantage of theological study in foreign lands was never greater than it must be in the next generation.

The student of natural science or mathematics or philology is rightly satisfied if he can find the best facilities for his studies in the institutions of learning among his own people. But theology is the science of the Christian faith, and the Christian faith is a fellowship with God and at the same time with all believers. The theologian is he who has scientific knowledge of what Christianity is. No man is a proper theologian who is merely schooled in sectarian dogmatics. A man of learning the sectarian dogmatist may be, but he is at best only a partial theologian. The true Christian theologian accepts the motto (adapted from Terence): *Christianus sum: Christiani nihil a me alienum puto.* Theology is a science which springs out of, and is designed to minister to, the Christian fellowship. In the present tremendous crisis it is of immense significance that the church of Jesus Christ learn in the broadest fellowship to understand the manifold needs of humanity and to speak with sureness the right message. Theology must be more and more international and interconfessional, if it is to be commensurate with the universal mission of Christ. Books will do much, of course, to acquaint us with the Christian life of other lands, but personal observation will do immeasurably more. Every great religious movement has scorned national bounds. In the new era the fellowship of Christians must be richer and freer than ever before.

In the nature of the case our program implies that we should not only send our young theologians abroad, but that we should invite the churches of other lands to send some of theirs to us. And in fact precisely such an interchange has been publicly recommended on both sides of the Atlantic. In mutually sharing our blessings we shall be able to rid ourselves of many injurious misconceptions and prejudices.

For those who prize the good things in German theology but would eschew the evil we recommend theological study in Switzerland. There

are in Switzerland three theological faculties using the German and three using the French language. The German-Swiss faculties belong to the universities at Basel, Berne, and Zurich. The French faculties are at the universities of Geneva, Lausanne, and Neufchatel. All of these faculties have an interesting international character, but naturally those of German tongue show more of the German influence, while the French faculties are more in touch with French Protestantism. In either case, however, one may be sure of a fine independence of thought in Swiss theology. Even in Basel and Zurich one will find a pretty sharp opposition to the things which we ourselves hate in recent German development. These Swiss faculties are able to impart a very good understanding of what is going on in German theology without the taint of the Prussian spirit. And there are some very able men in these faculties. Besides, it is well that we remember the role that Switzerland must play in the reconstruction era. Because of its geographical and historical position the great currents of thought will all pass through Switzerland and especially through Swiss universities. In some respects the Swiss universities will offer greater attractions than those of any other country. At the same time we must recognize that there are some drawbacks to the study of theology in Switzerland. The number of theological students is small, in some instances pitifully small. The six faculties are too many for the small country. Besides one must say that the faculties contain a few teachers whose influence can hardly be called constructive. In spite of the drawbacks, however, we can recommend study in the Swiss universities, and especially in Basel.

Basel has a theological faculty of real distinction. It is to-day less impressive than it was a few years ago while Bertholet was still there, and Orelli still lived, and Duhm was yet in the fullness of his powers. But even yet is a really strong faculty, and is far the most attractive of the three of German tongue. It includes such men as Duhm, Riggenbach, Eberhard Vischer, Wendland, and Paul Wernle. It is on the whole a "liberal" faculty; all that we have named would be called liberal except Riggenbach; yet it is distinctly more vital in its tendencies than either Zurich or Berne. Wernle is the chief attraction of the faculty to-day, and he is really one of the marked theological personalities of the time. An American theologian declared that the three most impressive personalities that he met among theologians in his travels and studies abroad were Herrmann in Marburg, Denney in Glasgow, and Wernle in Basel. While for ourselves the list would not be just the same, we cordially direct attention to Wernle and to Basel. Though a decided liberal in theology, Wernle shows an adherence to that which is most essential to evangelical faith. In this regard he is to be preferred to Bousset and Troeltsch.

Berne has less to offer a foreign student than Basel. It has some able men, but they do not stand out as specially significant for us. We should have been inclined also to pass by Zurich but for the presence of two excellent men there. Walter Koehler is a fine church historian and teacher, and his work should not be overlooked. But there is in Zurich another man of still more importance from our point of view. We

mean Ragaz, who unites the pastoral office with a professorship in the university. Ragaz is a leader in the Christian-Social movement, and has long been recognized as a really significant personality. He has been a severe yet friendly critic of German political tendencies. German Christian-Social leaders have been forced to recognize that the Swiss movement as led by Ragaz shows a freedom and an aggressiveness that could not be matched in Germany.

Of the French-Swiss theological faculties that at Neufchatel presents the least attractions. Yet even Neufchatel boasts some very important names in its history, among them that of Godet. Geneva, in view of its remarkable history and the new international importance that will probably be assigned to it, is sure to attract a larger number of students in several departments than it has done in the recent past. Among these there ought to be found a few foreign students of theology. The city of John Calvin is still a bulwark of Protestantism, but it is a Protestantism that is sorely pressed by the rising tide of Catholicism in the city and in the canton. The theological faculty of Geneva has included many eminent men; the most interesting recent Genevan theologian was Gaston Frommel, who died in 1906 in his forty-fourth year. Lausanne, the city of Alexandre Vinet, the most eminent Swiss theologian of the nineteenth century, is also to-day the seat of an excellent theological faculty.

The leaders of French Protestantism are making a frank bid for American students of theology. They have had two theological faculties, the one at Montauban, the other at Paris. But now with the French recovery of Alsace and Lorraine we may reckon a third, that at Strasbourg. Before Germany took these provinces in 1870 there was an eminent Protestant theological faculty associated with the university of Strasbourg. It boasted such names as those of Reuss and Auguste Sabatier. Upon the German reorganization of the university Sabatier refused the professorship in the new theological faculty proffered by the German government and went to Paris, where he lived by journalism and other writing until the reestablishment of the old Strasbourg seminary in Paris in 1877. Reuss accepted a professorship in the German university and remained in Strasbourg. The leaders of French Protestantism are now puzzled to decide what is the best adjustment for the one potential and the actual seminaries. In the present situation two seminaries seem enough for the French Protestants, who number only about 600,000 souls. For reasons both practical and sentimental the reestablishing of a seminary at Strasbourg seems highly probable. But no one now thinks of abolishing that at Paris. But shall the far older seminary at Montauban be merged in that at Paris? It is just this that many are proposing; and it would seem quite feasible were it not for the fact that Montauban has been decidedly conservative and has opposed the theological tendency of the faculty at Paris. But it is possible that the stress of the war has brought about a measure of reconciliation. Whatever the issue may be, the French Protestants are amply justified in inviting young American theologians to come and study in their seminaries. They have some very able men, and our acquaintance with their work would be well worth the pains.

It is doubtful whether Holland will attract any considerable number of theological students from abroad. Perhaps the chief reason for this is that few persons are interested in mastering the Dutch language. The same thing applies to Denmark and Sweden. Yet there are able theologians in these countries. Aside from France and Switzerland the countries which should and will attract our students—and attract them in relatively larger numbers than those—are England and Scotland. On this point it is not necessary to say very much. The attractions of Oxford and Cambridge, of Edinburgh and Glasgow are more and more recognized among us. Especially for those who would be deterred by the difficulties of learning a foreign language the British universities offer very great attractions. Yet incidentally we would remark upon our conviction that those who will take the pains to learn to read German and French fluently will have perpetual cause to be glad they paid the price.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

Faith and Freedom. Being Constructive Essays in the Application of Modernist Principles to the Doctrine of the Church. By Various Writers. Edited by CHARLES H. S. MATTHEWS. 12mo, pp. xii+371. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $3.

COLLECTIONS of essays seem to be quite popular in Great Britain and we have noticed several such volumes in recent issues of the REVIEW. The spirit of some of these publications is radical and revolutionary and indicative of the restlessness of the times. The present volume is written in an outspoken and earnest spirit without any bias toward traditionalism or rationalism, but with a frankly sincere desire to get at the truth on the matters discussed. They give the impression of being written hurriedly but out of a full heart and mind. What is lacking in academic finish and poise, as in "Foundations," by Seven Oxford Men, is more than counterbalanced by the eagerness to meet the complex issues of the day. Such a comparison might doubtless be unfair because "Foundations" was written before the war in an atmosphere of calm thought while "Faith and Freedom," and indeed every book written since August, 1914, shows the inevitable marks of strain. The purpose of these essays is to help meet the need of vital faith under the impression that the only cure for the evil of the world is a true knowledge of God. "To know God is to live; to know God is to possess, or rather be possessed by, the creative power of that love which is able to triumph over evil by bringing forth from it a greater good. To know God is to overcome the world and find that the grave has been robbed of its apparent victory. In the fellowship of an increased knowledge of God is to be found the only real hope for the rebuilding of society upon a surer foundation than that which, in our time, has crumbled away. In such a sure-founded fellow-

ship lies the only prospect of a true and enduring peace." The editor goes on to say that the object of the essays is "to indicate the directions in which modern ways of thinking seem to us to have made traditional views impossible; or rather to restate or reinterpret some of the great truths of the church in a form in which they seem no longer to conflict with what God has taught us in our own age and generation." While there is no specific essay on the church, all the writers have a great deal to say on the place of the church, the tests of its authority and the proofs of its influence. Thus Clutton-Brock on "The Church and Morality" declares that the function of the church is "to teach and to practice those principles which alone can put an end to all conflicts between men or classes or nations." Some of the criticisms of the church in this and the other essays are in a style far too common in recent writings. It seems as though certain writers had suddenly become possessed of wisdom, and while it is a good thing to be wise after the event, it is a sign of poor taste to pose as judges when we are all guilty of infractions. We are getting tired of these negative criticisms and prefer something more wholesomely positive. A significant feature of the essays is an acknowledgement on the part of the writers, who are clergymen of the Anglican Church, that their church as a whole has been deficient in charity toward other churches. Harold Anson on "Practical Steps Toward Reunion" severely censures the obstinacy of the Anglican position in its refusal to recognize a non-episcopal ministry, and he points out its inconsistency by appeal to the facts of church history. The same writer on "The Basis of Continuity" deals with certain principles worthy of careful notice. The continuous life of the church has depended less on mechanical transmission of offices and more on a common literature, a common belief, and mystical ordinances. "Behind all these criteria there is the one informing principle, the Spirit of Christ himself, and where that is, there is the church." The frequent references to apostolic succession suggest that this is a live issue, at least in Great Britain, though we in this country with our free institutions would do well to have a clear conception of it. Fawkes on "The Development of Christian Institutions and Beliefs," makes an urgent plea for greater liberality and tolerance. W. Scott Palmer on "Creation and Providence" discusses the growing idea of God in harmony with creative evolution and the truth of the divine immanence. His purpose is to strengthen faith in the divine sympathy so impressively and conclusively manifested in the revealing Cross. "The secret of Calvary is a universal secret; its revelation is the revealing of the heart of God. Not a God impassive, remote, but a God incarnate, giving himself in sacrifice, the Saviour as well as the Creator of the world. Not a God alone, apart, but a God living our lives with us. Not a God who is but victim of and with the world, but one who saves it. This God, in and with us men, Calvary has shown us, and in the light and gloom of Calvary, we may see him everywhere." Palmer has also an essay on "Atonement," the gist of which is that Christ has wrought a priestly reconciliation whereby men are led to God and advance in the graces of Christlike character. Matthews on "The

Incarnation" continues the discussion on creation, which is regarded as the self-expression of God, not to be confused with pantheism. Creation is a continuous process consistently unfolding the love of God. It is however in the incarnation that the divine love has found explicit expression. In the personality of Christ men saw "the fullest revelation of the living God they had ever seen. He was literally one with God. God was in him reconciling the world to himself. There was in him no barrier set up by self-will to the completeness of God's manifestation of himself." This writer's confession of faith is worth quoting in part, for he arrived at it through struggle and through contact with wounded soldiers and the triumphant souls of the poor in his parish. "It is a faith which I humbly believe to be unshakeable, in the living immanent Spirit of Christ who is one with, and is the revelation of, the transcendent Father; the Christ who is wholly and completely God and is still to be found, by those whose eyes and ears he has opened, incarnate in the world. The attempt to follow where his Spirit leads, to accept his values, and to work for the embodiment of his kingdom in a world-wide sacrament of fellowship has made life a glowing adventure and at one and the same time both an agony of painful growth and an experience of an even profounder joy. Most plainly has he revealed himself to me in the hours of my own darkest personal sorrow, in the midst of the weariness of constant work, or in the sudden illumination which has succeeded some eager but painful struggle of the mind to grasp new aspects of truth." The essay by Raven on "The Holy Spirit" is a careful study of religious inspiration and experience. The tests of their reality are neither metaphysical nor ecclesiastical, but practical. "The work of the Spirit as it appears in Scripture and in experience is to bring men individually to that intuitive grasp upon life, that moral freedom and mastery over evil, which can only be found when the self is lost in the service of a larger whole, and socially to knit them together into one body in the bonds of a sympathy based upon common and complete sacrifice. And the meaning of this is love, and its symbol is the cross." This volume starts many currents of thought in the right direction, and it has therefore the rare stimulus of suggestiveness.

A Gentle Cynic. Being a translation of the Book of Koheleth, commonly known as Ecclesiastes, stripped of later additions; also its origin, growth and interpretation. By Morris Jastrow, Jr., Ph.D., LL.D., Professor in the University of Pennsylvania. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Square octavo, pp. 255. Price, net, $2.75.

Among American Orientalists Professor Jastrow is easily most prolific; count that year lost in which the presses do not display at least two works of his! But he is learned—and it were not too much to say that there is not one of them more learned than he—and withal possesses a gift of exposition, a clarity of thought and a sort of friendly willingness to be interesting. Why should he not write many books? and echo answers, Why not? The burden of proof to the contrary lies on the contrary

person who answers contrariwise. And now Jastrow has done the book of Ecclesiastes afresh into English, has commented upon it in his new English dress and has introduced it with a series of chapters intended to prepare the reader for the new form of the book by telling him something of the methods and results of modern biblical criticism, with sundry justifications of the attitude which the author takes to the venerable book which is now translated. Let it be said at the outset that this is a good book, that the buyer will have no just cause to bewail the loss of the "siller" required to possess it, and that he will find it well packed with learning disposed in a popular fashion, fit to read and easy to read. It is learned, and if one had not the author's name on the title page any modern form of Higher Criticism would justify the assurance that a scholar wrote it, even without the observation of the numerous bits of learned polyglot which adorn or, if you like, disfigure its pages. Here are *raison d'être, cherchez l'auteur, par excellence, nom de plume* (very frequently), *Index Librorum prohibitorum, ad majorem gloriam regis, conditio sine quâ non, c'est le premier pas qui coûte, dut quum faciunt idem, non est idem, laudatores temporis acti.* As the book is otherwise splendidly popular some of these might have given way to phrases native to the greatest of modern languages. It is characteristic of a recent change that so many of the strange phrases are French and not German—but stop, here is at least one that is German: "The spirit of Koheleth is that of Goethe's *Geist der stets verneint*," but the introductory part comes back again to French in a sentence that must be quoted entire: "We can imagine Koheleth as he bids farewell to the world, and in the contemplation of his life recalls, perhaps, the utterances in his book which offended the orthodox and the pious, murmuring with a smile on his dying lips, as did Heine, *'Dieu me pardonnera—c'est son métier.'*" This leads one to say that the whole book is built upon the hypothesis that the book of Koheleth, or Eccesiasties, as originally written by its unknown author, has been edited in ancient times by men, more orthodox or more pious than the original author, who sought by various interpolations to soften or correct its teaching, with the object of making it more acceptable. The idea that the book contains interpolations is old and fairly common. Thus, for example, Gray admits that the book "was in some measure corrected in the interests of edification." He is, however, conservative in attitude and is not willing to admit that there are good grounds for suspecting as interpolations the following passages: 4. 5, 9-12; 7. 4-6, 7-12, 19; 10. 1-3, 8-14a. But Jastrow would count all these as interpolations and then add many others to them; indeed he gives no less than ten pages of additions by the "pious" commentators, and the "maxim" commentators and the "miscellaneous comments and glosses." Let us be frank, and say that this is greatly overdone. Nobody need bother to deny that the practice of interpolating is widely enough exhibited in antiquity. But the free acknowledgment of this apparent, if not indeed evident, fact leaves one still a long way from the necessary acceptance of Jastrow's conclusions. Jastrow is seeking to make the book logical, self-consistent throughout, and when he has cut out the supposed interpolations this is indeed achieved, but to us the book

has lost in piquancy and power what it has gained in consistence. Driver long ago remarked concerning Ecclesiastes: "The subject is apt to change with some abruptness; and the book shows no clearly marked subdivisions. Nor are the views expressed in it perfectly consistent throughout: evidently it reflects the author's changing moods, and these, for some reason he has presented side by side without always bringing them into logical connection with each other." That satisfies us much better than the results, or even than the arguments of Jastrow. But let not this reviewer give the impression that Jastrow has treated the book unjustly or irreverently. However much one may venture to disagree with his doctrine of interpolation, one is still left with a pleasant view of the book as a whole, for its pages present a most attractive appreciation of the splendid old book and the translation makes numerous improvements over all its predecessors. One could use it profitably without complete assent to the severe cutting to which it has subjected the old book, for everything removed from the text is preserved with scrupulous care in the Appendix. We await with impatience Jastrow's promised books on Job and on the Song of Songs.

The Sword of the Spirit. Britain and America in the Great War. By Joseph Fort Newton, Litt.D., D.D. Minister of the City Temple. 12mo, pp. xix+241. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, $1.25, cloth.

The minister at the City Temple, London, is making his pulpit a center of international influence. Such a voice from such a place is most welcome, advocating a closer unity between Britain and America, a deeper alliance between the Free Churches, a larger freedom for faith and more practical tests of Christian loyalty. This preacher's platform is exceedingly liberal, and he certainly would not pass a strict theological examination. But his heart beats with intense devotion to Christ; he feels the surge and sway of the sorrow and anguish of humanity; he knows that there is balm for every wound in the Saviour; he rejoices in the gospel of the divine Fatherhood; he delivers his message with passion and persuasiveness. These sermons quicken hope, stimulate faith, bring comfort, impart encouragement. Such are the marks of effective preaching, and we are thankful for this American preacher who has the ear of the English-speaking world from his cosmopolitan watch tower in London town. He interprets his ministry as "an ambassadorship of Christian faith and fellowship, an apostolate of the gospel of the Eternal Christ, keeping the continuity of faith while seeking to interpret it in the terms of to-day, for the needs of to-day, alike in personal realization and social application: never forgetting that a personal experience of things immortal is the permanent fountain of creative Christian service and fruitful social enterprise." This is a splendid ideal for every preacher, and this volume of sermons shows how Dr. Newton is always guided by it. We believe with him that "in the mind of Jesus—so deep, so pure, so sane, so lovely—the voice of the universe found clear, sweet, authentic expression, and

that there is no security until we obey his words." We also hold with him that "the profound and underguiding thought of our time is the sense of the divine indwelling, of the everywhereness of God, and of the growth of the spiritual life as the key to the history of the world and of the meaning of life." This thought is well brought out in the sermons on "Divine Guidance in Human Affairs" and "Providence." We agree with him that "the church is not an institution—it is a communion. It is an eternal fellowship, on earth and in heaven, of all those of every age and every land, who love Christ and seek to live in his spirit. It is the union in Christ of all who have found him to be the way, the truth, and the life—'the portrait of the unseen God'—and their voices answer one another across the ages, antiphonally, singing his praise alone." He has the right conception of Christian union: "Our Christianity must realize and affirm its essential character as an international fellowship, as over against the false, sectional, class internationals which have usurped its right. By this is meant not an organic union of churches all at once, but their cooperation in behalf of a better mood, a finer insight, and the habit of thinking in terms of one humanity and one Christianity. No doubt some form of catholic Christian union will come in time—it already exists, and needs only to be discovered—and it may come more quickly than we anticipate. But it cannot be hastened. If it is artificial, it will be superficial. It must come spiritually and spontaneously, in answer to a great yearning of the Christian heart for a wider fellowship and a deeper experience of the truth. Else it will be a union not of the church but of the churchyard. Nor will it come by erasing all historical loyalties in one indistinguishable blur. Its secret lies deeper—in the spirit of things. But meantime, and while that union is on the way to fulfillment, the finest, clearest, wisest Christian vision must be brought to bear upon the social and world-war that has to be built on the ruins of war." There are stimulating sermons on "England and America," "The Religion of Lincoln," "Holding the World Together," "The Little Sanctuaries," "The Victory of the Cross," "The Eternal Values." Here is a good putting of the case from one on "The Ministry of Sorrow": "Sorrow is more spiritual than pain, more exalting and more revealing—albeit the two are often interwoven in the web of our lives. While we cannot fathom all the mystery of sorrow, so far from being a cloud over reason, it illumines it, and may become a source of insight. This at least is true: whatever is higher than happiness is revealed to us only by the loss of happiness, and that which is highest of all finds little place in us until we have walked the sorrowful way." In "The Mystery of Pain," we read, "when we appeal from our own sensitiveness to the lives of the great sufferers, wonderful is the answer that comes back. Oddly enough, the great sufferers have been, for the most part, the great believers. With them pain is a fact in favor of faith. They find a secret, unguessed joy at the heart of pain, which, as George Eliot said, 'we can only tell from pain by its being what we should choose before everything.' The great sufferers do not deny pain—still less seek it—but they master it, making it serve for the enrichment of the soul; and therein they are wise. For progress is not

going to abolish suffering; it is inherent in the discord between sense and soul, dream and deed. Therefore if it falls to our lot let us face it and vanquish it, finding in it something sacrificial both for ourselves and for the world." A good prescription is given in "The God of Comfort": "However deeply wounded we may be, however sorely we feel the need of healing for our own hurt and heartache, if we are to find comfort in any satisfying measure it must be by ministering the comfort of God to others. Here is the finest of all arts, asking for all that a man has of tact, of tenderness, of skill, and of fortitude, so difficult is it to know what to say and how to say it. All words seem metallic, futile, and worthless, yet we must not be silent; much less forget those little tokens which help to break the awful stillness which death makes when it passes by. Any little token—a gift of flowers, a handclasp, a tender, strong word—is like the answer to a signal of distress, and God, from whom it comes, sends it through you to his needy child." Prayer is "the sword of the saints." Referring to its dynamic aspect, he says: "The will of God is complete, active, inevitable, but prayer is much more than mere submission to it. Indeed, it is possible to pray, 'Not my will, but thine, be done,' and miss the high meaning and opportunity of the words; as if we asked God to put our will aside and let his will be done in spite of us. No, no; he does not ask such dumb, abject submission. What he asks is that we make room in our hearts and lives for his will to act, yielding ourselves to its pressure, its passage, its movement. Of course this means identifying our affections and purposes with his high ends, even when those ends cut straight across all our wishes, as they sometimes do." On the importance of united prayer, he has a timely word: "What can be done by mass meetings will continue to be done; but we need the quiet, praying, seeking group, where a few meet together. Men go to a great assembly, not to discover truth, but to proclaim it. For the sake of the multitude we must leave it for a time and seek the power that comes of closer, more intimate fellowship. In every church there are a few who have the true spirit. Let these kindred souls find each other, form groups to think things through, to pray things through, in his name, and the promise will be fulfilled." Altogether, these intensely religious utterances, replete with illustrations from literature and history, and expressed in a clear style will be welcomed by many readers.

The Relation of John Locke to English Deism. By S. G. Hefelbower, Ph.D., Professor of Philosophy in Washburn College, Topeka, Kansas. Pp. viii+188. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1918. Price, $1, net.

Pietism and Methodism, or The Significance of German Pietism in the Origin and Early Development of Methodism. By Arthur Wilford Nagler, Ph.D., Instructor in Church History, Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Ill. Pp. 200. Nashville, Tenn.: Publishing House Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Smith & Lamar, Agents. 1918. Price, net, $1.

The Revival of Conventual Life in the Church of England in the Nineteenth Century. By RALPH W. SOCKMAN, Ph.D. (Pastor of Madison Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, 60th Street). 8vo, pp. 229. New York: Printed by W. D. Gray, 227 W. 17th Street. 1917. Price, net, $1.

The Separation of the Methodists from the Church of England. By ROBERT L. TUCKER, Ph.D. (Pastor of Summerfield Church, New Haven, Conn.) 8vo, pp. 184. New York: Printed by The Methodist Book Concern. 1918. Price, net, $1.

Chartism and the Churches. By HAROLD UNDERWOOD FAULKNER, Ph.D. 8vo, pp. 152. New York: Columbia University Press. 1916. Price, net, $1.25.

Five sound, scholarly, interesting, historical essays, and as this reviewer has read them all carefully, and with instruction and delight, he can speak with authority. All the authors happen to be Methodists except the first—and he nobly befriended a Methodist student at the University of Leipzig. It is a pleasure to call attention to work so genuinely good. It happens also that each book treats a subject either never before discussed in English or never adequately discussed. Each book is indispensable to the student of its subject or of a subject related to it. Each is an honest piece of research, but is written by men of comprehensive views who know how to write as well as how to dig, how to weigh evidence as well as how to find it. Hefelbower gives a clear statement of the views of each of the Deists, shows how far Locke agreed with them, and after a fine study of the whole situation draws his conclusion as to Locke's relation to them. In our judgment his conclusion so admirably buttressed will stand, and his book will take its place on the shelf of the permanently valuable histories of English thought. Nagler strikes in on a new field, and in his special aspect of it a very difficult one. Tracing the connections between systems of belief, forms of religious life and historic forces is as fascinating as it is eluding, and the author has addressed himself to the subject with conscientious diligence and with that spirit of impartial love of truth which will not press his case farther than the facts warrant. The book is as valuable for the light it throws on Pietism (on which we have not any too much in English), all worked up from the German sources, as for its light on Wesley and early Methodism. Chapter vii, on "The Doctrinal Position of Wesley," should be compared with the second part of Faulkner's Wesley as Sociologist, Theologian and Churchman (1918). Nagler has contributed a work in Methodistica not only of unique character, but of unique value, for which he deserves the thanks of every reader of Church history. We read Sockman's book with intense interest, and though familiar with the general subject, were greatly enlightened by his wide reading, clear presentation, and multitudinous lights on a most engaging segment of modern Church history. Tucker has given us one of the most valuable studies of early Methodism it has ever been our privilege to read. If you think you know all about the general topic of early Methodism, so much written on, read Tucker's noble octavo of nearly 200 pages, and he

will lead you into paths you have not trodden before, and paths most rewarding. "The separation was not in vain," says Tucker. "'While the bourgeoisie who were to rule in France were being infected with the corruption of a shallow mockery, the English middle class became more distinctly Christian than they for some generations had been' (Banfield, John Wesley, p. 125). Thus, though there was the element of misfortune in the separation of the Methodists from the Church of England, this is offset to some degree by the knowledge that this movement contributed more to the reviving of religion among the lower classes than any since the days of Edward VI. It saved England from being religiously what France is to-day" (p. 173). If you will run your eye over the table of contents giving titles of the 34 sections and seven chapters of Tucker's book you will see into what rich pastures he brings you. In times of social change and agitation the Church is apt to repeat the lamentable blunders made by nearly all forms of organized Christianity in reference to the famous Chartist movement in England in the nineteenth century, a movement which is the subject of three recent works published in the Columbia University Studies in History, Political Science and Public Law, vol. 73, numbers 1, 2, 3 (The Social and Economic Aspects of the Chartist Movement, by Rosenblatt; The Decline of the Chartist Movement, by Slosson; Chartism and the Churches, by the younger Faulkner). The ecclesiastical aspects of the subject open a page full of instruction and warning, as well as a most interesting story of social and church history. The author worked through the unrivaled collection of contemporary Chartist and other pamphlets in the private library of Professor Seligman, one of the sponsors of the series, and the light he throws on that seething time in England and on the mutual reactions of Chartists and churches makes a book as valuable for its scholarship as for its practical instruction. While these books have valuable bibliographies they all lack indexes, except those of Hefelbower and Faulkner, a sad lack. To the future author we say: If you write a book—even a small one—of scholarly value, whatever you do, or do not, be sure to provide an index.

The Soul in Suffering. A Practical Application of Spiritual Truths. By Robert S. Carroll, M.D. 12mo, pp. 241. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $2.

Since the Mystery of Pain, by James Hinton, appeared several years ago no book has been published which goes to the root of things as this volume by Dr. Carroll. At times Hinton was inclined to regard pain with a certain sense of idealistic unreality. Dr. Carroll writes as a physician who has come into close contact with disease and physical pain and who understands the reactions of such distress on the mental and spiritual life. What he writes of the physical basis of life is very important. Although he is given to too much repetition of this particular phase there is no serious objection, since the frequent references help to a sense of proportion and make clearer the close relation between religion and medicine. The purpose of these well-written chapters is

"to bring a step closer the practical benefits of the accuracies of medical science and the highest aspirations of our religion." It has often happened that the pastor is not welcome in the sick room lest he disturb the invalid by some tactless remark. No doubt some pastors have hurt where they meant to help, but the chief reason why the minister of religion is frequently kept away from the sick person is due to a misunderstanding on the part of the laity of the relation between religion and medicine. Hence the harvest that is being reaped by Christian Science! This book by Dr. Carroll is therefore most timely and every preacher should read it that he might qualify himself the better for the ministry of consolation, which is both divine and human. A writer renders a truly great service when he enables his readers to see accurately, hear distinctly, understand rightly, so that the marvel and mystery of life will cease to stagger and begin to stimulate one to nobler achievements. No better praise can be given this volume than to state that it helps in these directions. It is a book of comfort and uplift to those who in recent years have experienced the baptism of loss and sorrow. Whoever reads these chapters slowly and meditatively will learn the secret of those who passing through the valley of Baca have made it a place of springs. "The ultimate expression of the unseen is what we speak of as the spiritual." We must, therefore seriously and soberly reckon with it if we would have genuine peace. "We moan and groan and sprinkle ashes upon our devout heads and rail at the powers that be when the so-called inevitable loss comes upon us. It may be our protector, or friendship, or reputation; it may be mother, or child, or the life-long partner who is taken, and our mind cries out in bitterness; but the soul says: 'Nay, this is not irretrievable loss; the only loss which cannot bear also a blessing is the death of love, or trust, or faith.' Mother may be gone, but her memory stays to hallow; the memories of her sacrifices, of the love which only mother can give—these stay to inspire the best life can bring, if faith and trust are there to help. The other side of the experience does not mean calling the bad 'good,' but the finding of the good which is always associated with the bad. Let us remember that heaven itself is coined by each of us in our use of life's vicissitudes, a use which in one nature makes a hell, in another creates a heaven. . . . The use of that which we handle and taste and see reduces the very things so utilized, but courage and loyalty and honor and righteousness and all the virtues of the unseen are alone the elements of life which multiply by the using. To-day it is for us to realize more perfectly than ever before that we shall never see life aright until we experience that rebirth which teaches us not only to see aright and to understand aright, but which gives that joy of joys, the ability to feel right. The religion is indeed empty which does not conquer and ultimately triumph over suffering, bereavement, and misfortune. . . . To the Christian Christ stands for as much God as humanity can contain. The true Christian, inspired by this perfect life, has known the miracle of rebirth; and in all the multiplied richnesses of human existence, in the wealth which can gratify every sense, in this life in which the intellect

can revel through the entire space of three score and ten, there is no experience which can equal the soul's Easter—that mystery of the Unseen which changes life from restless discord into triumphant harmony with the Infinite." The chapter on "The Temporal" does not minimize nor magnify what is seen, but sets it in its right relations. The trouble with the ascetic and the epicurean alike is that they do not recognize the true nature of the good that is found in sacrifice and so they are distracted by "the teasing tantalizations of appetite." Life is truly an unfolding. Its glory is not understood by the materialistic or agnostic evolutionist, but by the theistic evolutionist who sees his God as the soul of all that is; makes his God the essence of all the forces of materialists, and the existing entity of the vast Universe of the agnostic." The author is careful to point out that "our ability to recognize God is based absolutely on the quality of our own souls." This is only another way of expressing the thought uttered by the inimitable Master: "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God." On the subject of suffering there are many passages of insight and sympathy. "Suffering comes to the ignorant and to the wise, to the high and to the low, and visits wealth and poverty, disciple and Pharisee. Usually suffering is the certain penalty of laws violated—suffering, which should be the schoolmaster bringing home a lesson in the school of wisdom. But with equal certainty suffering comes to the innocent, unoffending victims of greedy power or unscrupulous design—to passive heritors of the weaknesses and evils of ancestry. Suffering comes to those who have kept the law and yet must feel the penalty. To such, suffering is a test, a test of growth, of worth, the test which proves whether everlasting truth has been properly mixed with certainly passing, mutable life. Does suffering bring petulance and resentment, craven hopelessness and despair? Does it dominate and obscure the great promises of the soul? If so, one has been tried and found wanting." "Few to-day know practically the wisdom of developing the capacity for suffering; we prefer to live in a fool's paradise, refusing to acknowledge the inevitability of its visitation. On the contrary we even augment our susceptibility by making our ills the tiresome center of our converse." One who heard Jenny Lind remarked: "She sings now as no other woman can sing. If she could know suffering, she would sing as the angels." Not long afterward she had a year of deep pain of spirit, and from the land of sorrow came a new note which made of Jenny Lind the Angel Songstress. "The desert places come to teach us there is much we may be happier in not having. For just as perfect living demands the cultivation of certain blessings, it also demands that we learn that ease and plenty are ancestors of failure. Each day of real living has its tangle. Nature is a rough teacher, ever seeking to multiply the powers and abilities of her children by the obstructions of the wilderness and the impeding sands of the desert." Specially helpful are the chapters on "Stability," "Attitude," "Hindrances," "Complaining," "Moods," "Endurance," "Margins," "Work," "Freedom," "Faith," "Serenity." Nowhere does this writer advocate "a saccharine, spineless life of omniacquiescence." It is a book of comfort that be-

speaks the virtue of courage and sacrifice, and argues for the sacramental efficacy of suffering by which we develop a well-rounded personality that has the surety of immortality and the peace which passeth all understanding.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

The Symbolist Movement in Literature. By Arthur Symons. Crown 8vo, pp. 429. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Price, $3.00 net.

The introduction tells us what the Symbolist Movement is. In its way it is a spiritual movement. Symbolism looks to the unseen. Only material things visible, tangible, ponderable can be pictured or described: Spiritual realities can only be symbolized, adumbrated and interpreted by a symbol "The Kingdom of Heaven is *like*." To make that realm seem real is the aim and effort of the Symbolic Movement. The symbolists hold that, after long contemplation of and absorption in material things, it is the soul's turn to have its innings and get back its place in literature. So they seek to promote a literature in which the world of matter and of the senses is no longer the only or supreme reality and the unseen world, the world of the soul, is no longer regarded as a dream. Preceding this movement was the age of Science, the age of material things, in which the aim of literature was to present with literal and unhesitating exactness everything, good or bad, ugly or beautiful, precisely as it exists. This was called Realism. In France one of its agents was Baudelaire in whom "the spirit was always an uneasy guest at the orgie of life," and whose poems were disturbed and hectic with too much rhetoric of the flesh. To Flaubert the soul was mainly of use as aid and embellishment to fine literature. To the Goncourts the world was a thing of flat spaces and angles and high colored movement. Zola regarded the soul as a nervous fluid which some man of science will presently catch for us and put it in a jar for exhibition, just as the air has been condensed into a pretty blue liquid and bottled. That movement, says Symons, came to its funeral in De Heredia's writings, wherein it said its last word and died. Alongside of this materialistic movement of a scientific age, and as if born out of its own body, came naturally the Decadent Movement, more naturalistic still, dealing largely in the morbid, disagreeable, infectious, and pestilential; and one aim of which was to "shock the middle classes." Symbolism comes as a reaction from Realism and Decadence, to lead literature back to the old paths through beautiful things to the eternal beauty. It is a revolt against exteriority and materialism, and speaks as only religion has usually been heard to speak; thus it becomes an ally of religion, even itself a kind of religion, aware of sacred duties and responsibilities. Spirituality in this book may not be precisely of your type and mine, nor expressed as we would phrase it, but it is genuine and worthy of our grateful reverent hearing and pondering. It is said here of Balzac, that he was neither pessimist nor

optimist; he accepted the world as a man accepts the woman whom he loves, as much for her defects as for her virtues. Balzac speaks of "the great and terrible clamor of Egoism." What would this Frenchman say of the riotous reign of egoism in Germany in recent years, years in which the world has listened to the roaring of the most violent and bloody Egotist of all the ages, shouting words like these: "On me—on me as the German Emperor, the spirit of God has descended. I am His weapon, His sword, and His vice-regent." (What does the Vatican say to that infringement?) The world heard this Vice-Regent of the Almighty say to his soldiers: "You have given yourselves to me body and soul. For you there is only one enemy, and that is my enemy. It may happen that I order you to shoot down your relations, your brothers, nay, your parents; but then without a murmur you must obey my commands." Later the world saw his obedient armies march to invade neutral territory, to devastate and ruin peaceful lands, to burn villages, to poison wells, to attack hospitals and kill Red Cross nurses, to shoot old men and women and priests, to sink merchant ships without warning and drown helpless passengers and crews, to butcher little children, to rape women, and to carry away girls into white slavery. And when the civilized world, four fifths of the human race, rose in arms to remonstrate, it beheld that ferocious bully frothing at the mouth, swaggering up and down in the lurid light of the blaze of a burning world which he and his gang of incendiaries had set on fire, and roaring like Bombastes Furioso, threatening twenty-two nations with "the iron fist and the bloody sword" if they persisted in their hopeless resistance against "me and the good old German Gott." For egotism amounting to egomania he has only one twin, the amiable, peaceable and indolent Walt Whitman. All this, however, is our digression. Symons goes on to say, speaking of the French writer Villiers, "He stood for faith—faith against mere evidence of the senses, and the negations of materialistic science. His faith affirms, "believes in soul, is very sure of God," requires no other witness than he has within himself to the spiritual world of which he feels and knows himself an inhabitant. He brushes off from time to time with a disdainful gesture the mud of the material world whose paths he treads, going on his way like one on a secret errand under sealed orders to something beyond. What Arthur Symons calls Verlaine's conversion, was a revulsion of sated disgust from a long course of sensuality. It took place while Verlaine was in prison, during eighteen months of enforced physical inactivity and solitude, alone with his conscience and his miserable recollections; his whole energy concentrated on the only sensations then within reach, the sensations of the soul. With his natural promptitude of abandonment, he surrendered to God and grasped feverishly after spiritual realities. All that was simple, humble, childlike in him accepted condemnation and abased itself in a cleansing and ennobling penitence. All that was ardent, impulsive, impassioned, indomitable in him burst into a flame of adoration before the Cross. He realized the experience of the Christian mystics who found it possible to love God with an extravagance of the whole being. God is the Eternal Perfection who

made man in His image, sadly marred by sin, and who loves the humanity he has made; and demands love in return. His love is as a breath over the world, soliciting, evoking, and strengthening the love which He desires. This love is the only perfect ecstasy, the only endless intoxication possible to man. So the Christian mystics taught. But with Verlaine the love of God was not merely a rapture of self-surrender, it was a thanksgiving for forgiveness and for liberation from evil desire. He feels the justice of God as well as His love. He sternly and passionately condemns himself, lamenting his sins. Like a child he tells them over, declares he has put them forever behind him, and finds such naïve, human words to express his gratitude; aware all the while that his old enemy, the flesh, is prowling not far away, and perhaps already crouching for a spring. This is the account given of what is called Verlaine's conversion, which went deep but was not, in this brilliant emotional Frenchman, as stable and secure as it might have been. But his best religious poems are worthy of a Christian mystic. Something similar is told of Huysmans, a French novelist of the decadent school, who after dealing insistently in the sordid and disagreeable most of his life, experienced a revulsion in his later years, saw that all art, literary or other, belongs in the service of God, wrote a great chapter on Satan as the creator of ugliness, and said that true art, the worship of beauty, "is the only clean thing on earth except holiness." J. A. Symonds exclaims, "How awful in ugliness vices are, how awful in beauty virtues are!" Of Huysmans, Arthur Symons says, "He loved beauty as a bulldog loves his mistress; by growling at all her enemies." All out of connection, we quote as abrupt close to this book-notice, a sentence from Arthur Symons: "Huysmans knew that the *motive force of a sentence lies in its verbs*, and his verbs are the most precise, expressive, and forceful found in any language." We have given our readers some idea of Arthur Symon's book now issued in a new and enlarged edition.

Faces in the Fire. By F. W. Boreham. 12mo, pp. 272. New York and Cincinnati: The Abingdon Press. Price, $1.25 net.

Two things about Boreham: out of an endless variety of unheard-of subjects he brings an amazing wealth of meaning and stimulating suggestion; and also he starts your own mind off on independent excursions of its own to bring in much treasure of its own finding, equally valuable with Boreham's. The book now before us does that, and keeps us interjecting all along comments and interlineations of our own; which we now incorporate in this notice, leaving our readers to guess as they go along which is his and which is ours. Out of these twenty-five essays take the one on "Linoleum"; surely a most undreamed-of and unpromising subject, as flat as the floor and almost as wooden: no such promising subject, for example, as "Wake Up!" for a rousing sermon from Luke 9. 32: "When they were *fully* awake, they saw His glory" (Revised Version), a text of boundless possibilities of vivid and stirring illustration from Scripture and life. Now let us see what sort of a dance Boreham's

mind can execute on Linoleum. True love is never utilitarian. I am well aware that, in novels and in plays, the fair heroine considerately falls in love with the brave man who, at a critical moment, saves her from a watery grave or from the lurid horrors of a burning building. It is very good of the lady in the novel. I admire the gratitude which prompts her romantic affection, and, nine times out of ten, my judgment cordially approves her taste. I know, too, that, in fiction, the sick or wounded hero invariably falls desperately in love with the devoted nurse whose patient and untiring attention ensures his recovery. It is very good of the hero. Again I say, I admire his gratitude and almost invariably endorse his choice. But it must be distinctly understood that this sort of thing is strictly confined to novels and theatricals. In real life, men and women do not fall in love out of gratitude. As a matter of fact, I am much more likely to fall in love with somebody for whom I have done something than with somebody who has done something for me. Many others have found this so. That is the way human nature operates. When Dr. John W. Hamilton was Freedmen's Aid Secretary, one day in Watertown, New York, the dean of Syracuse University Law School, a stalwart six-footer, told a group of ministers the story of a little colored boy who sought refuge inside the Union lines in the Civil War. He was allowed the freedom of the camp; shared soldiers' rations, waited on officers, and slept with the horses, snuggling up against their warm bodies cold nights. He was quick-witted, docile, obedient, useful, and grateful. Dean Brooks, then Colonel of a Vermont regiment, became interested in the little chap, and after a while sent him to his own relations in Vermont, requesting them to take care of him and put him in school. Through subsequent years Colonel Brooks fathered him, gave him a good education, opened his way, and aided his progress. After telling this story Dean Brooks added proudly that the boy was then a preacher of the gospel out West. And with manifest emotion the big lawyer said: "I've done so much for that boy that he has come to be one of the dearest human beings in the world to me." Yes, that is the way human nature acts. Let us say to everybody—If you care to be loved, you must first love. If you don't know how to get at it, go out and do something for somebody. Pretty soon you'll begin to love them. Then, very likely some day they will love you. That will help to make life seem worth while, the whole world sweeter, and the millennium a little nearer. Long ages ago even Confucius was saying, "To covet love and to win love is not sordid." The way to win love is to love, and the path to love is by doing for people in the way they need. "Life," says Browning, "is just a chance for learning love." Yes, and learning love is a great help to knowing God. Twenty years ago one minister learned to understand God better, by fathering for months a fatherless girl sick, needy and alone in Brooklyn Methodist Hospital, for whom Providence and her friends had made him responsible. In deciding how much he would do for her, he guided his course by two questions: "What are *her needs?* What are *my resources* for helping? In the midst of this reasoning, his heart suddenly leaped with joy to the conviction: Not less but more

than this we can expect from God. He will consider our dire need and His infinite resources. What then may we not expect from Him. Then the minister opened his Bible and read (Rom. 8. 32): "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not also with him freely give us all things?" And the minister wanted to get up and preach from that text that moment. By doing something for people you learn how to love, and also learn how God loves. I was talking the other day with a nurse in a children's hospital. It is a heartbreaking business, she told me. "You get into the way of nursing them, and comforting them, and playing with them, and mothering them, until you feel that they belong to you. And then, just as you have come to love the little thing as though he were your own, out he goes. And he always goes out with his father or his mother, clapping his hands for very joy at the excitement of going home, and you are left with a big lump in your throat, and perhaps a tear in your eye, at the thought that you will never see him again!" Clearly, therefore, we do not fall in love as a matter of gratitude. The people who cling to us and depend upon us are much more likely to win our hearts than the people who have placed us under an obligation to them. If, instead of telling us that the heroine fell in love with the man who had saved her from drowning, the novelist had told us that the man who risked his life by plunging into the river fell in love with the white and upturned face as he laid it gently on the bank; or if, instead of telling us that the patient fell in love with the nurse, he had told us that the nurse fell in love with the patient upon whom she had lavished such beautiful devotion, he would have been much more true to nature and to real life. It is indisputable, of course, that the rescuer having fallen in love with the rescued, she may soon discover his secret, and, since love begets love, reciprocate his affection. It is equally true that, the nurse having conceived so tender a passion for her patient, he may soon read the meaning of the light in her eye and of the tone in her voice, and feel toward her as she first felt toward him. But that is quite another matter, and is beside our point at present. Just now, I am only concerned with challenging the novelist's unwarrantable assumption that we fall in love out of gratitude. We do nothing of the kind. Love, I repeat, is never utilitarian. We may fall hopelessly in love with a thing that is of very little use to us; and we may feel no sentimental attractions at all toward a thing that is almost indispensable. If any man dares to dispute these conclusions, I shall simply produce a roll of linoleum in support of my arguments, and he will be promptly crushed beneath the weight of argument that the linoleum will furnish. The linoleum is the most conspicuous feature of the domestic establishment. It is impertinent, self-assertive, and loud. If you visit a house in which there is a linoleum, the thing rushes at you, and you see it even before the front door has been opened. Every minister who spends his afternoons in knocking at people's doors knows exactly what I mean. The very sound of the knock tells you a good deal. Such sounds are of three kinds. There is the echoing and reverberating knock that tells

you of bare boards; there is the dead and somber thud that tells of linoleum on the floor; and there is the softened and muffled tap that tells of a hall well carpeted. And so I say that the linoleum—if there be one—rushes at you, and you seem to see it even before the door has been opened. Perhaps it is this immodesty on its part that prevents your liking it. It is always with the coy, shy, modest things that we fall in love most readily. But however that may be, the fact remains. Since this queer old world of ours began, men and women have fallen in love with all sorts of strange things; but there is no record of any man or woman yet having really fallen in love with a roll of linoleum. Of everything else about the house you get very fond. I can understand a man shedding tears when his arm-chair has to go to the sale-room or the scrap-heap. Robert Louis Stevenson once told the story of his favorite chair until he moved his schoolboy audience to tears! And everybody knows how Dickens makes you laugh and cry at the drollery and pathos with which, in all his books, he invests chairs, tables, clocks, pictures, and every other article of furniture. I fancy I should feel life to be less worth living if I were deprived of some of the household odds and ends with which all my felicity seems to be mysteriously associated. But I cannot conceive of myself as yielding to even a momentary sensation of tenderness over the sale, destruction, or exchange of any of the linoleums. I feel perfectly certain that neither Stevenson nor Dickens would ever have felt an atom of sentiment concerning linoleum. Yet why? Few things about the house are more serviceable. I could point offhand to a hundred things no one of which has earned its right to a place in the home one-hundredth part as nobly as has the linoleum. Yet I am very fond of each of those hundred things, while I am not at all fond of the linoleum. I appreciate it, but I do not love it. So there it is! Said I not truly that love is never utilitarian? We grow fond of things because we grow fond of things; we never grow fond of things simply because they are of use to us. But we cannot in decency let the matter rest at that. There must be some reason for the failure of the linoleum to stir my affections. Why does it alone, among my household goods and chattels, kindle no warmth within my soul? The linoleum is both pretty and useful; what more can I want? Many things pretty, but not useful, have swept me off my feet. Many things useful, but not pretty, have captivated my heart. And more than once things neither pretty nor useful have completely enslaved me. Yet here is the linoleum, both pretty and useful, and I feel for it no fondness whatsoever; I remain as cold as ice, and as hard as adamant. Why is it? To begin with, I fancy the pattern has something to do with it. I do not now refer to any particular pattern; but to all the linoleum patterns that were ever designed. Those endless squares and circles and diamonds and stars! Could anything be more repelling? Here, for instance, on the linoleum, I find a star. I know at once that if I look I shall see hundreds of similar stars. They will all be in perfectly straight lines, not one a quarter of an inch out of its place. They will all be mathematically equidistant; they will be of exactly the same size, of identically

the same color, and their angles will all point in precisely the same direction. If the stars in the firmament above us were arranged on the same principle, they would drive us mad. The beauty of it is that, *there*, one star differeth from another star in glory. But on the linoleum they do nothing of the sort. Or perhaps the pattern is a floral one. It thinks to coax me into a feeling that I am in the garden among the roses, the rhododendrons, or the chrysanthemums. But it is a hopeless failure. Who ever saw roses, rhododendrons, or chrysanthemums, all of exactly the same size, of precisely the same color, and hanging in rows at mathematically identical levels? The beauty of the garden is that having looked at *this* rose, I am the more eager to see *that* one; having admired *this* chrysanthemum, I am the more curious to mark the variety presented by *the next*. No two are precisely the same. And because this infinite diversity is the essential charm both of the heavens above and of the earth beneath, I am shocked and repelled by the monotony of the pattern on the linoleum. In the old days it was customary to plaster the walls, even of sick-rooms, with papers of patterns equally pronounced, and many a poor patient was tortured almost to death by the glaring geometrical abominations. The doctor said that the sufferer was to be kept perfectly quiet; yet the pattern on the wall is allowed to scream at him and shout at him from night until morning, and from morning until night. He has counted those awful stars or roses, perpendicularly, horizontally, diagonally, from right to left, from left to right, from top to bottom, and from bottom to top, until the hideous monstrosities are reproduced in frightful duplicate upon the fevered tissues of his throbbing brain. He may close his eyes, but he sees them still. It was a form of torture worthy of an inquisitor-general. The pattern on the linoleum is happily not quite so bad. When we are ill we do not see it; and when we are well we may to some extent avoid it. Not altogether; for even if we do not look at it, we have an uncanny feeling that it is there. Between the hearthrug and the table I catch sight of the bright flaunting head of a scarlet poppy, or of the tossing petals of a huge chrysanthemum, and my imagination instantly flashes to my mind the horrible impression of tantalizing rows of exactly similar blossoms running off with mathematical precision in every conceivable direction. For some reason or other we instinctively recoil from these monotonous regularities. I once heard a friend observe that the average woman would rather marry a man whose life was painfully irregular than a man whose life was painfully regular. It may have been an over-statement of the case; but there is something in it. We fall in love with good people, and we fall in love with bad people; but with the man who is "too proper," and the woman who is "too strait-laced," we very, very rarely fall in love. It is the problem of Tennyson's "Maud." As a girl Maud was irregular—and lovable.

> Maud, with her venturous climbings and tumbles and childish escapes,
> Maud, the delight of the village, the ringing joy of the Hall,
> Maud, with sweet purse-mouth when my father dangled the grapes,
> Maud, the beloved of my mother, the moon-faced darling of all.

But later on Maud was regular—and as unattractive as linoleum.

> . . . Maud, she has neither savour nor salt,
> But a cold and clear-cut face, as I found when her carriage passed,
> Perfectly beautiful: let it be granted her: where is the fault?
> All that I saw (for her eyes were downcast, not to be seen)
> Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null,
> Dead perfection, no more.

Shall I be told that this is high doctrine, and hard to bear, this doctrine of the lovableness of irregularity? I think not. Towering above all our biographies, as snowclad heights tower above dusty little molehills, there stands the life-story of One who, alone among the sons of men, was altogether good. It is the most charming and the most varied life-story that has ever been written since this little world began. Its lovely deeds and graceful speech, its tender pathos and its awful tragedy, have won the hearts of men all over the world, and all down the ages. But find monotony there if you can! It is like a sky full of stars or a field of fairest flowers. The life that repels, as the linoleum repels, by the very severity of its regularity, has something wrong with it somewhere. If I have outraged the sensibilities of any well-meaning champion of a geometrical and mathematical and linoleumlike regularity, let me hasten to conciliate him! I know that even regularity—the regularity of the linoleum pattern—may have its advantages. Dr. George MacDonald, in Robert Falconer, says that "there is a well-authenticated story of a notorious convict who was reformed by entering, in one of the colonies, a church where the matting along the aisle was of the same pattern as that in the church to which he had gone with his mother as a boy." Bravo! It is pleasant, extremely pleasant, to find that even monotony has its compensations. Let me but get to know my "too proper" and "strait-laced" friends a little better, and I shall doubtless discover even there a few redeeming features. But for all that, the linoleum is cold; and we do not fall in love with cold things. A volcano is a much more dangerous affair than an iceberg; but it is much more easy to fall in love with the things that make you shudder than with the things that make you shiver. That was the trouble with Maud, she was so chilly and chilling; her "cold and clear-cut face, faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null!" And that is precisely the trouble with every system of religion, morality, or philosophy—save one—that has ever been presented to the minds of men. Plato and Aristotle and Marcus Aurelius were splendid, simply splendid; but they were frigid, frigid as Maud, and their counsels of perfection could never have enchained my heart. Buddha, Confucius, Mohammed—the stars of the East—were wonderful, but O, so cold! I turn from these icy regularities to the lovely life I have already mentioned. Whittier calls it "warm":

> Yes, warm, sweet, tender, even yet
> A present help is He;
> And faith has yet its Olivet,
> And love its Galilee.

"*Warm*" . . . "*love*" . . . here are words that touch my soul to tears. "We love Him because *He first loved us*." The monotony and frigidity of the linoleum have given way to the beauty and the brightness of flowery fields all bathed in summer sunshine.

Guess now how much here is Boreham's and how much is ours.

Democratic Christianity. By FRANCIS J. MCCONNELL. 16mo, pp. 87. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, 60 cents.

"CLEAR your mind of cant" was Dr. Johnson's advice. It is most wholesome and timely when so many are offering panaceas and uttering denunciations which confuse and embarrass earnest souls. The word "democracy" has as much of a charm to some people as the word "Mesopotamia" had to the ignorant colored Christian. It is necessary that we understand the content of words and phrases, otherwise their use is very apt to be misleading and to delay the solution of urgent problems. Bishop McConnell, with his characteristic ability to see clearly and to reason frankly, has written a valuable little book discussing some of the vital issues before the church. It deserves to have a wide circulation. The chapters are an exposition and an application of the two pillars of democracy which first found large utterance in the teachings of Jesus. They are, the inalienable dignity of human life and the duty of every man to love his neighbor as himself. The first chapter on "The God of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," takes issue with the conception of an absolute God who is incapable of coming into vital relation to a limited world. Not so is the God made known by Jesus Christ. "The Christian interpretation of liberty means, first of all, a chance for every man. That ranges God on the side of every movement, of whatever sort, which really gives men a fairer chance." Equality does not mean a leveling of persons into sameness, but recognizing that "every man deserves the respect of every other because each is rendering an indispensable service." The idea of fraternity is that men together are parts of a divine family. The bearing of these truths is pointed out in the next chapter on "The Church of the People, by the People, For the People." Under the caption of "Centralized Authority," we read, "democracy means not that every one shall have 'his say' in actual speech, but that the will of the people shall come to expression." We need to be warned against the tendency in a democracy to disparage the expert, more especially when one of our most pressing needs is leadership. "There is a scientific aspect to Christian learning—and scientists are experts. There is an artistic phase to the presentation of Christian truth—and artists are experts. There is a profound seerlike quality in Christian discovery and the seers are experts in long and patient brooding. And Christian leadership demands the degree of statesmanship which can be called by no other term than expert." If the church is to serve the people it must as an institution be kept in a flexible condition so that it could adjust itself readily to changing situations. "What a travesty it is to speak of the church as a brake-system on the fast-moving life of our time! Brakes we no doubt need, but the Church of God is not to be

for ever pictured as stopping things or as holding them back. The church enthrones and worships a Creator. How better worship a Creator than by showing a creative spirit? The Scriptures reveal a progressive movement. Is it conceivable that the movement was to come to a standstill at any stage in human affairs? To be sure the revelation in Jesus was made once for all, but the interpretation of that revelation goes on and on. The only adequate revelation of the truth in Jesus is the progressive incarnation of his truth and spirit, not only in individuals here and there, but also in individuals knit together in closer and closer social relationships." Some of the ways in which this progressive program is to be carried out is pointed out in the third chapter on "The Part of the Church in Making the World Safe for Democracy." The church does not pose as an expert in details of social readjustments, but she does insist on judging of the value of social institutions by their effects on society. The church is not preeminently a philanthropic organization nor a bureau of charities, but an interpreter of right relations and an inspirer toward maintaining them. "The duty of the church toward forward social movements ought to be to hold on high the human ideals so that all men can see them—or rather so that no man can miss seeing them. Except where an issue affecting human welfare is clearly involved she need not feel called upon to enter into the details of social reorganization. Hers is the realm of ideals and atmospheres. Complaint was once lodged against a religious denomination at work in Mexico that it 'fostered revolution.' Examination showed that no church of the denomination had ever had a preacher or teacher who had preached or taught revolution. All that was left was to complain that 'the very atmosphere of the denomination somehow makes for revolution'—as has been true of Christianity from the beginning where human rights have been involved." The strength and weakness of socialism is very pointedly discussed and its relation to the task of a democratic church discriminatingly shown. Some wholesome lessons are also suggested from the conduct of British labor leaders, many of whom are active Christians. In this respect, American labor has failed to show statesmanship in welcoming the cooperation of religious leaders. But the truth has a twofold application, and it is a question whether American ecclesiastical leaders have endeavored to cooperate in any really serious way. Some excellent remarks are made on the contribution of the church toward developing the international spirit. This could be done by insisting that "in dealing with other nations—the backward as well as the forward nations—we are dealing with human beings, who have an elementary human right to be treated in a human manner." The place of the missionary as an international force is finely recognized, and we are reminded that it is in the realm of direct missionary endeavor that the church is doing most to solve the international problem. The last chapter on "Preaching to Soldiers," is an optimistic report of the writer's experiences in France. Direct simplicity and utter sincerity never failed to win the men, and such qualities make for the enlarged effectiveness of preaching at all times. The soldier's religion invariably took the form of regard for the cause, and now that the war is over we must be

increasingly insistent upon devotion to the large general welfare as the true fruit of the Spirit. On the evening of Sunday, March 17, 1918, Bishop McConnell conducted religious services with twelve hundred Scottish Guards at Arras. All were awaiting the great German onslaught, which broke on the following Thursday morning. "At the conclusion of the service most devoutly entered into by the soldiers I asked the men themselves to select the final hymn. Instantly a number of voices called for the same number. The men turned to the hymn and sang it through, and went out—many of them no doubt to meet their death before another Sunday. The impression irresistibly made by the soldiers' singing was that they were identifying themselves and their work with something divine. The hymn was:

'O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!'"

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Mary Slessor of Calabar. Pioneer Missionary. By W. P. Livingstone. 8vo, pp. xi+347. New York: Hodder and Stoughton. Price, cloth, $1.50 net.

Christina Forsyth of Fingoland. The Story of the Loneliest Woman in Africa. By W. P. Livingstone. 12mo, pp. xi+248. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, $1.50 net.

"We go not to those who want us but to those who want us most." So said John Wesley in accord with the spirit of Him who declared: "The Son of man came to seek and to save the lost." Many heroic souls have been moved by this same divine impulse and their sacrificial labors have brought blessing to the desolate places of the world. It is a spiritual tonic to read the story of such lives, for we are reminded that the power of Christ to redeem even the dregs of humanity is as great to-day as in the days of the first Pentecostal outpouring. It is indeed gratifying to turn from the reports of war between nations to the annals of the war waged against the habitations of moral and spiritual darkness by the saints and servants of the living God. Their trying and arduous labors have seldom been accompanied by spectacular demonstrations, but the work done, quietly, perseveringly, faithfully, year after year, has accomplished notable changes for the uplift and betterment of humanity. The value of their services is seen to advantage when viewed in the perspective of the years. When so considered we are constrained to thank God and take courage for the difficult and needy work yet remaining to be done before the peoples and nations are Christianized. The lives of Mary Slessor of Calabar and Christina Forsyth of Fingoland stagger us by the extraordinary extent of their self-denial, their sacrifices, their exertions among what might be called the slum dwellers of heathen-

dom. Miss Slessor labored for thirty-nine years in Calabar, Southern Nigeria on the West Coast of Africa, and earned from the natives the title of *Ma Akamba*, the great mother. Mrs. Forsyth shut herself out of civilization and served without pause or respite for thirty years among a destitute and degraded tribe in Xolobe, Fingoland, one of the desolate regions in Eastern South Africa. She was known by the natives as *Smoyana*, which means a breath in a spiritual sense, or a little breeze, apt name for one who was destined to bring to them the pure air from the fields of God and his Christ. Mr. Livingstone is to be congratulated on having done his work with such fine insight into missionary values. Both these Scotch women ministered in fields where the range of interest and action was narrow, but nowhere in mission lands can we meet with two figures more loveable and strong, so lonely yet so happy, so humble yet so great. Miss Slessor once wrote: "There is nothing small or trivial, for God is ready to take every act and motive and work through them to the formation of character and the development of holy and useful lives that will convey grace to the world." One of her letters explains the secret of her life. "Give yourself for the battle outside somewhere, and keep your heart young. Give up your whole being to create music everywhere, in the light places and in the dark places, and your life will make melody." Comparing these two women, their biographer writes: "Mrs. Forsyth was very like Miss Slessor, in character, faith, humor, patience, and courage, and there are some curious parallelisms in their careers, but the two differed greatly in their methods. Miss Slessor was a worker on a large stage and touched thousands of lives. Eager for territorial expansion she thought in terms of towns and districts. Mrs. Forsyth was an intensive worker, thinking in terms of individuals. To use her own words she was a 'watcher for souls.' She was as brave and tenacious in seeking to conquer a man or woman as Miss Slessor was to win a tribe." There are truly diversities of gifts, ministrations, and workings, but the same Spirit and Lord and God effect everything in everyone. Each receives the manifestation of the Spirit for the common good, and where all alike are moved by love for Christ, even out of the commonplace Love can carve heroes and heroines. Anyone who reads the stirring lives of these two buoyant souls will get a new vision of the power of Divine grace and be able to breathe a new atmosphere of spiritual fragrance and receive a new viewpoint of the strategic importance of the missionary enterprise. Miss Slessor was a Scotch mill girl, the daughter of a drunkard shoemaker. She became a mission worker in Dundee and after the death of her brother John, who was dedicated to mission work in Calabar, she resolved to take his place, knowing full well that this was one of the most unhealthy spots in the world, that the natives were fearfully demoralized and given to such infamous practices as twin murder, infanticide, human sacrifice, witchcraft, sorcery. Her friends told her that she was going on a forlorn hope and that no power on earth could subdue the Okoyong Negroes save a consul and a gunboat. But she had heard the call and went forward with the resolution of consecration to Christ. "I am going to a

new tribe upcountry, a fierce, cruel people, and everyone tells me that they will kill me. But I don't fear any hurt—only to combat their savage customs will require courage and firmness on my part." The scenes of drunkenness and debauchery she witnessed in the harem, where she spent the early months of her service, and elsewhere in this region, were terrific beyond description. "Had I not felt my Saviour close beside me, I would have lost my reason." She was engaged to be married to a missionary, but when she learned that she would have to give up this work she broke the engagement. "To leave a field like Okoyong without a worker and to go to one of ten or a dozen where the people have an open Bible and plenty of privilege! It is absurd. If God does not send him up here then he must do his work and I must do mine where we have been placed." Throughout, her indomitable spirit sustained her, although frequently suffering from physical ailments brought on by exposure and the lack of nourishing food. Her presence of mind, humor, firmness, fearlessness, stood her in good stead and she gradually conquered Okoyong for Christ. Such was the influence she wielded that she was made a consular agent by the British government. She thus conducted all the affairs of the tribe and presided at the native court, deciding cases with unusual ability. Later she was made a magistrate, and accepted the position because it increased her usefulness. "Her aim was to help the poor and oppressed, and specially to protect her own downtrodden sex and secure their rights, and to educate the people up to the Christian standard of conduct." On being told that a salary was attached to the post she refused to accept it, saying: "I'm born and bred, and am in every fiber of my being, a voluntary." Some of her methods of executing justice might be called eccentric, but they were effective. "She would try a batch of men for an offense, lecture them, and then impose a fine. Finding they had no money she would take them up to the house and give them work to earn the amount, and feed them well. Her excuse for such irregular procedure was, that while they were working she could talk to them, and exercise an influence that might prove abiding in their lives." A district commissioner once spent three days in trying a single case, and in despair sought Miss Slessor's aid, when she settled the dispute by asking two simple questions. It was impossible for any native to deceive her. In recognition of her faithful services she was made an honorary associate of the Order of the Hospital of Saint John, of which the King of England is the Sovereign Head. The badge of this honor is the Maltese Cross, which is only conferred on persons professing the Christian faith and eminently distinguished for philanthropy. In spite of weariness and ill health, Miss Slessor continued her varied ministry as preacher, teacher, doctor, magistrate, although she herself was in need of ministration. It was consecrated courage that enabled her under these circumstances to write: "It is a real life I am living now, not all preaching and holding meetings, but rather a life and an atmosphere which the people can touch and live in and be made willing to believe in when the higher truths are brought before them. In many things it is a most prosaic life, dirt and dust and noise

and silliness and sin in every form, but full too of the kindliness and homeliness and dependence of children who are not averse to be disciplined and taught, and who understand and love just as we do. The excitements and surprises and novel situations would not, however, need to be continuous, as they wear and fray the body, and fret the spirit and rob one of sleep and restfulness of soul." Her influence extended over an area of more than two thousand square miles, and everywhere she was spoken of as the "good white ma who lived alone." The life of Mrs. Forsyth closely resembled that of Miss Slessor. She offered herself as a voluntary worker, not to displace any worker. "I only wish to help the cause of God with my time, influence, and means. I will go where there is the greatest need." She preferred the most backward region where she could have a definite bit of work to do and be responsible for it. One of the delegates of the United Presbyterian Board who visited her station in Xolbe several years later wrote: "As we observed Mrs. Forsyth busy at her work; as we thought of the difficulties she had overcome, and the position she had made for herself among that barbarous tribe; as we thought of her there single-handed and alone doing the Master's work, supporting herself out of her own resources; as we marked the quiet, genuine happiness that she has in her work, and her humble trustful dependence upon Him whom she loves and serves, we could not refrain from saying that we had witnessed in that valley perhaps the most remarkable sight that had met our eyes throughout all our journeyings." In response to her urgent appeal the Greenock Ladies' Association for Promoting Female Education in Kaffraria sent her a helper, but this lady could not stand the intense strain and resigned, leaving Mrs. Forsyth to battle on alone and in isolation, with an occasional visit from a missionary to keep her in touch with white civilization. She struggled against severe odds. "Black hours she had in abundance. Women would be forced back into heathenism. There would be suspensions from the membership. Promising girls would be tempted and fall away. An epidemic of beer-drinking would undo months and even years of laborious toil. She would go into a hut and find children in the agony of some disease and the girls in attendance lying drunk." She, however, endured all these depressing experiences with apostolic fidelity for thirty years. "The chief value of her story to those who look on from afar is the example it gives of a life utterly consecrated to the service of Christ. Her abandonment of self, her sacrifice of everything which makes life enjoyable, her humility of spirit, her faith and hope and courage, which never failed in the face of the most baffling obstacles and worries, her undimmed freshness of soul amidst the spiritual loneliness and desolation of heathen Africa—all make her stand out as one of the rare and attractive personalities who move and uplift hearts out of the common rut into higher and nobler planes." It is the thought of pioneers such as these two women that puts courage into our lives and gives us confidence in the future triumphs of the Kingdom of God, which will continue until the whole earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.

Henry Barclay Swete, D.D., F.B.A. Sometime Regius Professor of Divinity, Cambridge. A Remembrance. 12mo, pp. x+192. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $2.50.

All New Testament scholars are indebted to Professor Swete for his great books. Among these portly volumes are the commentaries on the Gospel of St. Mark and The Apocalypse, The Holy Spirit in the New Testament, The Holy Spirit in the Ancient Church, and three volumes of Essays edited by him on Some Biblical Questions, Some Theological Questions and The Early History of the Church and the Ministry. The last was noticed in the METHODIST REVIEW for May. This brief memoir will be read with pleasure by all who are familiar with his writings. Never strong physically he realized his limitations and concentrated his strength on his duties. The result was that he accomplished much more than many another man who spreads himself over a variety of undertakings and does them all only fairly well. Dr. Swete had done excellent work as a parish priest and a college tutor. In the quiet of his country charge he also turned out important literary work and laid the foundations for his work at the University of Cambridge when he became Regius Professor of Divinity at the age of fifty-nine years. He succeeded Bishop Westcott and there were some who thought that he would not be able to keep up the traditions established by this great scholar. In many ways these two men were radically different. Swete was "not a man of affairs, nor an ideal chairman, nor an impressive speaker, nor a great preacher. There were times when he was provokingly diffident and retiring." He nevertheless discharged his duties as head of the Theological Faculty with exceptional ability until he finally retired after a service of twenty-five years. Dr. Swete always regarded himself as a pastor and teacher. It was characteristic of him that while always steadily working himself he was at the same time devising schemes for setting others to work. What an encouragement to aspiring scholars to have had such a leader and guide. "He not only loved to set a young man on to a big piece of work but he was willing to be himself the *corpus* of the experiment. I need not say how much such modesty about himself and generous confidence in them endeared him to younger students and encouraged them to do their best." For instance, he entrusted the preparation of a second edition of one of his most important works to one who had not given evidence of any special fitness for the task. He thought it would be a good training for him and he was not disappointed with the results. His spirit of serenity and his methods of thoroughness also exercised a very beneficial influence. We surely need more men of this type who help lesser men to stir up the gift in them and introduce them to fields of usefulness. The section on his Contribution to Theological Learning is a critical appreciation of his many writings, of particular interest to those who have made good use of them. There are also estimates of Dr. Swete as Lecturer and Preacher. He often used to remark that he missed the element of instruction in many modern sermons. He could not imagine the feature of teaching being dissociated from the insight which pastoral vocation

gives. "A man may be a pulpit orator without pastoral care, scarcely a good ordinary preacher." The Bibliography of his works covers thirty pages of this memoir. One of the writers says: "Any one of the larger books would be enough to establish securely its author's place in the highest rank of scholars. There is not a single article or paper in the long list which is not, for its purpose and scope, on the same high level of learning and scholarship and judgment, and of dignity and felicity of expression. It is an amazingly rich 'output' hardly, I suppose, to be equalled, in its volume and variety. And yet, so far as I can judge, Dr. Swete's contribution to theological learning is to be found quite as truly and as fully in the other spheres of his practical activities to which reference has been made. Warmly and gratefully as I have for many years appreciated his work and valued the privilege of association with so full and ripe a scholar and so precious a personality as his, I feel that the effort to see such a life's work as a whole reveals it as a gift of even greater proportions and more enduring worth than I had known it was. Merely to pass in review the achievements of a worker so fine and indefatigable as Dr. Swete is what we call a 'liberal education' in itself." When at the age of eighty-three he fell asleep it was the solemn ending of "a life of sanctified beauty and single-hearted devotion to his Master and his Church." It was in a deep sense a truly heroic life, sustained by faith in spite of the unusual number of adversities which overtook him and which might have wrecked men of a smaller mould. For this reason alone, this memoir has the merit of cheer, comfort and encouragement. He overcame in the sense of the martyrs of old, imparting strength to those who came in contact with him and leaving a rich legacy to the present generation in his writings and in the story of his Christ-filled life.

Golden Silhouettes on Our Front. By WILLIAM L. STIDGER. 12mo, pp. x+209. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, $1.25, net.

For Remembrance. Soldier Poets who have Fallen in the War. By A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK. 12mo, pp. 246. New York: Hodder and Stoughton. Price, cloth, $2 net.

The Sky Pilot in No Man's Land. By RALPH CONNOR. 12mo, pp. 349. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, $1.50 net.

These volumes have the fragrance of rosemary. The men whose work they chronicle will never be forgotten, and when much of the ephemeral literature called forth by the war is ignored these books are likely to be read and re-read. They celebrate the character and deeds of those who abandoned golden prospects for the future as soon as the war opened and who gave themselves to do the thing they loathed for the thing they loved. Stidger has written about the American boys, Adcock about the English, and Connor about the Canadian. It was the same spirit which animated them all, and what is written of one applies with equal point to the others. Stidger's volume is well called Silhouettes, for it

consists of vivid characterizations of what might be called the composite personality of the American soldier. We are confident that the spirit of devotion to an ideal shown by him in tackling the hard problem of war will not fail him in facing the problems of peace. This writer pictures him at his great moments when he forgot himself and rose to glorious heights, "just as he might do at home if the opportunity called." Stidger is a Methodist-preacher and his close contact with the men, as a Y. M. C. A. worker, enabled him to make observations of an unusual kind. Concerning his own experiences we read: "One of the favorite outdoor sports of this preacher for a month was to lie on his stomach on the front mud-guard of a big Pierce-Arrow through the war-zone roads, bumping over shell-holes, with a little pocket flash-light playing on the ground, searching out the shell-holes, and trying to help the driver keep in the road. It is a delightful occupation about two o'clock in the morning, with a blizzard blowing, and knowing that the big truck is rumbling along within sight and sound of the German big guns." There are many stirring and touching incidents in these chapters. In "Silhouettes of Service" we are introduced to Dale, who, when last seen, was gathering together a crowd of French children, trying to get them to a place of safety. Those who knew this noble American lad said unanimously when they heard of the incident: "That was just like Dale; he loved kids, and he was always talking about his own and showing us their pictures." Stidger's testimony to the work of the Y. M. C. A. men should silence the hypercriticism, which shows poor taste, to say the least. "One friend of mine stepped down into his cellar one morning, got a full breath of gas, and was dead in two minutes. Another I know stayed in his hut and served his men even though six shell fragments came through the hut while he was doing it. Another I know lived in a dugout for three months, under shell fire every day. One man whom I interviewed in Paris, a Baptist-clergyman, crawled four hundred yards at the Château-Thierry battle with a young lieutenant, dragging a litter with them across a stubble wheat-field under a rain of machine-gun bullets and shells, in plain view of the Germans, and rescued a wounded colonel. When they brought him back they had to crawl the four hundred yards again, pushing the litter before them inch by inch. It took them two hours to get across that field. A piece of shrapnel went through the secretary's shoulder. He is nearly sixty years of age, but he did not stop when a service called him that meant the almost certain loss of his own life." The loneliness of the American soldier was a serious matter, but it was his very love of home, between three thousand and seven thousand miles away, that made him so fearless in the fight, so impatient of restraint, so ready to take risks. He was eager to see it through so he could return to his loved ones. A great deal can be quoted from these Silhouettes of Song, of Sacrifice, of Silence, of Sorrow, of Suffering, and the Silhouettes Spiritual. Here is the conclusion: "War is grim. War is serious. War is full of hurt and hate and pain and heartache and loneliness and wounds, and mud and death and dearth; but the American soldier spends more time laughing

than he does crying; more time singing than he does moaning; more time playing than he does moping; more time shouting than he does whimpering; more time helping than he does despairing; and because of this effervescent spirit of sunshine and laughter his morale is the best morale that any army in the history of the world has ever shown." Adcock's volume is a discriminating panegyric in honor of some of the finest sons of England who gave their lives for patriotism, honor and liberty. One of them wrote to his mother from Oxford three weeks before his nineteenth birthday: "I have no wish to remain a civilian any longer; and, though the whole idea of war is against my conscience, I feel that in a time of national crisis like the present the individual has no right whatever to urge his views if they are contrary to the best and immediate interest of the State." After reviewing the poetic productions of Rupert Brooke, Ledwidge, Thomas, Freston, Streets, the Grenfell brothers, Julian and Gerald, Tennant, Sorley, Philipps, Todd, Craven, Stewart and many others, Adcock writes: "What finally emerges from the songs of all these dead singers is a gracious but unconquerable spirit of humanity—a sane, civilized spirit, common to them all that hated war with a hatred that was only strengthened and intensified by contact with the horrors and primeval barbarities of it. The burden of their singing is always that they fight, not for fighting's sake, but to break the last stronghold of ancient savagery, to enthrone Right above Might, to blaze a trail through the dark forest by which the men of to-morrow may find their way into a new and happier world where war shall be no more. From the heights of their idealism this was the hope, the promised land that they could see." The line from one of these poets expresses their spirit of dauntless courage: "O Liberty, at thy command, we challenge Death." What another wrote on Death is worth quoting:

> "What is it? Though it come swiftly and sure
> Out of the dark womb of fate,
> What that a man cannot dare and endure,
> Level heart steady, eyes straight? . . .
>
> The fight shall roll o'er us—a broad crimson tide,
> Feet stamp, shells wail, bullets hiss,
> And England be greater because we have died:
> What end can be finer than this?"

The ecstatic thrill of sacrifice is seen in the verse of yet another:

> "The soul of life is in the will to give
> The best of life in willing sacrifice:
> Youth only reaches greatness when he dies
> In fullest prime that love and truth may live."

There are excellent photos of several of these valiants, with biographical sketches and estimates of their poetry. The book is one of the gems of the war. Ralph Connor, also known as Major Charles W. Gordon, Chaplain of the 43rd Cameron Highlanders, spreads out the story of heroism especially of the Canadian forces in a manner worthy of them.

He takes his reader from the outposts of civilization in the Great West to the war-zone on the Western Front. The narrative is in the form of fiction and this has the advantage of enabling a writer like Connor to present his facts with a picturesque impressiveness not possible to the ordinary chronicle. In Barry Osborne he has drawn a representative type of chaplain far superior to the half-cynical sort found in A Padre in France by George A. Birmingham. The man who is stubborn about what he thinks is his duty is apt to do it far better than Birmingham's type whose conscience was of the accommodating kind. Another of Connor's fine characters is Phyllis Vincent of the Voluntary Aid Detachment, a type of the wonderful women who served in so many indispensable ways at the Front and behind the lines. The pages are brimful of action with quick turns and surprises of sacrifice so characteristic of all the Allied Armies. We are also introduced to what Stidger so well calls the "services of supplies," that is the folks at home, without whom the war could not have been brought to so triumphant a victory.

A READING COURSE

Originality. A Popular Study of the Creative Mind. By T. Sharper Knowlson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Price, $3.50, net.

The subject of this book is exceedingly fascinating and the method of the author is attractive. He deals with abstract questions in a popular style, and carries the reader along with him as he develops his argument and draws his conclusions. His illustrations are taken from biography, history, science, philosophy, and literature, and they are always to the point. The value of the book is in its power of stimulus. The spirit of the writer is optimistic. Although he says a great deal about the past his interest is not in history, but in contemporary life. "We have ventured to offer counsel to men and women in the belief that if they would leave a wider margin for individuality, conventionalities need not be the less secure, and originalities of value might be multiplied. Whether we have justified ourselves in this enterprise must be left to the judgment of others. But that the social, commercial, and political conditions of the future call for a new emphasis on the creative function of the mind will not be disputed." The book appeals to all who are interested in ideas and their application in the interest of genuine progress. It is of particular value to the preacher. Before the war everybody went to Germany to study book psychology, but we have since discovered to our infinite cost that "although the Germans claimed to know more about the mental engine than anybody else, they know vastly less about men and nations—hence their errors in the field of practical psychology were colossal. They misjudged everybody and everything, and will become in future years a sad illustration of the difference be-

tween studying a subject and knowing the reality." Referring to newness this writer observes that "the only new thing we ever know is a new personality." That which separates one individual from another, in spite of many similarities, is "a way of speaking, a mental outlook, a charm of manner, a gift of control." As an illustration he notes that "the vital difference between Judaism and Christianity lies in the fact that Truth and Law are translated from a code into a living Person, and Christianity thus becomes the most original of all religions, having in its Founder, as Lecky puts it, 'an enduring principle of regeneration.'" What, then, is originality? "It is the expression of the individual self in relation to its environment; its significance does not lie in newness so much as in sincerity." "Originality may be defined as the thought-characteristic of the individual who expresses himself and not another; from which it follows that the more distinctive the individuality the higher will be the type of originality. An original mind is one which has a more than ordinary share in the joys of evolution, and in the felicity of furthering those processes of change that bring advantages, real and ideal." The natural reserve of people is one of the serious factors to be reckoned with. We seldom show our true selves because the hand of convention is too heavy on us. What bearing does this have on the value of autobiography, and how far are we to accept the estimates of men and women in their biographies mostly written by friends?

Section I on "The Natural History of Genius" takes up some of the problems of psychology which is really the science of mental behavior. As such it is of the greatest value to preachers, as we saw in the last issue of the REVIEW when discussing Psychology and Preaching, by Gardner. Some pointed things are said on the lack of appreciation, which is always a sign of declining ability. It is a proof that the circle of interests has become narrowed, that new ideas are discountenanced and that the range of consciousness is restricted. Compare this with what is said on a later page on the secret of keeping young. It consists of sensitiveness to influences, "not challenge, not antagonism, but appreciation, valuation, the evocation of the greatness that lies in simple things, especially the overlooked and forgotten things." What we need is not the dogmatic attitude, but that expressed by Sir Thomas Browne: "I am of a constitution so general that it consorts and sympathiseth with all things." The man who is in such close touch with the Ideal that he is out of touch with the Real may be a metaphysician, but his consciousness is out of focus. What is written about the sub-conscious should be carefully studied (p. 63ff.). He rightly criticizes the familiar definition that genius is an infinite capacity to take pains, and points out that it is not even a half truth but a one third truth. The genius has a wider and deeper range of consciousness, and is able to comprehend and to compass more. Section II on "The Origin of New Ideas" is an unconventional discussion of the process and laws of Inspiration. As this book is a discussion of mental development it does not enter the debatable field of religion. (a) One of the first conditions of inspiration is that a period of close inquiry and reflection should be followed either by a

change of subject or a period of mental inactivity. (b) Inspiration is governed by the process of intellectual rhythm. (c) The new idea is partly dependent for its birth on the action of the right external stimulus. (d) A closer study of the advent of new ideas proves that the employment of analogy, consciously or unconsciously, is a creative method. (e) When the mind is bent on a discovery, or otherwise set upon the realization of an idea, its energies may suddenly be side-tracked by a conception with few relationships to the immediate purpose; or it may make what is called a chance discovery of a totally different nature. (f) The most important condition of inspiration is, think for yourself. Study the interesting way in which these points are developed. When the gospel of work is preached so insistently it is good to be reminded of the need for meditation and the balanced development of thought, possible only in an atmosphere of leisure. Note some of the apparently eccentric stimuli which fostered the creative mood. For instance, Kant used a certain tower visible from his study window, and when the trees grew up and hid it he wrote to the City Fathers asking them to cut down the trees that he might once more see the tower *and think*. Shelley found that munching bread was helpful in composing; Dr. Johnson needed a purring cat and orange peel and tea within reach; Thomas Hardy, prior to beginning work, always removed his boots or slippers; Zola pulled down the blinds at midday because he found more stimulus in artificial light. Such peculiarities are not confined to the writing fraternity. The banker who discovered that to walk from Charing Cross to the city, whenever he had a problem to solve, was to see daylight, belongs to the same class as the literary profession. Section III on "Biological Factors" has two chapters on the relation respectively of age and sex to originality. It is not safe to strike an average and say that at a particular period in life the original mind produces its best work. We can, however, explain the achievements of original work after middle life as due to the work of preceding decades. Goethe issued Faust when quite an old man; Don Quixote was published when Cervantes was fifty-seven; The Descent of Man when Darwin was sixty-two; Samuel Richardson and William de Morgan, the novelists, "blossomed late." Equally baffling is the question of sex. "The one original difference between the masculine and the feminine mind is too much lost sight of; a woman's brain is quick to know and to decide on everything that furthers her interests as a woman, a wife, and a mother. Thus at an early age woman's mental faculty is in excess of man's; she has sown and reaped many crops of ideas long before man has even seen the land or begun to plow it. That is why a quite young woman often feels that men much older than herself are really 'such children.'"

Section IV deals with "Hindrances to Originality." Each chapter deals with one of them. The first is "The Sense of the Past" due to a mistaken conception that antiquity is authority. "The significance of life lies in its present and in its future, and without undervaluing the past we can only understand and solve our modern problems in the light of the best knowledge drawn from a study of facts as we know them to-

day." Compare this with Beaconsfield's remark that the practical man is "the man who practices the errors of his forefathers." Another hindrance is "Defective Home Training." Note what is said about the repressive tendencies due to the imposition of dogma by the parents and the over-plus of the father's influence with not enough of the mother's. One of the advantages for developing young life comes from new surroundings which bring freedom from the local environment. A third hindrance is "False Education." On this subject the author makes some pungent criticisms of conditions in Great Britain and in the United States. "We are too much engaged in drumming knowledge into children, with the result that when in maturer years we expect originality we get indifference or conformity. Modern education must both inform and inspire. It is the personal influence, intellectual, and moral, of the teacher that counts for most—even more than the best pedagogy ever conceived." Apply this to the Sunday school and to the work of the pastor-teacher and see how we might overcome some of our difficulties. A fourth hindrance is "The Lack of a Science of Reading." Has the multiplication of books made for more or for less originality? Has it developed the memory and weakened the judgment? Do people read for recreation and relaxation rather than for instruction and to reach new conclusions? A fifth hindrance is "Low Standards of Merit." Is there truth in the lines of the poet:

> It sounds like stories from the land of spirits
> If any man obtain that which he merits,
> Or any merit that which he obtains.

Some men acquire a reputation for originality by turning a truth over on its back. Chesterton is one of these notable modern instances. No doubt attention is directed to a truth by stating it in a paradoxical fashion; but to what extent is it a mark of originality? There are others who, like G. B. Shaw, who make their mark by challenging accepted truths and denying them. Apart from the literary form, is this not a case of brilliance rather than balance? A sixth hindrance is "Incomplete Effort." This chapter is specially valuable because it deals with a condition that is far too prevalent. The lack of thoroughness is certainly deplorable, most of all in the pulpit where it is more inexcusable than anywhere else. A seventh hindrance comes from "The Professional Mind." Here is a sentence worth considering: "It is usually supposed that the priest has excelled all others in the art of preventing advances in science and civilization, but, although this may be true in some respects, we have to remember that lawyers, men of science, doctors, and politicians have looked askance at original thinkers, being blinded by the prejudice which the trained acceptance of received truth seems seldom able to evade." Here is another charge: "The jealousies of professional men shown towards a progressive brother form a very unpleasing chapter in the history of the progress of knowledge." To what extent is this true of the Christian ministry? Is it a sign of professionalism which is also a species of provincialism, and is there no cure for it?

Franklin Hamilton

METHODIST REVIEW

SEPTEMBER, 1919

BISHOP FRANKLIN HAMILTON

Delayed twenty-four hours in sailing from Liverpool, Emerson bemoaned the tedium of his lot, and muttered: "Ah, me! Mr. Thomas Carlyle, I would give a gold pound for your wise company this gloomy evening." An uncounted host of lonely hearts have a similar longing for the gracious comradeship of Franklin Hamilton, and sometimes fancy they have it, forgetting that he is gone—so strongly does his spiritual influence persist. Therein lies the secret of the man. Above all his other fine qualities, and irradiating every one of them, was his power to make men love him. It would be an imprudence to print the half of what his friends still say of him. Months after his departure, asked for a critical judgment of his worth, all sorts and conditions of men with one accord praise him. It seems like a conspiracy of affection. We can only guess what the angels think of him, but God apparently shares the sentiment of men, and did a strange thing to show it. He gave Franklin Hamilton the best furnishing for the bishopric that could be provided at the time and then allowed him only two years to occupy it, evidently having a better position for him elsewhere. No other explanation of the facts is adequate. He was born at Pleasant Valley, Ohio, August 9th, 1866; consecrated a bishop at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., May 28, 1916; released from service by what we call death in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, May 15, 1918. Only one man in the history of American Methodism has held his bishopric for a shorter period. Erastus O. Haven was but a year and three months in the episcopate, but he was sixty years of age when elected. Franklin Hamilton was fifty when called to the high office. He was apparently in full vigor of life, but in twice twelve months his toil on earth was ended. Why he should have

been permitted to withdraw with his supreme work just begun is a mystery impossible for earthly minds to solve. Judged by human standards there is a bitter irony in such a culmination, but faith rests on the assurance that God makes no blunders, though His strategy be not justified in the sight of men. Martin Luther besought God to reveal the divine purpose in a certain inscrutable event, but he seemed to hear the voice of the Eternal responding: "I am not to be traced."

How great pains God took with Franklin Hamilton one sees from his birth and breeding. He was the youngest son of the Rev. William Charles Patrick and Henrietta Dean Hamilton. His father was a stalwart Methodist circuit rider in Ohio and Virginia, and his brothers were endowed with much force of character. The oldest is Bishop John W. Hamilton, now and for several years chancellor of the American University, a man of eloquence, high executive ability and ecclesiastical statesmanship. The second, Jay Benson Hamilton, is a well-known preacher who has wrought valiantly and effectively for the better support of the retired minister. The third, Wilbur Dean Hamilton, is an artist and painter of portraits. The versatility displayed in the family of the talented Irish preacher flourished luxuriantly in the latest-born son. Out of the straitened conditions of an itinerant minister's home, in a day when salaries were meager and toil was abundant, Franklin Hamilton came forth endowed with many gifts of heaven. He had a fine presence. No man could see him without being impressed that he was an unusual person. His portrait reveals the warmth of his temperament and the dominance of his brain, but one must have observed the whole figure in action to have a true measure of the man's native strength and symmetry. To his physical superiority was joined a mind of singular excellence, an instrument capable of unremitting toil, enriched by clear powers of discrimination, possessing an affinity for the finer things of the spirit, devoid of disturbing illusions, with wide vision, yet with practical sense; a good usable brain that could keep its balance and would go straight on with the business in hand. The inner nature of the man ennobled his body and illumined his mind. He was a gentleman by instinct. His kindly disposition toward

men was not an acquisition but a gift. The grace of God was upon him from childhood, and "he increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man." He started life with a strong will. Without it bodily excellence, intellectual vigor and grace of spirit would not have availed to give him eminence. He was so constituted that, having embarked upon an enterprise, he would carry it through despite any discouragements, and having been set down in the center of things various and perplexing he would proceed at all hazards to master them. He had a deep moral nature, quickened and disciplined by spiritual aspirations. He saw truth clearly and embraced it ardently. He loved righteousness and hated iniquity. He was incapable of a mean action. Thus he began with great natural advantages, and it was the peculiarity of his fortune that his friends usually referred to his inherited characteristics as if they had been acquired by his own perseverance and therefore ought to be set down to his personal credit.

What must be put to his account is that Franklin Hamilton met the challenge of the divine bounty by resolving to use it to the utmost of his ability. He did not want to disappoint God. He realized that every achieving man is the joint product of what Divine Providence gives him and what he himself does with the capital intrusted to him. God provides birth, breeding, talents, and opportunity. A man uses or misuses these benefactions according to the spirit that is in him. Jean Paul Richter said: "I have made as much out of myself as could be made of the stuff, and no man should require more." But God does demand that much, so Hamilton thought, and he set to work on the material at his disposal with great earnestness of purpose. What Browning places on the lips of a less worthy man he might have made his own—the claim to have

> Braved sorrow, courted joy, to just one end;
> Namely, that just the creature I was bound
> To be I should become, nor thwart at all
> God's purpose in creation. I conceive
> No other duty possible to man—
> Highest mind, lowest mind; no other law
> By which to judge life failure or success;
> What folk call being saved or cast away.

He determined to secure an education broad and deep enough to meet any emergency. Under the guidance of his big brother, now the white-plumed chancellor-bishop, he began his studies in the Boston Latin School. Here he stood so high that he swept off a whole sheaf of prizes, graduating with much honor in 1883. As the majority of his classmates entered Harvard he naturally went with them. His brother, John W. Hamilton, was then under the burden of the People's Temple of Boston. To pay the boy's bills was beyond his power. The brother next above Franklin in age, then also a resident of Boston and who died of a surgical operation many years afterward, undertook to finance the lad in college. It turned out to be a not difficult task, for Franklin nearly worked his way through on the prizes and scholarships he obtained. In 1885 he won the Old South Prize for historical studies in Boston. During his course in Harvard he secured both the Bowdoin and the Boylston prizes. He became editor-in-chief of the Harvard Daily Crimson. He was also chosen a member of Phi Beta Kappa and a member of its literary committee. The two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Harvard occurred during his junior year, and he was elected to deliver the oration for the under-graduates, the alumni address on the same occasion being given by James Russell Lowell. Both speeches were printed in a book published to commemorate the event. Franklin Hamilton was selected as class orator and served also as one of the Commencement speakers, graduating with much distinction in 1887. How he appeared to the student body in his under-graduate days is well described by one of his classmates, who says: "I shall always remember the first impression which Hamilton made upon me. I did not know him even to bow to, but I was tremendously impressed with his appearance, which was always that of a serious, high-minded scholar. . . . His features were so clean-cut and so strong and his whole bearing was that of a man much older than he really was. In fact, I was two years older than he and yet I always felt his junior." After graduation he spent a year teaching Greek and Latin in Chattanooga University. Then, being still unsatisfied with his scholastic attainments, he went abroad and spent nearly three years in post-graduate courses at Berlin Uni-

versity and in Paris. At Berlin he was a favorite pupil of the celebrated Ferdinand Piper, with whom he engaged in researches in pagan antiquities and symbolism. A fellow student in Berlin University says that together he and Hamilton listened to Zeller, Paulsen, and attended Paulsen's Seminary on Kant, and testifies: "Hamilton had a superb mind, and was in fact one of the two most brilliant men I ever knew as a student." One can readily fancy with what ardor Franklin Hamilton followed the bent of his intellectual craving as he pored over the treasures to be found in the capitals of Prussia and France and mingled with the personages who could best satisfy the aspirations of his soul. He was a student all his life, and when his formal education was finished he was just beginning that expansion of his equipment which never ceased until he breathed his last on earth. Doubtless his researches continue in the invisible world whither all too soon he took his pilgrimage.

God did not stop with simply endowing Franklin Hamilton. He issued to him a summons to spiritual leadership. The lure of the Christian ministry caught and held him. With a father and two brothers in that sacred calling it would naturally be suggested to his mind. But was this an intimation from heaven or the mere outgrowth of his surroundings? At last the drift of events and the desire of his own soul united to determine him. The conviction of his mission was upon him in Harvard. Professor George Herbert Palmer, after saying that Franklin Hamilton was a favorite student of his, standing among the first in his course in ethics, continues: "I thought him so promising that I suggested to him that he devote his life to teaching philosophy. . . . Such a life was very attractive to his taste, and I think it was largely on that account that he refused it. He had a soldierly temper and was determined to give his life to the poor and needy. Nothing could divert him from the ministry, though I felt he would be as true a minister in the teacher's chair. He gave himself to his work with all his heart." Those lines are worth pondering. They not only show Hamilton at a crisis deciding for the higher interests, but also reveal his love for humanity and his purpose to give sacrificial service to his generation.

A German university even before the war was not regarded by thoughtful Christians as a congenial place for the development of spiritual ideals, but in the case of Hamilton the reactions of Berlin were all to the advantage of religion. Professor E. A. Ross, of the University of Wisconsin, who was with Hamilton in Berlin, says: "Often we have sat until one or two o'clock in the morning nibbling rye bread sandwiches and pretzels, washed down with cocoa, and discussing philosophy or metaphysics. We ranged far afield in our philosophical discussions, but he always came back to the fact that in any case he was going to go home and work in the Methodist Church because he loved it and believed in the work it was doing. Where we came out in metaphysical discussions did not seem to give him much concern, for his mind was all set on behalf of the emotional and practical attitudes that his Methodism involved. In this, of course, he was quite right from the point of view of the latest psychology, for the attitudes of strong and leading men never flow from their speculations but from their fundamental reactions to life and experience."

On his return from Europe Franklin Hamilton entered the Boston School of Theology from which he was graduated in 1892, being one of the Commencement speakers of the year. In this school of the prophets whatever depletion of the evangelical spirit he may have suffered in Berlin was corrected and his zeal for the service of humanity through the ministry of the gospel became intensified. He entered the pastorate with much enthusiasm and gave himself immediately to successful work. From 1892 to 1895 he was stationed in East Boston, where he organized a church and built its edifice. From 1895 until 1900 he was pastor of the church in Newtonville, Massachusetts, and in 1900-1908 of the First Church of Boston, the longest pastorate in the history of the church up to that time. His brother, John W. Hamilton, had been pastor of the church twenty-five years before and this afforded him a fine introduction. The union of the First Church on Hanover Street and Grace Church on Temple Street was effected at the beginning of his pastorate. During his work there, so writes one who has been a member of that church since 1875, "He was constantly active, alert, and able in forwarding all lines of Chris-

tian activity and was greatly beloved by all of our people. The most extensive repairs and improvements that have been made since the church was originally built were projected and carried to completion during his pastorate." He also took an active part in the municipal campaigns for civic reform. It was during this term that with his family he made a tour around the world, 1904-1905, spending much time in the Far East, where he studied foreign missions and acquainted himself with the literature and philosophy of the Oriental religions, thus fitting himself for missionary supervision and for certain literary productions which were to give distinction to his name as a writer.

From the pastorate to the chancellorship of the American University in 1908 was not so abrupt a transition for him as it would have been for some others, since so large a part of his life had been spent in scholastic experiences. However, the teaching function was not the primary requirement for the new position. He was now to assume the responsibilities of a high administrative trust. Sixteen years in the pastorate had given him valuable acquaintance with the business of handling money and men. But here was something essentially different. Scholarship would count for little more than to give prestige to an institution which must have for its head a man of erudition. What was most needed was a masterly hand to guide an enterprise which had never enjoyed the enthusiastic support of the church and the very practicability of which was still in question, and to make it succeed by skillfully securing friends for it and wisely directing its career to an achievement which would compel general approval. No formal inauguration occurred when he was inducted into the chancellorship. As another has said, "He quietly took the reins and held them." The situation was so unhopeful that many persons admonished Hamilton that he was making an undue sacrifice of his own interests. But no sooner had prosperity commenced to dawn on his undertaking than critics began to suggest that he had assumed the difficult thing only to feed a fond ambition. The cynic must always find some reason for a sacrificial act which his nature is incapable of explaining apart from a selfish motive. The fact which impressed the church was that Hamilton was surely making headway,

and immediately the place which he had taken when it was most undesirable began to appear very attractive to other persons. Consequently the tone of comment changed toward him and his work.

His approach to this task could not be better described than in the words of Bishop Cranston, published in The American University Courier, July, 1918:

> Under the circumstances a weak man would have summoned the Board to a pretentious program which would have been a trumpet challenge to all adversaries. But Chancellor Hamilton came without pretense of skill or special wisdom. He brought no set program of campaign. He proposed no spectacular methods. He just came and went quietly about the drudgery of his office, first acquainting himself with every detail of the university's affairs and interests. His business instinct took quick account of essential values. He saw the need of keeping the Board constantly advised as to the condition of its trust, to the least item. He established close and confidential relations with his advisers, and relied so fully on their judgment that from first to last the administration was harmonious. . . .
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> Not one breath of useless lamentation did the new chancellor waste over the chronic inertia that had been for years the comment of the unfriendly and the disappointment of the friends of the university. He quietly garnered every hopeful utterance and was cordial to every friendly expression of interest in its welfare. He made no catalogue of adversaries, nor did he seek to identify anybody as such, but as if oblivious to all adverse influence he suavely smiled his way into every bellicose group or camp without apology for his presence, accepting good wishes for active cooperation and even apathetic neutrality as loyalty. Who could fight such a man? Winning new friends for his cause, silencing old enemies and making no new ones, he largely succeeded in creating a new atmosphere for the university, especially in the Church.

Then came the new Chancellor's plan for the actual opening of the university and the partial fulfillment of the dream of its founder, Bishop Hurst. This scheme was outlined in an article which appeared in the Methodist Review for March, 1914, and which is one of the best pieces of writing Hamilton ever did. It presents at the beginning the characteristic intellectual demands of the age; namely, the search for the ultimate reality, the vitalization of truth when discovered, and the extensive development of individualism. He then proceeds to show in most practical fashion how the American University can meet these requirements: first,

by utilizing the immense treasures laid open by the government in Washington for scientific research and scholarly investigation under capable direction; second, by the establishment of lectureships at the seat of the university, or wherever else may be deemed advisable, through which priceless knowledge may be made available to an increasing number of inquirers; third, by the maintenance of a system of fellowships granted to qualified students on the nomination of other universities for work to be pursued in any approved educational institutions or other places of investigation in America and in foreign countries. This plan was not born in a day. It took form after two years of conference with bishops, secretaries, religious and secular educators, statesmen, administrators, and leaders in almost every walk of life. At about the same time that it appeared the plan was placed before the Board of Education, the Educational Association, and the University Senate, all within five weeks, and adopted by these three bodies, unanimously by two of them, with practical unanimity by the third, and seriously and cordially by all. The American University was opened May 27, 1914, in the presence of a large company, with impressive exercises, in which President Wilson, Bishop Cranston, Bishop McDowell, Secretary Daniels, Secretary Bryan and other distinguished men participated. The plan was put into operation as rapidly as possible. Its beginnings were modest, but they went steadily forward and have continued during the present administration. The director of research was appointed and the work under his guidance has gone on with fine results. There have been forty-three annual fellowships granted in Columbia, Yale, Harvard, Johns Hopkins, Chicago, Northwestern, and other American universities. Some fellows have been accredited to institutions abroad, but the war made it impossible for them to use their privilege. Students have come from institutions within the church and from many on the outside. The lectureships are awaiting an opportune moment for their establishment.

It frequently happens that the bookish man is barren of hard sense and does not take kindly to financial affairs. It was quite otherwise with Hamilton. The vision of a great Protestant center of intellectual and moral influence at the heart of the nation capti-

vated him. Many men could have that experience without the ability to actualize it. To the surprise of most persons who were acquainted with the situation Franklin Hamilton immediately developed great strength in the handling of business. During his administration the productive endowment of the American University was greatly increased. With consummate skill he reorganized its funds and placed the institution on a sound financial basis. After his death the President of the Board of Trustees of the American University wrote: "He had great executive ability, tireless energy, and was a natural leader of men." The treasurer of the Board wrote: "He was a man of great gifts, eminently successful in the administration of business affairs and greatly beloved by all who were associated with him."

It is believed by those who knew him best that Hamilton's deepest longings would have been satisfied had he been able to proceed with the chancellorship of the university until it had realized and justified the hopes of its promoters. But the church had further business for him, and in 1916 he was elected to the episcopacy and assigned to the Pittsburgh area. By a strange providence he came into the territory which his father had traveled as a preacher many years before. He did so at the request of an influential body of ministers and laymen. It is confessed by the leaders of that section that Franklin Hamilton surpassed their expectations. He uniformly made a fine impression on the Conferences over which he presided. He showed a large grasp of the problems of his office, and he dealt like a statesman with the situations he met. In the fall of 1916, after he had held the three Conferences of the area to which he had been designated, the editor of the Pittsburgh Christian Advocate wrote:

> Bishop Franklin Hamilton is here with a defined area of three strong Conferences in the heart of the nation and of Methodism. He came to his kingdom, however, not as resident Bishop, but as president of the three Conferences which he has just held in as many consecutive weeks. It is simply to state the truth to say that he has won the hearts of the leaders of the people called Methodists in this region, the preachers and laymen who attended the Conference sessions this year. He has shown himself gracious, strong, discriminating, commanding and efficient. He was among the brethren as a brother. In his addresses he was very much more than pleasing, though he was that in an eminent degree; he

touched the depths of the best Methodist and human feeling; he stressed the vital truths of the Christian religion and interpreted them in the thought of the age. He faced very difficult situations in two of his Conferences, but in a brotherly way showed himself master.

This judgment was approved by the Methodism of the entire territory and was sustained and strengthened by the new bishop's work in the two years of service permitted to him.

To be a bishop is not so desirable a thing that any man should want it for his own satisfaction. The temporary honors that it brings are embittered by the care and anxiety which attend it. The fame of it is terribly short. Very few persons, and they chiefly of the ministry, could at this moment recite the names of our living bishops in full; and in the next generation the record of a majority of these conspicuous leaders will be reduced to a single line in the Year Book. If a man has been a successful educator, a trenchant writer, or a missionary who has lived and died for a heathen tribe, he will have secured a greater earthly immortality than any bishop can obtain apart from some monumental service of this character. On all accounts it is safe to assume that if a sensible man really wants to be a bishop he is impelled by a desire for a place in which, under most exacting circumstances, he may use an opportunity of wide possibilities for the good of humanity and the glory of God. The significant thing is that men of Hamilton's type seek position in the Church and not in the state. He would have made himself a man of mark in any field. The Church elevated him, not because she lacked men, but because she regarded him as a man she could not afford to leave outside the bishopric.

It was during his chancellorship that the Church came to know Franklin Hamilton as an orator. His sermons and addresses while in the pastorate had charmed the congregations which heard them. The official necessity of appearing everywhere in the United States in behalf of the university gave him a wide and diversified auditory. His growing fame called him to the lecture platform and to the pulpits of the strongest churches. In all these opportunities he showed himself a speaker of distinction. It was in his brief tenure as a bishop, however, that he attained the climax of

his reputation for eloquence. His experience in forensic discussion had been limited. He was still a learner in the school of general church business when he died. His type of mind does not naturally run to debate. His scholastic training was not calculated to incite ecclesiastical controversy. But his broad knowledge of affairs made his counsel invaluable. Familiarity with foreign missions and a growing acquaintance with the problems of the episcopacy in America were urging him to combat, and as often as he essayed to measure weapons with a contestant he handled himself adroitly and well.

It was on the platform and in the pulpit that his characteristic talents had their freest and fullest exercise. Here he was masterly and imposing. His rich stores of information gave him abundant material. He had been reared in the best traditions. He spoke with fluency and accuracy. His speech was enlivened by historical allusions and by illustrations from travel and common life. He knew the human heart and how to touch it. The rhetorical finish of his periods and a certain stateliness of language always at his command would have diminished his popularity had he not possessed so gracious a manner and so evident a purpose to get into intimate understanding with his audience. He knew the worth of pathos and humor, of vivid narrative and large free-hand pictures, and he used them effectively.

He was not vociferous but he was forceful. His reserve was an element of power. It left a true impression that he was greater than the things he said. After he became bishop, with the immense pressure of the new task upon him and the enlarging vision of things yet to be, he frequently overflowed the banks of reserve and was borne along on a wide and deep current of emotion. Great stories are told in the Pittsburgh area of his eloquence. He seemed to experience a new birth. His audiences were sympathetic, they drew upon his resources, they fairly transfigured him. It is a pity he could not have gone on. Perhaps then we should have had an orator of a new type and of surpassing quality. Unless, indeed, the drying and deadening process of official life had paralyzed his fancy. It is commonly remarked that after a few years in the bishopric most men begin to decline in preaching power. Insuffi-

cient time is allowed for pulpit preparation. The puzzling problems of administration clog the mind. What is more determinative than anything else, the lack of personal touch with the common people impairs the element of vitality. Hamilton's deep interest in mankind and his joy in mingling with all classes would doubtless have preserved him from this deterioration. The severely logical quality of mind was denied Hamilton. Of course, he had reason with him but he was not essentially argumentative. He fulfilled in a striking way the dictum of John Burroughs respecting oratory: "The great secret of eloquence is to set mass in motion, to marshal together facts and considerations, imbue them with passion, and hurl them like an army on the charge upon the mind of the reader or hearer."

It is not difficult to conjecture the development of Franklin Hamilton in the bishopric had he been spared to the Church another score of years. His mental and moral characteristics give the indication. He had an alert and inquisitive mind. He was eager to obtain knowledge from any source. Thus he gathered an immense fund of information on a great variety of subjects. He possessed an unusual memory. His acquisitions were always ready for use. This made him an attractive conversationalist and an effective public speaker. Apparently no topic of current interest or general literature could be presented on which he was unable to discourse intelligently and profitably, while in the distinctive fields of his own investigation he spoke with the tone of authority. But nothing was left to the chances of a public occasion. He was most painstaking in his preparation for speech. His subjects obtruded themselves upon his mind at night and were clarified by thought in the darkness. Frequently he would outline an address or sermon on his pillow or he would frame the form of something he desired to write. He did not find it necessary, like some, to rise and set down his thoughts and expressions. He would readily recall them in the morning. Many speakers have found that addresses thus conceived are not as fine under the glare of daylight as they appeared to be under the haze of midnight. It was not so with him. He had remarkable powers of concentration. The noisy playing of children in his workroom

did not disturb him. The mental equilibrium of the man and his wide acquaintance with people and countries made him adaptable to any society. He was welcome wherever he went, and no more agreeable guest ever entered the home of a stranger. Archæology was one of his fondest pursuits. Antiquities had for him an irresistible charm. He was a born collector, and carefully cherished his accumulating treasures. When he made his episcopal visit to Porto Rico he spent his leisure in searching for things rare and ancient till he found a couple of old Spanish pistols, which he later gave to his sons; also two old swords for the same recipients and pieces of very old mahogany furniture for his wife. He owned one of the best private collections of Wesleyana in America, and compiled the bibliography used by Methodists in celebrating the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of John Wesley.

In temperament he was fortunate, being invariably cheerful. His poise was not disturbed by those alternations of despondency which often harass men of sanguine disposition. Great seriousness, however, marked his demeanor in the presence of difficult problems. He had much personal charm. His inherent winsomeness was heightened by culture and refined by religion. "Given a fair chance, he could make any man his friend," said one who knew him in the most sacred intimacy. Suffusing all his qualities was an indefinable spirit which captivated as if by magic those who met him. This is not to be confounded with that ready affability which is a fortune to the apt politician. It is a more delicate thing and eludes definition. Hamilton could not be undignified even when playful. One of his classmates in Harvard says it would be impossible to think of him as slapping a comrade on the back, or being the object of such a boisterous token of good fellowship. It was difficult for him in his student days to unbend. This was not a pose but a constitutional trait. Hamilton felt this limitation, and in after years overcame it in large measure. The one charge against him in college was his seriousness. This prevented him from being popular in the ordinary sense. He seldom mingled in the lighter affairs of his class, yet he commanded universal respect. No better proof of this can be given than his election by the class to the position of class orator on Commencement day.

No one thought of contending against him, not because he was popular but because he was proficient.

One explanation of this early seriousness was his necessity to work to keep himself going. Another is the native modesty of the man. The aspiring soul can be diffident. The scholarly man is usually cautious about pushing himself. "If you ever hear me talk of myself stop me," he often said to his wife. It was characteristic of him to retire from view even when the occasion demanded his presence at the front. At Pittsburgh his ministers found it necessary forcibly to drag him out to receive the publicity to which he was entitled as a bishop. Yet this man, so hesitant to assert himself, when time and the occasion required it was fearless in the performance of duty. He was masterful in dealing with the problems coming to him as university chancellor and later as bishop. It is said in Pittsburgh that the courteous gentleman was also the firm administrator.

Deep conscientiousness lay at the heart of all his work. Duty was the great word in his lexicon. His epitaph reads: "He was a good man and just." Tireless in his efforts for others, friendship was almost a religion with him. Such a man will have strong personal influence. It was not what he did but what he was that held men to him. In the General Conference he was unobtrusive, almost silent, save in committees. No man listened to debate with more serious attention. His very gravity was influential. His election to the bishopric was a testimonial to the impression of solidity he made. It was believed that he would exercise the office with dignity and force.

An ecclesiastical leader requires diplomacy. This he possessed in a marked degree. No one could more gently approach the irritated or more effectually assuage the fretful. The only fault named by one who was very close to him was his desire to please everyone. It is held that such a policy ends in pleasing no one. If it is not chastened by judgment, regulated by conscience, and held in leash by duty, it will indeed squander itself in vanity. But if it is an honest desire to be helpful in every case, while sacrificing no responsibility, it will stabilize character and save the man who has it from prejudice and partiality. This

is what resulted in the case of Franklin Hamilton, than whom no fairer-minded man ever lived.

Probably none but his closest friends dreamed what fervency he would put into his work as a bishop. His life had been calm, in part cloistered. He was unacquainted with the noise of controversy. But no sooner was he at the business of episcopal supervision than he burst into flames. His nearest comrades believe that he worked himself to death. While chancellor of the university he wrote hundreds of letters with his own hand that he might economize in the expense of clerical help. He gave himself to details which should have been handled by some subordinate. He watched his trust with consuming attention. When he came to Pittsburgh he seemed to be hunting opportunities for work far beyond his or any other man's strength. He had no ability at refusing invitations for public service. On the Sunday before his death he preached three times in Wheeling, West Virginia, and on Monday lectured for the benefit of a church in Pittsburgh. Meanwhile, he had been assiduous in preparations for the entertainment of the Board of Bishops, whose semi-annual meeting opened in his city on Wednesday. The Sunday following he fell on sleep. A former classmate in Harvard said of him: "He was too serious. He had a real New England conscience. He did not know how to play any more than some of his Puritan ancestors."

His home was the world in which his character was most graciously exhibited, and those who dwelt there experienced the joy of his presence and the nobility of his influence as no others could. He was married to Miss Mary Mackie Pierce, daughter of the late Hon. Edward L. Pierce, the biographer of Charles Sumner. They had two sons, Edward Pierce and Arthur Dean, and one daughter, Elizabeth Louise. The elder son was a lieutenant of artillery, and served by his own choice in a colored regiment in the American forces overseas during the late war. The younger son was in training and soon to embark for France when the armistice was signed. It is a touching circumstance that, while Franklin Hamilton tossed in the troubled billows of his latest hours, his mind anxiously clung to the hope that he would receive tidings from the boy who had gone to fight for freedom,

telling of his safe arrival in Europe. The message came, but not till the father's eyes were closed, and then it was placed in his white hands and went with him to his last resting place.

Franklin Hamilton's interest in life was profound. He loved its atmosphere and its burdens. His plans were many and they were full of color. He was prepared for a mighty conquest. He served in the midst of a world war that gave him great solicitude. He saw the bright prospect awaiting Christianity when the conflict should be terminated. He was not given the opportunity to participate in the new development of civilization. One can be sure that he would have bestowed upon the church a bishopric that would have adorned her history had he been permitted to remain on earth. Comparisons are impossible. It is a new day, and he was a new kind of bishop, essentially adapted to the age in which he appeared. By so much the more is the loss sustained by the church irreparable. Yet none can doubt he marches forward in some high mission among the sons of light.

Geo. P. Eckman

SARAH MEHL, A NEWSPAPER IDYLL

Yes, I found it in one of the daily prints. Yet even that admission is nothing against the idyllic beauty of the story. Amid the clutter of a great modern journal one may often stumble over or past just such a life-gem. Even newspaper editors will cheerfully agree that truth may be immensely stranger than the fiction purveyed as news. But the truth is harder to get at; not so near the surface, nor to be had always for the asking, nor standing around, hat in hand, waiting to be noticed by a journalist. The truth of things is half-shy, furtive even; must be wooed into showing her face. Whereas—anybody can fancy how much too slow is that process of getting at the heart of a matter. Linotypes might need to pause for an unwonted breathing space. Moreover so many columns must be filled with *something*. How else would medium be provided for the plethora of advertising? I've not yet quite made up my mind whether a modern newspaper, or even a famous weekly with circulation mounting to seven figures, is published for the sake of the advertisements; or the streaming columns of what to buy and where to dine are inserted to help pay expenses for giving us the news. Besides, there is a sort of fascination, I suppose, in jumping from one page to another in quest of the rest and residue of the story—or whatever it was you began on page one or seven. And still further—for I was thinking of the editor's problem—there is always the competing journal to be reckoned with. And woe betide that reporter who fails to get first under the wire with somewhat that can be put into type.

Thus the truth that is startlingly stranger than fiction has to go by in daily papers and popular wecklies, in sober reviews and ordinary human exchange. Not because we are prejudiced against the truth, or distrust it specially; merely because it is harder to come up with, or hides its head like the modest flower it is.

'Twas that way with my newspaper idyll. The more I think about it the more surprised I am that it got into print. There were at least a dozen other ways of rounding out the story. And,

of course, I cannot give a gentleman's word that the sentence which caught my eye was spoken by the little heroine. But it sounds like the truth at its best. It is sweet as truth commonly is on the tongue. It blazes not—merely shines as glow-worms do when dark has fallen. "I just *wanted* her," protested the lassie whose name and deed were on so many tongues that reporters scarcely could pass her by. She quite resented so much publicity and so many questions. Evidently, when she did the quick thing that contemporaries said was heroic, the last consideration with her was the effect upon the public of her spontaneous deed.

Somewhat dreary and dwarfing ails any piece of human service when its doer has a sharp eye upon the bulletin boards, or regales himself in advance upon the sweetness of his good fame. To be sure, that sort of wages is not to be disregarded—if you want some folks to work at all. Perhaps 'tis nobler to work for that than for a salary in cash. I am only saying that, when you draw off from certain praiseful deeds the love of notoriety and lust of applause, the residuum is painfully reduced. Kipling's day, in which "no one shall work for wages, and no one shall work for fame," is still far in the future. I wonder if Kipling ever had the fun of meeting the man he sings about who, "for the joy of the working," does his full bit. Just "the joy of the working" at anything; easel or engine, banking or bedside, passing a cup of coffee in the trenches or mounting a cross on a hill.

Yes, there are such on earth. And, fortunately, you may happen to meet one of them any ordinary day. I had that good fortune just as I paused, in the train, to sharpen my pencil. We jostled elbows, he and I. He wore the khaki that, a year ago, brightened more than with crimson and gold the azure skies of France. And, after some commonplace exchanges between us, I ventured to open the theme suggested by his uniform. Yes, he had seen service—a year and a half of it (this quite impersonally). He looked the part; bronzed, husky and clear-eyed. Yes, he was going home soon—and his face kindled. Still I angled on, persuaded by a sort of fisherman's sixth sense that there were shining beauties in the quiet waters of his talk. Then, by a lucky cast I got the bite I was after; worth all my patient sportsmanship.

With a touch of confusion, as of a boy caught at his prayers, he confessed judgment to a piece of real heroism. He had obeyed the rules when rules were inexorable, and he had played the game against death. You might have thought he had merely changed his collar or paid a trolley-fare. It was nothing, he said, just nothing at all. Maybe, if he lives a score or more years, his quiet rendezvous with death will look heroic to *him*. But not yet. So far he is typical of that dun-clad host that streamed overseas to seed down with the flower of Culloden the already consecrated soil of France; and to come back, if they might, to make nothing of it—just "nothing at all." If anything were needed to complete the story of our participation in the world's supreme agony it is the modesty of the real participants. Almost as quiet as the fifty-odd thousand who fell asleep under the lilies of France are the returning men who staked most for the Cause.

I love the shyness of them. Said a youngster who had won the French Croix de Guerre, and was asked where he wore it, "On my undershirt. I couldn't bear to show off with those poor devils dying around me." Of course he couldn't. And of such is the kingdom of heroes and heaven. When "Blind Tom" finished a selection at the piano, and the audience stormed its approval, Tom was as likely as not to turn toward the footlights and clap his own clever hands. Nor is it likely that the childish vanity of his act detracted from the musical performance. Rather was it integral part of the performance—he being "Blind Tom." The audience felt cheated of part of the admission-price when Tom failed to applaud himself. But for an ordinary human to do the same thing—whether his skill be with keyboard or kindness, nimble wit or shining service—discounts the quality of his achievement. Very different is the kingdom of the heavenlies; and to that celestial commonwealth belonged Sarah Mehl. To analysts of the motive out of which flashed her golden deed she had little to offer. In brief, she had saved her playmate from drowning at the hazard of her own life. Yet, evidently, she had not thought anything of it at the time; and was disinclined to think much of it later. "I just wanted her," was the only explanation she seemed able to give. "Just wanted *her*;"—not applause or sur-

prised looks or any of the price-marked rewards, for possession of which most of her older brothers and sisters will go through fire and water. She "just wanted" the other, alive.

Secret of a hundred tragedies and of all the most precious achievements of which the Recording Angel has tally! Paul Desjardins's famous aphorism, "Man desires immensely, but wills feebly," needs editing in the interest of the truth of things. Man does not desire immensely enough; else he would will more effectively. His desire lacks flame; it smolders and ends in smoke too often. 'Tis greater ardency he needs to move the wheels of life. With the fascination I have always confessed in the presence of a great engine I stood watching the driving cranks of a Sound steamer. It is half-pity when no provision is made to let the passenger see the engine without transgressing a rule of the vessel. One gets more out of his passage-money when he takes a long look at the huge rhythmic thing that makes his berth shiver beneath him. That is the "will" of the ship. But back of it are the hot furnaces fed incessantly to supply dynamics to the engine. I do not know which is the more futile—a boiler that turns no wheel or an engine backed and made efficient by no boiler. Desire is the boiler—the silent genii within. Not a wheel of life turns until steam is up. I am not afraid of the ardencies of life; not nearly so much as of a cold boiler. Granted good material and careful riveting and the stokers are angels of light. The hotter the fire the more expeditious the voyage. Over against the extravagances and riots of *hot* blood put the deadening apathies and killing frosts of *cold* blood. The crimes of the Hun were cold-blooded crimes; calculated, cunning, satanically cruel. We could forgive him more readily, even commute his sentence, if he had *rushed* to his orgies of plunder and lust. He *walked* to them deliberately, gloating over them, the while some hot-blooded sinner would have fallen to beating his breast with shame. Saints and angels forefend us from the icy havoc of the cold-blooded ruffian. "No love is pure that is not passionate." It needs fire to purge its own dross, leaving the whole of it clean. "Woman," they say, "loves a stormy lover." Certainly God does, for the doing of his work on earth. There is a profound sense in which the kingdom of

heaven never can be taken except by force. Men and women must blaze with the ardor of their convictions or ever earth is remade. Name a single public reform or personal redemption but was born where the lightnings play and the heavens are on fire in the soul of a man. All the Greathearts are also Warmhearts—from Moses to Jesus, from Jesus to Roosevelt and Clemenceau—and the common soldier who went over the top with a shout, as to his bridal.

"I just wanted her," protested the lassie of my story. Her unrecking rescue of her playmate was the instinctive motion of that quick, inward demand. Tell how much you "want" the rescue of the submerged or the redemption of your friend; how hotly your heart cries for abatement of life's excuseless injustices and the advent of the day of righteous peace; tell, and I shall rate your potency as a man. I never had much patience with such manufactured words as "Nabisco," "Amechat," "Socony," and so on *ad nauseam*. Doubtless they serve their advertising purpose, and thus help coin money for their perpetrators. Still, I think there might well be a law against that particular form of murdering the mother tongue. But since such monstrous words are in common vogue I may be pardoned for pressing a couple of them into the service of my theme. "Uneeda" was, from its first use, so distinct a success as to render imitation certain. A rival concern hatched the still more outrageous word, "Iwanta;" which the courts promptly disallowed as an infringement of copyright laws. As between the two words, however, the dynamics are with the forbidden one. You may "needa" particular kind of cracker, or you may not. None but yourself can positively affirm whether you do or not. Few folks enjoy being told what they *need*—whether bake-shop products or tonic or to quit smoking. The information is too personal in its way. But the other word is personal in a gripping sense. When I confess that I *want* this or that I fling open the doors of my soul. I tell where I live when I am most at home. I display the springs that move the mechanism of life. And if the longing is deep and persistent enough the wheels will start. Doubtless earth could get on with fewer prophets crying in the wilderness, "You need, you need." That is the prophet's specialty—to declare the other man's need or to interpret and

enforce it. Some of us might forget what we egregiously lack were we not persistently, even truculently, reminded by stern-eyed prophets of our need. Not mine to disparage that urgent business. Jesus was prophet. But he was almost infinitely more. He kindled souls till they transmuted into passionate confessions of desire the prophet's declaration of their need. He left them, fevered with a new and exalting unrest, crying, "I want, I want."

The "ethics of desire," to use Brierly's fine phrase, is not in the crucifying but in the intensifying and refining of desire. Even so severe a moralist as the writer of the letter to the Corinthians makes use of a startling word. "Covet," he wrote to his disappointing disciples, "covet earnestly." The very fever that was consuming them, and, in its particular manifestation, making a mock of the last Commandment, needed only to be set raging for choicer possessions than money and transient emoluments. "Covet earnestly the best gifts." Little of the world's best work can be done in a more temperate spirit. The stern face of duty must be lighted with the flash of personal eagerness when the toiler fronts his task. I recognize the high solemnity of those inexorable convictions which hold men to industry in shop, office or studio. Yet I reckon that the best work the merely convinced man does is far inferior to the product of the toiler whose heart burns to achieve his task. Asked the secret of his amazing productivity Edison once said, "I never look at the clock." Whereas, most of his employees do, I suppose; also the vast majority of employers. The hands on the unbribable dial tell how long he *must work*. They hold him to bench or desk. He is there because he must. Otherwise he might probably be at the ball-game or the movies, or pleasing himself in any one of a hundred more or less innocent fashions. He rarely reports before the whistle blows in the morning, or tarries after its strident voice dies away at evening. He is methodical, doubtless; conscientious, painstaking even. Not ardent. He has yet to catch the thrill of Sarah's simple, mastering motive: "I just wanted her."

I am not at all sure that I can detect the disparity in artistic quality between a sculpture carved for a livelihood and a sculpture wrought for self-expression. But I am sure that God can. And

even an art-buying public seems to recognize, though it never might be able to explain, the difference. When I stood for the first time under the shadow of the cathedral at Milan I had a sense of embarrassment. That famous fane appeared so much more ornate than it needed to be. A very much plainer structure, with fewer groined arches and less statues and gargoyles, would have satisfied a New England spirit trained in and to meeting-houses. I think I felt as certain prudent churchmen did when a woman broke a whole box of spikenard over a pair of tired feet. Quite reprehensible extravagance. But the great temple before me represented somebody's passion of worship. Its almost innumerable details were quick crystallizations of the fluid of adoring spirits. And when a man does that sort of work, whether his name be Apelles or Angelo, Luther or Livingstone, Ericsson or Edison, of course he does not look at the clock. He has forgotten that such interrupters exist. He is burning with a fire not unlike God's in creation. He is intoxicated with the happiness which Stevenson said he had experienced, the happiness of doing good work. This, indeed, is the "joy of the working," and the product of such passionate industry is a different and an exalted thing.

Here, also, is the genius of all personal improvement. One must be more than merely persuaded that he ought to be wiser or more moral than he is. He must claim as his privilege the huge capabilities of his ungrown soul. I have never been quite sure what sort of spirit Carlyle confessed to in his familiar defiance: "I will live a white life, I will live a white life, if I go to hell for it." To my taste there is somewhat acrid about it, as if a clean life were a mutilated or apologetic affair. To submit thus as one given up to the dentist's instruments; to choose sobriety and strength and wisdom because he is afraid not to choose them, may be good enough in its way. But, at best, it is unmusical martyrdom. One of my schoolmates had to be driven to his books by parents or preceptors. He went—and remained the allotted time. Moreover, he had a deadly fear of flunking at examination-time, and of the consequence. So he kept the faith, with all teeth set and many an inward protest—and

was accounted a fairly good pupil. But in the next seat was a lad who took to books as the rest of us took to tennis or the swimming hole. I do not think it ever was necessary to ask him if he was prepared for tomorrow's classes. Not for him to *accept* an education as one of life's inevitables; he *"just wanted"* it. And I think he would have gotten it from a Bible and a couple of other books, studying by the flaring light of a cabin fire, as Abraham Lincoln did in the wood clearing of Kentucky. By all means an education, of course; by insistent dinning, by duress, by all means to evoke the latent powers of the pupil. But the gate beautiful to the temple of learning swings wide to none but the passionate student.

Thus goodness may be a passion or a performance. Let me not seem to decry any sort of personal rectitude, though it be as stiff and mechanical as the motions of an automaton. Pharisaism is better and safer than Philistinism. Prudery is far more commendable than pruriency. Few folks, I think, are in love with goodness as a personal achievement. They esteem it not as wing but fetter—very necessary, but still a fetter. They practice continence and kindness and honor not because they experience any noticeable felicity in the performance, rather as the ordinary music-pupil puts in his daily stint at the keyboard. He gets it done, doubtless; unsmiling, unthralled by voices such as those which Beethoven said called to him from the air around. He gets it done. And whereas he never will attain to the seats of the mighty—those seats being reserved for ardent lovers of any beautiful craft—nevertheless he may be able to play a few chords of moral harmony; even to execute, if not to feel, a rhapsody of eminent virtues. Which is assuredly more worthful than not to be able to read the strange signs on the score. By all means every legitimate curb to the outlawries of the flesh. All I am affirming is that the morality of the average citizen is as far below the morality of a Phillips Brooks or a Frances Willard, a Fenelon or a Saint Francis, Paul or Jesus, as the foothills of the Rockies are inferior to the summits capped with the eternal snows. On my mantel is a photograph. It is an exceedingly good likeness, correct and all that. The man of the camera was really an artist.

Yet the face on the paper never smiles; or smiles too much and too impartially. It never talks to me in living tones. It cannot accompany me down into the black valleys where hope fades and the heart goes desolate. It is inept to dance and sing with my joy. It is merely a picture; greatly preferable to no face at all, yet only a thing of platinum paper and cardboard. Goodness is often so. It is *like* the real thing; but it is *not* the real thing, pulsing, passionate, puissant. Between the two is a great gulf fixed.

Once again I turn my lassie's kaleidoscopic phrase, and the result is equally beautiful. All the world's most compelling service finds its motive in the cry of the heart. Poverty, ignorance, suffering need to hear the heart-beat of their ministers. "I cannot bear to leave the world with so much sin and misery in it," said the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, dying. Of course he was convinced that the world around needed help. Doubtless he glimpsed the eminent splendor of living for others. Possibly he liked the sweet reaction in his own life of relieving wants, uttered or inarticulate, of the broken and hurt. His threnody, however, is richer than that. Helpfulness, for him, was a plunge like Sarah's for her drowning mate; because he "just wanted," for his own, the rescued; for his own, some part in the redemption of earth from its pain. No less a propaganda is bottomed with adequate strength or touched with hope radiant. Unless the settlement-worker, the philanthropist, the missioner, is fired with that crimson-dyed passion he may fall weary in well doing any futile day. "Without shedding of blood there is no remission," cries a voice from the almost forgotten ages. No bloodless, easy way; no dilettante enrichments of others. The words "bleed" and "bless" spring from the same etymological root. If the red flag of Bolshevism symbolized the price its votaries were willing to *pay* instead of the price they intend to *collect,* there were little but praise to bestow. Earth's real saviours rarely can stop this side of a Golgotha. Their path leads through a Gethsemane to a cross. And nothing smaller than a passionate service is equal to the demand.

From the lips of the greatest, gentlest son of woman broke this cry, as His gaze rested on the city of racial pride: "O,

Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings!" There speaks the voice of Redemption. It was not merely the woes and blights of his countrymen called to him. His own soul cried to them. His lament is the confession of personal misery at contemplation of theirs. He would balk at nothing that promised to give him back his own song of content. His life was a leap for the drowning; his benefaction an unrecking hazard of self for the sake of his imperiled friends; his death a passionate protest against the loss of a fellow-man. He "just wanted" them—sick and poor, benighted and bedeviled, all of them; "just *wanted*" them, that the cup of his joy might be full.

MIRACLE AND THE MODERN MAN

In 1909 Dr. George A. Gordon, minister of the Old South Church, Boston, published a book, Religion and Miracle, which made a sensation. It was the first time, I think, in which an orthodox Congregational minister in America had repudiated miracle, and so it was received with joy by all rationalists and by grief by all who held to supernatural Christianity. There were two fine things about this book. The first was the dedication: "I dedicate this book to the inspiring memory of my father, George Gordon, of Insch, Scotland, born and bred to the vocation of farmer: a brilliant mind, one of the bravest of men, to whom the order of summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, was a token of the Infinite Good-will, and who toiled in the fields of time in the sense of the Eternal." The other was the fine vindication of spiritual personal religion, obedient and loving trust in a personal God, as over against materialistic philosophy. But when you come to look into this book more clearly as to its special thesis two or three things force themselves upon you. (1) It starts out with a false and long-since-obsolete definition of miracle, a definition which pervades the entire book and vitiates it. Miracle is the "suspension or violation of natural law" (p. 72). Such a definition was held some fifty years ago, but I believe by no Christian theist to-day. Not only so, the author makes miracle as in effect equivalent to a "wonder, or portent," and compares it to the "vulgar appeal to sense, the tricks and feats of the wizard" (p. 89). This is a crude misrepresentation of the Christian conception of miracle. (2) Even so, the author holds miracle possible. "Dogmatic denial of miracle on the ground of natural law cannot be justified by logic. No man knows enough to be warranted in the statement that miracle has never occurred in the history of man and the cosmos. The dogmatic negative is excluded on this subject" (p. 29). (3) He greatly exaggerates the uniformity of nature. "So far as science goes it finds nature uniform in its behavior" (p. 30). Just the contrary. It is

uniform till a new force strikes it. The very fact of its responsiveness to intelligence, breaking up its uniformity into a thousand hitherto unknown forms, is the pledge of the advance of science. (4) The book is much better than its thesis, and ever and anon contradicts it. "The natural order cannot prohibit or in any way limit or mar the wisdom of Jesus; the vision of Jesus is unconditioned; his freedom is not in the keeping of any force other than in his own mind" (p. 88). If that is true, Jesus himself is miraculous. He is *the* miracle. His works then might follow as matter of course. "Nature at her best, miracle at its highest, is at an infinite depth below the elevation on which the soul of God and the soul of Jesus stand in a communion of ineffable." What confusion of ideas! The soul of Jesus is a miracle, the soul of God is a miracle, and their communion is a miracle, and the more ineffable it is the more miraculous (if one might so say) it is. In fact about one third or one half of Gordon's book might be written by one who strongly believes in miracle. Its thesis denies miracle, its religious affirmations constantly imply it.

In 1911 Dr. Gordon met a worthy second in an Anglican minister and theological teacher (as Fellow) in Oxford, the Rev. J. M. Thompson of Magdalen College: Miracles in the New Testament. This author tried to do for the New Testament by criticism what by discussion Gordon did for Christianity in general. He eviscerates the Testament of its miraculous contents by a criticism partly subjective, partly objective, and when objective so arbitrary that it not only leaves that Book not worth the paper that it is written on, but the same methods would destroy the value of every historical book in existence and the evidence of every historical event. But here again we find a delightful inconsistency preserving with one hand what it casts away with the other. (1) It grants the works of healing. This gives its whole case away, as I shall show later. (2) It allows that the "divinity of Christ is demonstrated by a historical fact—the Resurrection" (p. 14). There it is again: Christ is himself *the* miracle, his life is rounded by the most stupendous miracle. "The Gospel of the Early Christians is the Gospel of the Passion and Resurrection"; miracle once more. "Saint Paul entirely agreed

with the Acts as to the dependence of church life upon the various gifts of the Holy Spirit" (p. 15). What is the raising of a dead body to the descent of the Spirit upon living people? (3) Not only so, Thompson holds the "Incarnation of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ" (p. viii). Now, as a miracle, the incarnation overtops all other events as Mount Everest overtops the plains of Calcutta. Why swallow a camel and then strain out a gnat?

It goes without saying that the progress of natural science has made many minds unfavorable to miracle. But it has had the same effect toward all supernatural religion and even toward theism. And logically. Once deny miracle, once affirm that everything is under the control of a fixed, unalterable law of so-called nature, then materialism is possible, fatalism, agnosticism, positivism are possible, but no form of Christianity and no religion at all are possible. Religion is the response of a free spirit to a free personal Creator and Lover. That response means the overflowing tides of divine life, which are not held within the boundaries of nature. A free God means a free man, and a free man means a rupture of boundaries, a rising from one order to another, and every such ascent is a miracle. If, then, one holds to religion at all, and of course to any kind or degree of supernatural religion, and especially to the faintest type of Christianity, he must hold to miracle.

What, then, is a miracle? A miracle is any deed in an order which is impossible to the forces ordinarily working in that order. Crystallization is not a miracle in quartz, but it is a miracle in sandstone. Vegetable life is a miracle in minerals, but not in its own order, except in the sense in which all life is miracle. Animal life is a miracle to the vegetable, but not to itself, and soul life is a miracle to both. There are no forces in the lower realm which can produce the higher, therefore these are to that lower order miracle. In that higher order the miracle may be mediate or immediate, direct or indirect, using natural forces or supernatural, physical or intellectual or spiritual, so long as the result is divine; in the sense that it is beyond the power of the lower grade of agencies it is a miracle to that grade. When we get to soul, it is a question whether genius is not another

name for miracle. The last ten thousand years have produced only one Hamlet. There is not one chance in millions that the next ten thousand years will produce another. In other words, the special literary and intellectual powers behind Hamlet were such as God had never embodied and will never embody in a soul. That is, to ordinary mortals Shakespeare was a miracle. Take the religious realm. The Fourth Gospel is the loftiest religious writing that has ever been penned. It not only surpasses every other religious composition, especially outside of the New Testament, but it surpasses them so greatly that every other seems tame and commonplace beside it. If this has been true for (roughly) two thousand years, what chance is there that any combination of powers will ever unite in producing another book like it? In other words, in religion the Fourth Gospel is a miracle. Of course neither solitariness nor multiplicity in itself makes a miracle. There are millions of cases of crystallization, but every-one of them is a miracle to an adjoining realm.

The soul has its own complement of miracle. The capacity to see visions, clairvoyant power such as Swedenborg had when, five hundred miles away, he saw Heidelberg burn, the power of seeing absent friends and dying or dead friends, presentiment of future events, all these and other psychical powers are miracles to less keenly endowed natures. There are no forces capable of producing them. Then there are people whose religious responsiveness is so acute, whose temperament is so *en rapport* with eternal things, whose faith is so childlike in its unconquerable trust, that the very heavens seem to bend toward them, the invisible world discloses its secrets, and the Higher Powers actually commune with them in interchange of thought and feeling. The Christian Church has had many such, and I would not deny that even pagan religions have produced rare spirits who enjoyed something akin to this. I remember reading in college Xenophon's Memorabilia of Socrates, where he says that it was a common subject of talk that Socrates used to say that the divinity instructed him, and compare the remarkable passage near the end of Plato's Apology of Socrates. Now all these experiences are miracles to the ordinary run of Christians. They have to do

with a range of powers as far beyond this ordinary run as a tree is beyond the moss, the lion beyond the snail.

Then, again, in this same realm of soul another series of miracles is constantly taking place; namely, conversion from sin to holiness. Now, notice, I do not say that in this and in other instances I have mentioned no so-called natural forces are used. What I say is that there is and must be something added to those forces, and that that extra power is a miracle to the lower. Those lower powers have proved themselves competent in some cases to lead men to give up bad habits, to swear off this or that indulgence, to start in decent ways of living; but they have never been competent to change the man inside so that every evil thing he hates and every God-like thing he loves. And they have, especially, never been competent to do this for the lost man or woman, the bum, the outcast. Every real conversion, therefore, is a miracle; the inrushing of divine life that cleanses the fountains of being; something incompetent to natural law. They are not only miracles, but—if one miracle could be greater than another—they are stupendous miracles. The giving sight to blind Bartimeus, as to difficulty, is child's play to giving light and life to Jerry McAuley. Perhaps even greater than these are those conversions where strict moralists are flooded with the glory of God. When a cold, self-righteous, moral man who has led, say, for fifty years a perfect moral and even church-going life gives that life to the Saviour, and finds a change which in spiritual values and profound experiences of divine grace is like going out of a dungeon into God's sunlight—that is even more miraculous than the conversion of Samuel H. Hadley.

In the Bible the word miracle is generally used of those extraordinary acts of God or his servants which fell in with his work as Redeemer, Saviour, etc. (1) They are comparatively few in number, and even then occur only in turning points or eras of importance. (2) They are not of curiosity or magic, but generally are the outcome of philanthropic or religious need. They are also associated with the message or the preaching, and thus have ethical and spiritual significance. (3) Disassociated from a suitable spiritual atmosphere and response, Christ not

only would not do them but could not. That is, he would not imperil the spiritual miracle of repentant souls for the external miracle of healed bodies. (4) Response and need being taken for granted, Christ did not minimize these works in the tone of the lofty critic of to-day, but repeatedly appealed to them for his credentials, or made them the starting point of profound spiritual teaching—teaching which in these cases would hang in the air without historical connection or basis if the miracle be denied. Sometimes they seem to be his almost involuntary response to the fearful needs of the time, sufferings that lay waste his heart. (5) So far from denying that he wrought them, like the Oxford Episcopal minister, his bitterest enemies affirmed that he wrought them, though by help that came from below. (6) Nor can we say with our Episcopal brother and many others that Christ did some works of healing, but that these were not miracles. It is a familiar topic of modern psychology that mind has tremendous power over matter, and under circumstances can suddenly cure. But there was nothing of the physiological psychologist about Christ, much less of the fakir who calls on secret psychical forces to help him exploit his dupes. Nor was there anything dramatic about Christ's cures, where those forces might be suddenly released to reinforce old nerves. Besides, the cures themselves were of so radical a kind that they are beyond the power of these secondary agencies. You cannot suddenly give sight to a blind man by sleight of hand, and if you try your psychical recipes on Oriental lepers you will prefer to do it from a safe distance. Nor did the people discriminate in their demands, bringing only a few nervous girls or hysteric women, but they threw down the sickest and deadliest diseased before the Master, who, on his part, did not wait the "psychologic moment," but without preparation waded into that awful sea of misery. I wish those who are so generous as to leave Christ just a little power as a masterly exploiter of credulous weak-brained neurotics would read the article of R. J. Ryle, M.D., in The Hibbert Journal, v., 572-586 (July, 1907). If there were any differences at all in the strain Christ's miracles cost him, if we can imagine one deed more difficult than another, it could not have been the control of inanimate nature,

but the wrestling with the souls and bodies of men in those terrible diseases of the East the very sight of which chills to the marrow the sympathetic onlooker. Besides all this, even if we acknowledge that a very few of Christ's miracles might be accounted for by his manipulation of hidden psychical powers, and thus save a remnant from the wreck, the number still remaining is so large that the new theory does not save the veracity of the Gospels. It does not only not save the veracity of the Gospels, but it leaves a pile of Munchausen stories around that Sacred Personality; his whole record shot through and through by lies of men who wrote his life within the memory of thousands of people who knew him, people who would have immediately cried out, "We knew Christ, and he never did any of these works!"

We must remember also that the apologetic value of these external miracles was vastly greater in the earlier centuries than to-day. The intellectual atmosphere has changed so much that the hasty critic cries out, "Away with your miracles! It is only internal evidence that we want. It is only spiritual truth." Well, if that is all you want, we have enough of it, God knows! But not so quick, high-flown critic! Although Christ was as chary of miracles as he could be, refused them on demand of supercilious observers, yet as a matter of fact they were historically essential to his work. If he had never performed them neither he nor his religion would have been heard of. The thing which the modern "liberal" preacher looks down upon with disdain is the very platform on which he stands, without which both himself and his church would never have existed. All through the Acts and Epistles the appeal to the mighty deeds of Christ, especially, of course, to his resurrection, is the undertone. After the resurrection and ascension all the other deeds of Christ fell in their proper place of themselves and they, and they alone, saved Christianity. If Christ had been only a sayer of the word and not also a doer, if he had said fine things but had done no mighty things, he would have been forgotten in a year—or, if not entirely forgotten, would have been mentioned in the Talmud as the Nazarene rabbi Jeshua who taught so and so and was crucified as a blasphemer, etc. Of course the poets compliment "Lord

Christ's heart and Plato's brain," and we say nice things about his gentleness, goodness, and wonderful teaching, but it was not these things which made him conquer the Roman. Mark plunges at once into his deeds—the Man who was greater than his words. In his very first chapter he tells of six distinct miracles, besides summing up others in the words, "He healed many sick with divers diseases, and cast out many demons." Luke wanted to show people one who did something as well as taught something (Acts 1. 1), and Peter appealed to those who knew Christ to remember him not simply by his words but by the mighty deeds and wonders and signs "which God did by him in the midst of you" (Acts 2. 22). We don't want the scaffolding of a house always nor do we care if the foundation does not show, as long as there is a foundation. But the scaffolding was essential once, and the unseen foundations are essential now. Just so with the miracles of Christ and the apostles. At a certain stage of civilization the external signs are essential. You say that making an iron swim or any other striking deed would not predispose you to receive the message of the one who did it. Very likely. But you must not judge the needs of semi-barbarians two or three thousand years ago by your own to-day. Henry M. Stanley went through Africa on the strength of a series of startling works which were miraculous to the natives. We cannot consider so thoughtful a man as Nicodemus lacking in discrimination, and yet he made the confession that the mighty works of Jesus had convinced him of his divine mission. The parent and teacher who refuses to appeal to the sense of wonder would be accused of folly by every psychologist and expert in pedagogy. Says Wordsworth,

> "We live by Admiration, Hope and Love;
> And even as these are well and wisely fixed
> In dignity of being we ascend."

"Admiration is a highly philosophical affection," says Sir William Hamilton; "indeed there is no other principle of philosophy but this." To that miracle appeals. McCosh, "He who would create admiration for goodness must exhibit a good being performing a good action"; the very rationale of the miracles of

Jesus. Carlyle was fearful that our Dirt Philosophy would destroy the sense of wonder and, with that, soul vision. "Wonder is the basis of worship," he says. "The necessity and high worth of universal wonder." "The man who cannot wonder, who does not habitually wonder (worship), were he president of innumerable Royal Societies, and carried the whole *Mecanique Céleste* and Hegel's Philosophy, and the epitome of all laboratories and observatories with their results, in his single head—is but a Pair of Spectacles behind which is no Eye." Thus Browning, in "A Death in the Desert":

> "I say that miracle was duly wrought
> When, save for it, no faith was possible.
> Whether a change were wrought i' the shows o' the world,
> Whether the change came from our minds, which see
> Of the shows o' the world so much as and no more
> Than God wills for his purpose—(what do I
> See now, suppose you, there where you see rock
> Round us?)—I know not; such was the effect,
> So faith grew, making void more miracles
> Because too much; they would compel, not help."

When the need no longer exists the form changes, the substance endures. Our ministers who are to-day waving aside the early Christian miracles may or may not be good "liberals," but they are certainly lacking in intellectual humility and historical insight.

But, you say, what about foreign mission fields? Do they not have the same needs as the men of Christ's time? Yes, and no. Many of these fields know about Christian civilization and stand on a far higher plane in knowledge than the lands of the first century. Then, in lands less favored, our missionaries enter with minds predisposed to the spiritual miracle but not to the external; they have faith for one, not for the other. But, after all, the miracles happen, thousands every year. Where Christ healed one the medical missionary heals a hundred, and by processes which to the ordinary heathen seem as miraculous as Christ's. "Greater works than these shall ye do; because I go to my Father." Not only so, actual instances of demon possession occur as real and virulent as those in Christ's day, and these demons are cast out as in the Early Church.

Still the great crux is natural law. Nature is inexorable. As McKane said about injunctions at Gravesend, so she says: Miracles don't go here. There is a chain of law which holds everything in its place, and you can disturb nothing. The slightest variation by a miracle would tumble the cosmos into chaos. I was much interested in reading the late Professor Bowne's answer to this objection. You know he was a "liberal" theologian, and I was anxious to find out whether he still held the possibility of miracle. He so shifts the emphasis that the objection from natural law vanishes into thin air:

> Nature is no longer a rival of God (he says), but simply the form under which the divine will proceeds in its cosmic out-go. With this result we have almost all that religion really aims at in its insistence upon miracle. Religion seeks after God. It longs to find the Father and to know that he is near. But, proceeding on naturalistic and deistic assumptions, we build up a phantom of nature which petrifies man's higher life, and then we look anxiously for breaks in the natural order and pin our faith on miracles, mainly physical, as the sole indication of God's presence, if not of God's existence. But with the conception of a supernatural natural we can breathe freely even in the face of the natural order, and are much less concerned about miracle in the sense of a departure from natural law. The distinction between the natural and the supernatural in that case would not lie in the causality, but in the phenomenal relations. The causality would be equally supernatural in both. The natural and the miraculous would be equally products of the Divine will, but in the case of miracle there would be a departure from the familiar order so as to indicate to believers a divine presence and meaning. Miracles in themselves would be no more divinely wrought than any other routine event. The only place or function we could find for them would be as signs of a divine power and purpose which men immersed in sense could not find in the ordinary course of the natural.

Bowne says that nature may be looked upon as a space world and time world, but also as a power world. In the two former there is uniformity, but only as long as the latter does not impinge. Whenever it does there is change. Nature is not a closed nexus. It is open all the time to intellect, and the "continuity of natural law" is a fiction. Even Tyndall had to acknowledge this. He admitted that man can work through the system and produce multitudinous effects without breaking any general laws, and, if man can, then God might do the same. Bushnell is right in thinking that so far as natural law is concerned all human action is

miraculous. Freedom breaks in on the lower order, and that is really a miracle. It is either that or universal determinism, and that overturns reason itself. As having a supernatural root, all things are miracles. All alike root in the everliving, everworking will of God. They are miracles also in the sense that they cannot be deduced from antecedent conditions, but continually proceed from the activity of the divine. Considered as a speculative proposition, the difficulty is less to establish the possibility of miracle than to prove the necessary uniformity and universality of law. God as the absolute source of all infinite being is bound by nothing but his own wisdom and goodness. What they dictate, that he does. If they call for uniformity there is uniformity. If they call for change, there is change. God never acts against nature, because for him there is no nature to act against. There are no "interventions," "interruptions," because "nature as a barrier with which God must reckon is a fiction." Thus Bowne. You see how his idealistic philosophy gives short shrift to the natural law argument against miracle, the law on which nearly all objections are now based.

I then turned with interest to see how this objection struck an eminent German scholar of the "liberal positive" school, Professor Seeberg, of the systematic theology chair of the University of Berlin. He says that natural laws are only formulæ for the regularity of the working of the powers of nature. If we bring God in, then we can say that these laws are established by God and become an expression of his will (Psa. 148. 5, 6). Man now comes in, not to change the laws but to use them for new structures, for which, without him, nature is incompetent. So also in regard to God. His teleological use of nature is on the same principle. There is no doing away of natural law, simply a use of it for higher ends, just exactly as man uses that law for his new creations. A miracle is only a special combination of natural powers for the bringing forth of a new effect. Wine or bread is not made from nothing, but is the result of combination of chemical substances. Chemists have even prophesied the time when starch flour will not be made from plants, but immediately by chemical processes (just as Christ made wine). In fact one

can think with Leibnitz that in the last analysis miracle was placed from eternity in the plan of the universe, and according to that plan was provided for in the course of nature. Of course this is an hypothesis, but it cuts short objections from the course of nature. It is in the highest degree noteworthy that a philosopher so expert in nature as Lotze roundly acknowledged the possibility of miracle (*Mikrokosmus* II, 3 Aufl. 53f). There is nothing irrational in miracle; it is only the free act of God in nature, analogous to all creative acts of man in the same territory.

Sir Oliver Lodge has an idea similar to Leibnitz's. We must not think of ourselves as outside the cosmos, trying to modify it by petitions, but that we ourselves are an "intimate part of the whole scheme, that our wishes and desires are a part of the controlling and guiding will." The cosmos is so arranged that it takes our desires and prayers as part of its system, so that communion with a higher power is as natural as communion with friends. Lodge seems to reach by a general loose discussion the same conclusion as reached by Bowne by a close philosophical discussion. "Miracles," says Sir Oliver, "lie all around us: only they are not miraculous. Special providences envelop us: only they are not special. Prayer is a means of communication as natural and simple as speech." I understand him to mean that the cosmos was made from the start as involving prayer, providence, miracle. Miracle is not less miracle, it simply has its divine place in the order of the universe.

It is something as Kipling says of one of his characters:

> "He believed that all things were one big miracle, and when a man knows that much he knows something to go upon. He knew for a certainty that there was nothing great and nothing little in this world; and day and night he strove to think out his way into the heart of things, back to the place whence his soul had come."

It is as Paul says: "In him we live and move and have our being." God is all and in all. This is the true pantheism, which, while it takes up miracle, flings over all events and all things the glory of God and makes "every bush aflame with God." You remember Frederick W. Robertson's point about the striking event being necessary for the lower intelligence, whereas the higher mind sees

the lightning in the dew: "There is a fearful glory in the lightning because he sees it. But there is no startling glory and nothing fearful in the drop of dew, because he does not know what the thinker knows—that the flash is there in all its terrors. So, in the same way, to the half-believer a miracle is the one solitary evidence of God. Without it he could have no certainty of God's existence." So with us, the miracle and the ordinary event are parts of one universe held in the hollow of God's hand.

Taking a large view of history I must feel that miracle is analogous to God's general method, and so is not to be too summarily dismissed by a wave of the hand of "modern science" and the college professor. Take Abraham, Moses, David, Elijah, Isaiah; all came forth like a root out of dry ground, unheralded, unprepared for, whose personality and message are not of the earth, earthy: every man a miracle. You cannot get Socrates from his predecessors, and Plato still stands in lonely preeminence among thinkers. God sometimes foreshortens the historic process and turns water into wine without such long brooding. Von Ranke says that the "essential thing in Christianity was not prepared for by any previous imperfect stages; on the contrary, Christianity is an abrupt divine fact; as indeed all great productions of genius bear upon them the marks of immediate inspiration." (*Weltgesch.* ix, H. 2, p. 11.) We cannot get Luther and his work out of the Catholicism of 1517—he sprang full-armed out of the brain, or, rather, the heart of Germany. The more scholars study him the more they are puzzled, and the more penetrating and sympathetic their insight the more of a miracle he appears, though no man was ever franker. Calvin is simple to understand, and yet can we get him out of the sixteenth century? Nay, verily. John Bunyan: who made him? Most miracles are the small dust of the balance beside his marvelous personality and his more marvelous literary and spiritual genius. It is the analogy of history, Christ's way to crown our dull faith with wonders; the pensive boy fisherman to write his deepest life, the poacher and theater hanger-on to write of the quality of his mercy, which is not strained, the blind scribe to write Paradise Lost, and the poor persecuted tinker—hounded by the Episcopalians—

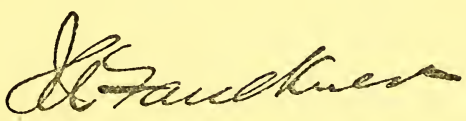
to create Greatheart from behind the bars. Who would have guessed Methodism from either Anglicanism or Nonconformity in the eighteenth century? It cannot be accounted for by its historical antecedents—in that degree a miracle. And so the Salvation Army with its thousands of converts, rescued from earth's hells in all parts of the world, sitting clothed and in their right minds—it sprang into the arena like a giant full grown at the very start, with no forces to explain it when once you eliminate God. That is the method of history. Is it God's rebuke to our materialistic sciolism, which binds everything with our little cords of natural law and with the password "Evolution" bows him out of his creation? (Historical review omitted for lack of space.)

Before I close, a word as to two of the New Testament miracles recently most under discussion: birth and resurrection of Jesus. Our Unitarian and Trinitarian fathers believed in both, literally. Within recent years a prejudice against the supernatural has shelved both, in the sense held in the church from the beginning till now. In my judgment this only transfers the difficulty, not solves it (that is, if we still occupy any kind of Christian ground). Here is the problem: Study Christ and we find him separated in his God-consciousness and inner and outer life, not only in degree but in kind, from every human being. How do we account for that? The New Testament accounts for it by his dwelling in the life of God before he came to the world; that is, by the incarnation; that is, by his miraculous birth. Modern objectors account for it simply by the divine spirit dwelling in him who was of ordinary earthly origin. The objection to this is: (1) It is inconsistent with the consciousness of Jesus. (2) It is incompetent for the result we see in the Gospel and in history. (3) Or, if you assume that the spirit of the Father dwelt in him in such fullness that it was competent for the result, then you have another miracle more difficult to explain, less rational, than the old one. Besides, if the Father lived in Jesus thus, why has he never lived in any one else thus? (4) It is inconsistent with the universal belief of the first Christians, except a small section of the Ebionites. For that reason the new theory of the natural origin of Jesus does not help us. In fact,

if you interpret the theory in consistency with the facts in the Gospels you have to assume a series of miracles, just as a gasoline engine secures progress by an indefinite series of explosions.

The same in regard to the resurrection. The modern liberal who still wants to be a Christian eliminates the literal or bodily resurrection for the sake of the spiritual. That spiritual resurrection was a tremendous fact, so engrossing and all-compelling that the disciples and early Christians were absolutely sure that their Lord was alive, and in that faith, brought home to them in visions, they went forth to spread Christianity. Here again it is only the form of the miracle that is changed, and that change increasing the miracle and at the same time making it both less rational and less believable. (1) The disciples were all Pharisees. They all believed in a future life, they all held that their Lord was living in glory the moment he passed away. They needed no visions for that, and ten thousand visions would not have changed their attitude one iota. (2) The New Testament never associates visions of ghosts with any moral or spiritual movement. An angel has a function, but ghost-revelations play no part in starting a mighty current like Christianity. They neither actually played a part, nor philosophically could they have played a part. The movement would have fizzled out as the sick dreams of enthusiasts. (3) The ghost theory does not explain the empty tomb, nor the impression of all who saw Jesus that they saw him, not as a ghost or vision, but as a body, essentially the same Jesus that was crucified. (4) The references to the resurrection of Jesus in the Acts and Epistles presupposes an actual bodily resurrection and not simply a ghost resurrection.

I hope I have shown that the modern man, if he stands on Christian ground, has not only no need to deny his belief in miracles, but a good right, even from his own point of view of reason and history, to affirm it.



BALZAC'S BRUTAL FACTS IN THE LIGHT OF THE NEW FRANCE

The France of which we used to read in the solid stories of Balzac seems a bit altered as we read of it anew in war dispatches from Paris. These journalistic tidings seem as new cloth in an old garment, new wine in antiquated wine-skins of Balzac. The Balzacian people who used to assemble in ballrooms, seat themselves about tables in boulevard cafés or live small lives in petty provinces could hardly feel at home in the France of years just past; they must have been of a different species from the men who twice drove the Germans back at the Marne. These men who have died so authentically, these women who have so serenely donned their black could hardly have stepped forth from the pages of a Balzac novel, although some stray David Séchard might have taken his stand in the trench, some casual Eugénie Grandet might have found her place as nurse in a war hospital. It was from such a writer as Balzac that we took our France—its manners, its levity, its cavalierlike attitude toward such an institution as the Decalogue; it will be from some other writer, perhaps Maurice Barrès, or from one who shall write of his France as the author of The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse wrote of a land for which he had romance-sympathy that we shall take the France of the future. Balzac gave to the world the France which Germany wished to fight—flippant, decadent, womanish—but it was Germany's fate to find the new France, and it is just such a Phœnix that we must consider if we are to come to an understanding with the beautiful land which inspired the quill of the vigorous novelist.

Everybody knows about Balzac, but his works are more like things than tomes; they repose on book-shelves but do not make their bed in the brain of a reader. Without the five-and-twenty volumes of the classic writer no private library is complete; with no encyclopedia Balzacia no book bargains at department stores are attractive. Balzac is esteemed as a possession. His records

of human life have about the same value as our congressional records, which take up shelf-room but do not fill out waste places in the brain. As a comprehensive writer Balzac is to be prized because such encyclopedic works are no longer being written; to produce such a set of novels modern literature would require a committee, a literary trust. Aristotle, Shakespeare, Balzac—these three set about arranging life for the human mind in the general they specialized, and from them has come a synthesis of thought and feeling which cannot be resumed by any writer in the future. Of the triumvir Balzac was the least worthy but is the most valuable for practical purposes in the present; his alloys will wear better than their purer metal. As for the scientific facts of nature and man, as these are being piled up by an analytical science, they will hardly be synthesized again in art, so that each worshiper will have to follow his own god. The last synthesis was that of Balzac; for which reason his works must be preserved—and kept in memory also.

What is Balzac? This natural question is not easily answered even by those who follow Balzac as people nowadays follow the opera or the movies; at the same time there is no Balzac of the letter which can be had apart from the Balzac of the spirit. His line of works resembles the wall of a garden; behind them is a garden indeed, one with rare plants, with noxious weeds, with stately trees; in a certain sense it is a zoological garden. The casual reader can locate the house of Grandet or Goriot, can follow the footprints of Eugénie Grandet or Lucien de Rubempré, can see the scarlet shadows of Esther Gobseck or Valerie Marneffe; but the worldly writer's major meaning is not to be driven into a little corner. In the Parisian whirl of action the center of the vortex is not easily determined; among the two thousand and more characters coming and going and returning there is no definite sense of humanity. At the same time Balzac had a plan, and that plan can be understood even when one does not always corroborate with his eyes what the writer put down with his pen. The scenes are a sextette—private, provincial, Parisian; political, military, suburban. These shift about as upon the foci of a dual principle—that of Religion and

Royalty; these in turn succumb to a single point of faith: Christianity; "the only possible religion," as Balzac himself styles it. From this point of view Balzac is not modern, not French; his Human Comedy agrees with Dante's Divine Comedy in that both postulate evangelical religion as the only conceivable excursion in the Unknown. Balzac is sensual, and heedless in his disdain of metaphysical and moral responsibility, but he is so believing and Christian that he has no room for French atheism and anarchy, the indefinite state of mind wherein one has *ni dieu, ni maître*. Balzac's atheist attends mass, his anarchist, Vautrin, comes to an understanding with the police. All this is to say that the clever novelist who wished to make an enduring success of his works knows that human life works best when one has "settled notions about Church and State." This solidity of Balzac is far from a dogmatism, since he sought repose in the instincts of the human heart, not in the formulas of theological faith. Because of this thick-necked view of heaven and earth Balzac will always be prized by those who, for all their liberalism, wish to reduce their whims, their errors, to a minimum; but this is not to say that he is likely to prove as popular as Mr. H. G. Wells, who seems to have the power to inflame the students of our unCalvinized seminaries.

The ambition to analyze Balzac, to have a card-catalogue of his topics and a directory of his characters, is often thwarted; Balzacia is a whole town, a faubourg in itself, hence one must have a multiple memory if he is to get in and keep in touch with the folks of the story. In the case of Ibsen the desire to visualize the whole play is not difficult, since the Norwegian had a fiord-like mind—with narrow depth and mountain height. It is as easy to remember Ibsen as it is to forget Balzac; for the latter is versatile, volatile, while his France has more color, more *élan vital* than several Norways. Balzac wrote about France as a dog might attempt the tale of the town in which he lived; that is, with an intimate acquaintance everywhere but no corresponding ability to detach himself from and define his incessant impressions. In his frittering view of mankind Balzac has the hotel clerk's memory for names and faces, not the psychologist's

power to unearth and analyze mental states; it's a knowledge of hats rather than heads. In this wise spirit the author of the mundane Comedy takes you about Paris in the same way that a cicerone might guide you: he shows everything, reveals nothing, and never ceases to talk. In a certain sense this art of being in, but not of, the world has in it the germ of objectivity, without which genius is but talent. In a better way, Balzac's *sang froid* is a sort of *impassibilité*. Only as he had cold blood could he relate the horrors peculiar to an inferno comparable to the Dantesque vision; best of all, Balzac rejoices in disinterestedness, whence he becomes artist, not mere man of letters. The objectivity revealed in the Balzacian story seems to have been native to the epic genius of the man as such, not an acquired *objectivität* such as one beholds in the one-time lyrical Goethe. It had been impossible for Balzac to have written about the Sorrows of Werther, or the genius-anguish of Torquato Tasso, simply because Balzac had never felt the sufferings which some god, so he says, gave to Goethe. The result is that we readers lose something from the Balzacian lack of lyricism. In relating a railroad accident one may dilate upon spreading rails, telescoped cars, dismembered bodies, piles of charred dead, or he may tell us how the scene affected him as observer. In the same manner, a non-censored report of a battle might indulge in a debauch of anatomical details anent the butchery, or it might just as vividly convey its meaning by an account of appropriate shudders on the part of the raconteur. The method followed in the Human Comedy is always the objective one, the method of the unconcerned reporter; that which is vividly absent is the private reaction of the immortal story-teller. What he saw, and he saw all, never went behind his eye-lids, what he felt confined its tremors to his veins; his brain and his art were undisturbed, so that his story has in it no perturbations for the reader. He must supply his own emotions.

Balzac is dry, not in the sense that his stories are always uninteresting, but because he was unaffected by what he witnessed and bore witness to. We should expect him, as man, to exhibit such humanistic functions as those of laughter and tears, but the

lachrymose effects of even a crocodile and the risibilities of the hyena are lacking. He informs us that he was fond of his Eugénie Grandet, that he had no personal preference for his vicious ones, while he must have admired his Abbé Birroteau and been amused by his Illustrious Gaudissart. Yet none of these tales persuaded him to abandon his military demeanor or to write with any but a firm hand. "French society," said he, "should be the real author; I should be only the secretary." Besides this lack of sympathism Balzac omitted the autobiographical touch which helps in the tales of Dante, Goethe, Ibsen, whose personalities were seldom obtrusive. Balzac will have none of this participation, even when he knows that there is an æsthetic objectivity which can moisten the work which a man of genius takes up as his task. In the case of Dostoievsky, more terrible, more personal than anything of Balzac, there is no suggestion of the cold or callous; vast as were the Russian landscapes of his story they were forced to converge in his own mind; the Steppes were states of his anguished soul. With psychological fidelity, Beyle-Stendhal strove to relate what took place in his own soul; with similar sincerity, Honoré de Balzac seeks to show what took place in Paris, into which he conducts us with the unconcern of an usher, through whose sewers he leads us as coolly as though he were a civil engineer. In its thick-necked quality Balzac's art knew neither fear nor pity. The æsthetic objectivity of the French author was doubtless due to his acquired notion of mankind, for he abandoned *l'homme* of Descartes and Corneille, of Pascal and Racine, that he might adopt a nineteenth-century notion of the species—a zoological idea taken from Geoffroi Saint-Hilaire and Buffon. "If Buffon," said he, "could produce a magnificent work by attempting to represent in a book the whole realm of zoology, was there not room for a work of the same kind on society?" Without waiting to discover whether Buffon had explained animality Balzac assumed that he had even solved the human problem, answered the question of the Sphinx; if he had been the biologist that Goethe was he might have found it expedient to keep away from the zoological in his attempt to observe how man behaves upon the planet. Can the mental and

moral meanderings of human beings receive just explanation in such *facta bruta* as Balzac supposes himself to find in the animal order? For all the noble things that Darwin has to say about monkeys it is doubtful whether such themes as the death of Florine, the philosopher's quest of the Absolute, Cousin Pons's love for bric-à-brac, or the erotomania of M. Hulot are explicable upon the Buffonesque basis. Indeed, one might assert that of his two obsessions—Buffonesque animalism and Swedenborgian spiritualism—it was the latter which was usually the mentor of the writer's mind. Animals are never as exceptional as Balzac's characters; even when they are given up to eating they have none of Pons's mania for banquets. As for Balzac, he did move about in an animal habitat, but he was spiritual enough to keep his literary skirts out of the dust.

In another sense, Balzac was even more physical than his zoological ideals can ever indicate; this appears in his repeated attempts to show how man relates himself to things as a dog attaches his affections to a bone. Man related to woman is an easy task for the novel-maker, man to another of his own gender is less likely, but man in his rapport with things is the least promising. In Balzac's case the order of interest is reversed; he is at his worst in the usual novel of emotion, somewhat better in accounts of action, most successful in a kind of ingrained attachment of men for things of this world. Is not the bric-à-brac in Cousin Pons as interesting as the old man himself? Is not the reader of Abbé Birroteau attracted less by the charming priest than by the furniture for which he indulged a kind of "concupiscence"? In Lost Illusions, when one forgets the gilded Lucien and considers the noble David Séchard, does not one remember best the author's graphic accounts of printing and paper-making? Cæsar Birroteau had engaging traits, but can they compare with his recipes for making hazelnut hair-oil, by means of which proprietary article the ambitious Philistine recovered both his fortune and social position? Of the three subjects of which the author will write—women, men, and things—the feminist stories are fair, those about men are good, but the pragmatic romance of inanimate objects is the thing splendid in the

Human Comedy. On the Balzacian stage the characters do some of the acting, but the leading parts are always taken by things, whence the story passes over from the romantic to the necromantic.

But, in paying tribute to Balzac as a physical writer who was as enthusiastic as an auctioneer selling his goods, one must not overlook the singular psychology of the Gallic master. This treatment of the human mind shows best in the various manias which Balzac allows to enliven the pages of his story; at the same time the non-maniacal factor in so many of the works militates against the writer's prime contention that he was writing under the auspices of zoology. David Séchard's character is drawn like an ox's, but the bovine element has none of the thrill that Balzac desires; hence he resorts to the possessed personality. This excessively mental phase of his work Balzac may have acquired from his furtive glances at Swedenborgianism; at any rate, before the nineteenth century had begun to produce the psychic story Balzac makes overtures to the exceptional, the subliminal. One knows that Dostoievsky was at his very best, as his character was equally at his worst, when the factor of epilepsy intrudes into a story nowhere conspicuous for normality. One feels, further, that Ibsen can arrange his scenes to best advantage when some person of the drama stands under the spotlight of ego-mania. Balzac makes good use of the inverted brain, but his best effects are produced when he emphasizes some instinct and then lets the character run wild under its excessive influence. Thus the pure spiritualism in such a story as Ursule Mirouët or the hypnotism in the little sketch Farewell is not the real monomania Balzacia. There is, of course, no Œdipus-complex or Electra-complex, but there are Balzacian complications which Freud may use at any time.

A few examples from the Balzac clinic will show how certain leading characters overstep their appropriate limits: The miser (Old Goriot) who on his death-bed shows his thrift by clutching at the golden figure on the crucifix which the priest dangles before him; the courtesan (Valerie Marneffe) who dies boasting that she will carry her coquetry quite into heaven; the gilded youth (Lucien de Rubempré) who pays the bills for extreme unction

and priestly prayers for the dead Florine by writing comic songs while he sits by the very coffin of his beloved; the connoisseur (Cousin Pons) whose death vision is full of wisdom and bric-à-brac; the grisette (Esther Gobseck) who commits suicide with the expectation that the death she invites will reveal angels which shall resemble her lover; the devoted wife (Marguerite Claës) whose last question concerns the nitrogen which her chemical husband used in his laboratory; the girl (Pauline) who both stabs and hangs herself lest her lover's likely wish for her beauty may destroy the last token of the talismanic Wild Ass's Skin—these are examples of Balzacian behaviorism which straight psychology will find it difficult to analyze, but in the Balzacian brain just such ideas arose.

In spite, or by virtue, of the fact that man's ideas can gain the ascendancy over him and produce a mania Balzac surveys the spectacle of mankind from the standpoint of intellect. If Balzacian intellectualism is not Socratic in the Greek's notion that man is to be guided by his definition of things, if it is not Gallic in the sense that man's mind indulges in a dilettant play of ideas within the brain, it is the noble prejudice that man is controlled by his head in the way that a horse, for all his strength of leg and flank, is guided by the bit. To proceed emotionally as does Balzac in such a novel as The Woman of Thirty was to place the Balzacian bull in the china shop; it was not for him with his clotted imagination to take up a work which another—say, Gautier—could have done with greater flow of feeling. Then, for all the praise of volition which in Louis Lambert Balzac metes out, the fact remains that he attempts no such will-novel as one finds in Beyle-Stendhal's Red and Black and Chartreuse of Parma. The people of Balzac's Comedy have ideas, commonplace ones, like those of money and food, ecstatic, hectic ones, like Balthazar Claës's lust for knowledge or old Grandet's mania for money, or old Goriot's excessive zeal for his progeny, a zeal which ate up his house. Since the author proceeds mentally he expects his characters to follow his intellectual skirts; for them he has neither laughter nor tears. Balzac has a few moods, as the sun has seasons; moods of Baudelarian "spleen and ideal"

he leaves to others. In his own soul it is ever snowing in coolness and silence; the manifold marvelously formed flakes enchant his mind as no flora of emotionalism could have done. In this sense he was a worldly Spinoza.

The attempt to call Balzac a "moralist" is as dubious as the counterthrust which would make him an "immoralist"; in truth he is neither, since he assumes no moralic responsibility whatsoever. He has the gendarme's notion of good and bad minus the gendarme's social responsibility; better still, he is the detective who peers into windows and human lives with the aim of finding out what might interest the police; he is a Fabius without a policy. Balzac expresses no desire to change the habits of mankind, still less does he dream of altering the moral standard so that good might appear evil, straight crooked, sweet bitter. His ethics is epic, is wrought of the asbestos fibers of creation and works by a kind of "causal connection," as Herbert Spencer called it—and then turned his intuition into the dreary places of sociology. Balzac's good people, whose name is not quite legion, take to virtue as a bird to air or a duck to water; they keep on behaving as though they were destined to keep up the perseverance of the saints. His bad ones, whom in reality he does not favor, usually find their way to the mire, or go to their "own place." Only in the case of Vautrin is there any suggestion of a superman, of a superior malefactor whose immoralic character can be woven into the red strand running through the literary cordage of æsthetic morality all the way from Milton to Nietzsche. But this Vautrin has not the moral courage to render nil the law which he persists in breaking; if he escapes from prison he does not get beyond the ideal precincts of Law. The hope of changing either men or laws was foreign to the irresponsible Balzac, who could have no sympathy for the French ideal of human *perfectibilité* felt generally in French literature, expressed definitively by Condorcet. All that interests this writer of writers is that things are as they are, will be as they will be, and that there are some good men in Paris; as many as Lot saw in Sodom. As to the sensuality which associates itself with Balzac's name as matrimonial heresy was pinned to Ibsen's literary coat-tail, let it be

admitted that Balzac had no desire to censor the films of his own mind. Fortunately for the reader who desires to be nourished by the Balzacian story the author drew off from the literary carcass most of the offal which he placed in Les Contes Drolatiques as a packinghouse saves every scrap of that which comes in on the hoof. Such self-expurgation might aid some of our more elemental writers to-day.

If Balzac's story is tainted by the theme of money it is duly colored by the yellow of French thrift. Yet we Americans have no reason to be horrified at tales of French finance. We have learned to dread money and diplomacy, wild steeds which run side by side with the Apocalyptical horses which rushed over the Rhine. Now that we have a League of Nations it might be well to suggest a League of Banks, so that both murder and fraud might be reduced to a minimum. Balzac knew, as Aristotle had said, that "all men love money and self"; at the same time he felt that money was getting beyond itself and assuming the form of a world-power. Balzac was no Bolshevik, but he was willing to admit that the money he loved was a bad thing; just as the drunkard can easily show and assure you that alcohol is no distinct asset in life. But in his fiscal stories Balzac does not really moralize about mammon as did Wagner in the economic drama of the Nibelungen Ring, with its socialistic solos and communistic choruses; Balzac simply lets you feel that Dives is no safe guide for the old men of the day.

Primarily and finally, the Balzac who wrote about men, women, and things, virtue, vice, and money, was an artist. The Graces moved about among his zoological characters and escorted them to appropriate places, so that Balzac was something distinct from a country photographer at a county fair. With no odor of æstheticism about his style, Balzac wrote after the manner of beauty, was interested in beautiful things whether in nature or the art gallery. This is not to assert that he was Athenian or Florentine or Parisian in his style; the truth of the matter is that he was distinctly Dutch, with a trace of Flemish semifineness. His thick prose abounds in tropes which are superior to anything to be found in French verse; indeed, it is often in unæsthetic

prose that the figure-of-speech ripens better than upon thin vines of poetry. Then Balzac uses with art effects what we should call the epigram had not men from La Rochefoucauld to Oscar Wilde made the epigram a bit too smart. His "nature" was never the delicate landscape of Chateaubriand or the Barbizon school; it is too mature, too heavy; but it has an attractiveness for the robust-minded. Upon his art's beauty hangeth the fate of Balzac. No longer may he speak for the France of manners; through the old France he must speak for all mankind, as Cervantes, no longer Spanish, utters something human. The war has purged Balzac's work; if he is genuine, as we believe he is indeed, he will take his place in literature. The second century of his art may be a trying one for him, but we believe him equal to the time test.

Charles Thomas Shaw.

LEGATEES AND LEGATORS OF LAUGHTER

It has been well and truly said that next to true piety, which is a sense of God, the best thing for anyone is a sense of humor.

A sense of humor affords relief to the mind in the stress and worry of life, is an aid to health and longevity, saves its happy possessor from many ridiculous actions and rescues him from many embarrassing situations, assists greatly in the understanding of human nature and consequently makes for Christian charity, and often in the most charming manner gives expression to the greatest unselfishness of life. For adequate and eloquent witness to the truth of the last assertion nothing more is required than the memorials of Robert Louis Stevenson and the story of the life of Bob Burdette.

When a certain preacher, of excellent standing, on the Sunday morning immediately following his return from his honeymoon called upon his congregation to unite with him in singing "I would not live always," it was not because his new experience had converted him into a misogynist, but because he had been denied a sense of humor; and when another preacher, a friend of a vicar of Carisbrooke, in the Isle of Wight, responding to his friend's need and call to supply his pulpit the Sunday after his friend had broken one of his legs, took for his text "He keepeth all his bones: not one of them is broken," it was not because he necessarily was a Christian Scientist but because he was denied a sense of humor. "I regret to say, my friends, that I have left my sermon notes at home this morning—so I shall have to trust in the Lord; but I promise you I'll do better this evening"—again an unfortunate preacher, and in this instance not an intended disparagement of the Lord's assistance, but again an absence of a sense of humor.

No megalomaniac ever was a humorist, except it be an unconscious one. I have spent some time in trying to analyze the German character. I define the German as a human being who can make himself believe anything that he wants to. Other men may try to do so, but he succeeds. Hence it is possible for him to really believe that Abraham of Old Testament history was not an indi-

vidual but a tribe, and also that Shakespeare was a German born by mistake in England. This ability is due in large part to an intellectual disability. Despite certain clumsy evidences seemingly to the contrary—and admitting Heine and Jean Paul and some others to be illustrious exceptions—the German generically is evidently deficient in a sense of humor and his grandiose ex-Kaiser is but a crowning example of that childish egotism which cannot sense a joke against itself. At the beginning of the war a perspicacious writer to the Wall Street Journal said: "Germany is not the prince among the peoples but the parvenue. . . . She has not acquired international manners or that true sense of proportion of which a sense of humor constitutes so large a part." This judgment has since been confirmed by many later writers who have been studying Germany and the German mind. Among these is a writer whose analysis of the present state of German mentality has been characterized as "remarkable," and he says: "There is no common ground or thought on which to meet the German. His logic and affection are unique; they begin and end in self-sufficiency. His fundamental fault is his lack of perspective. . . . He is the supreme egotist with no saving sense of humor, no perspective." "No perspective"; "no sense of proportion, of which a sense of humor constitutes so large a part"—for a sense of humor is a sense of the incongruous, and therefore implies, although not always with the same acuteness or clarity, a sense of the congruous, or the general fitness of things. The inappreciation of humor, sometimes due to this mental deficiency, may also sometimes be due to errant religious training, and, again, to a reaction against what William Matthews calls "a superfœtation of fun."

Some persons have a mania for making everything appear ridiculous, and seem to be without any sense of the seriousness of things. These are the worst of monomaniacs, but do no more discredit to humor than religious monomania does to religion. A sense of humor needs to be balanced by a sense of the sublime—otherwise it may degenerate into mere comicality or sheer vulgarity and be capable of such atrocities in travesty as a vulgar parody of that most exquisite gem of spiritual and literary expres-

sion, "The Shepherd Psalm." Nevertheless it is a great deprivation not to be able to see the abundant humorousness of daily life, for in the great drama of humanity, while there is much of tragedy, there is an abundance of comedy and not a little of pure farce.

A somewhat belated theology, leaving nothing to unassisted human nature and finding it impossible to associate its deity with humor, gave the devil credit for most of the amusing things in life, including all the incongruous happenings in church or meeting-house. He it was who was responsible for babies crying during sermon time, and for honest rustics surfeited with pork and greens snoring on hot, stuffy Sunday afternoons; for the intrusion of wandering cows and the invasion of pestiferous flies, and for every other circumstance interfering with the dignity or serenity of the parson or the priest. No wonder a sense of humor was in disrepute with the elect! The reasonable use of humor has of course a due regard to time and place as well as kind and measure. An eccentric personality is, however, a law unto itself, and the history of the Christian pulpit is replete with the sayings and doings of brilliant and otherwise than brilliant eccentrics. It is on record that more than one preacher has made a punning use of the words, "They could not come nigh unto him for the press" (Mark 2. 4), as a text for a sermon against the sins of newspaperdom; and Rowland Hill's sermon on the vanities and frivolities of the society women of his day with the pretext of a text, "top (k) not come down"—excerpt from "let him that is upon the house-top not come down"—is a classic of its kind. This illustrious sinner (after this manner of sinning) never drew rein on this kind of drollery and had his self-justification for extemporaneous pulpit-humor; for, speaking to a body of students, he thus explained himself: "The gospel is an excellent milch cow which always gives plenty of milk of the best quality. I never write my sermons, I always trust in the gospel. I first pull at justification, then give a plug at adoption and afterward a bit at sanctification, and so on, until I have in one way or another filled my pail with gospel milk. And if you will only do the same, young men, depend upon it you will make far better ministers than you will ever do by writing your sermons and preaching from memory."

Humor is to be differentiated from wit. Wit is of the intellect entirely, humor is more generally of the personality. Wit emphasizes the congruous, humor the incongruous. The counters of wit are words—the ground of humor may be entirely in the situation. Wit may be acid, and even acrid humor, even though sub-acid, is characteristically kind. The Rt. Hon. G. W. E. Russell, in his recently published volume of reminiscences entitled Prime Ministers and Others, writes more than a little of Bishop Samuel Wilberforce, familiarly known in certain circles as "Soapy Sam." Queen Victoria once asked him, "My Lord Bishop, why do people call you 'Soapy Sam'?" Quick as thought he answered, "Why, Ma'am, it is because, although I am often in hot water I always come out with clean hands." That was wit, unadulterated and untinctured. The well known reply of that great wit Sydney Smith, to the inquiry concerning the feasibility of a wooden pavement surrounding Saint Paul's—"If the dean and chapter will but put their heads together the thing can easily be done"—is not untinctured and is somewhat acid—and affords an illustration of the fact that in handling sharp-edged tools one may possibly cut one's self; for "they say" the smart reply cost him a bishopric. Maybe it is a good rule always to laugh *with* dignitaries (including bishops), but never, without great carefulness, at them. And yet the very careful person pays a high price for his carefulness; he loses much fun and real enjoyment and stands in danger of quite practically losing his soul—or what makeshift he may have in the place of it. Laughter does not always imply humor—for cruel men can laugh, and laugh even over their cruelties. The laugh of Mephistopheles in "Faust" is the most devilish thing in that master interpretation of the devil.

It has been averred that one of the factors entering into our enjoyment of the incongruous, in other words our "sense of humor," is in the consciousness of one's own superiority. This is probably so—and we all in turn become both legatees and legators of laughter. The observations of preachers anent matters of farming, for instance, have been just as funny to the farmer folk as the testimonies of farmer folk in meetin' have been to "the Elder." A few years ago I enjoyed a pastorate on the coast of Maine. Said

a charming member of the summer colony, "You seem to enjoy your work up here, Mr. Reed. But the natives! Did you ever see such freaks in all your life!" "O!" I said, "they are not freaks, they are only different." Within a few hours of this little encounter a "native" said, "You seem to have a very good time with the summer people, Mr. Reed, but did you ever see such a lot of freaks in all your life!" I said, "O, no! they are not freaks, they are only different"; both individuals were enjoying their ideas of the incongruous—their sense of humor, involving their feeling of superiority—and each was representative of the legatees and the legators of laughter.

Because incongruousness is so large a factor of the humorous, the tendency of refinement, education, and good taste, while fostering wit, is to diminish the possibilities of humor. As illiteracy gives way to education it will be less and less possible for a jury to bring in such a verdict as "We, the jury, empaneled, sworn, and charged to inquire into the insanguinity of Hezekiah Jones, do occur in the affirmative"; or for an amateur prescriptionist to recommend a cold cure of his own concocting on the ground that it contained "fourteen different grievances," or for another Partingtonian person, a farmer, to say that his "solo was chock-full of mucilage." But happily the ever enlarging crop of blunders incident to education will more than make up in education's deprivation. Of these the hilarious "howler" of the student is possibly the most diverting, particularly so when the perpetrator makes such a happy hit as defining a demagogue as "a vessel filled with beer or other liquids"; or stating that the only places in England where wild animals are now to be found are in the theological gardens, or affording the illuminating information that Solomon had "thirty thousand porcupines." Then there are such prolific sources of unconscious humor as the vagaries of the pedant, the lacunæ of the daily press, the "Spoonerisms" of the confused mind, obituary humor (now almost if not altogether outgrown), and all the funny aspects of our human frailties. And then there is the child, the most delightful of them all. His unfailing contribution to the humor of life lies due to his felicitous combination of naturalness, candor, simplicity, logicality, narrowness of knowl-

edge, and characteristic materialism. One good mother took her little boy to the art gallery to be duly impressed with a picture of the Christian martyrs. He was impressed. "Look, mamma," said he, "there is one poor lion that ain't got any Christian." During a recent "rainy spell" one of my very young friends observed that if it didn't stop raining God wouldn't be able to take a bath—his tank would be dry!

Of the varieties of unconscious humor incident to education one that is always novel by reason of its naïveté is what is known as Baboo English, and as a result of the war the examples known to readers out of India have received some rich additions. In the first number of a new (English) periodical called "Reveille," "devoted to the disabled soldier and sailor," Mr. E. V. Lucas has a short but diverting essay on "Bellona and the Gentlest Art." In this article he quotes an example of Baboo letter writing which I venture here to reproduce because it has features that make it a classic of its kind. The person by or for whom the letter is written is a student evidently in search of pleasure. On November 9, 1917, he addresses a firm of job masters in Calcutta as follows:

"Dear Sir:

"It is to approach you for a kind consideration. I am a student. I want a carriage either a tandaum or phaeton for evening drive now and then but not every day. It is to know from you whether you allow your carriages to be engaged for part of a day say from 5 to 9 or 10 in the evening and if the answer be in the affirmative at what rate you do so. If you have no such rule will you be kind enough to consider the case of a young man who wants a carriage for joy-riding. It rests solely with you and be good and kind enough to grant him what he wants. As regards charges in the first instance let me tell you and which you perhaps know thoroughly well that the student is generally poor but merry, the best for him is to have it free of any charge.

"Sincerely yours, ———."

Did ever anybody hit up a better characterization of the student than "generally poor but merry"? How perfectly unbeatable!

The literature of humor is of so vast a field that in such an article as this the merest reference to it is all that is permissible, but it may be noted that the truest appreciation and fullest enjoyment of wit and humor must necessarily be with those who, possessing a natural sense of humor, also enjoy the advantages of a

liberal literary education. Nationality as well as individual temperament gives type to humor as well as character to its appreciation. To say that the Irishman is witty, the Scotchman humorous, and that the English are both is probably attempting a too arbitrary differentiation and doing violence to an established estimation, and yet, despite the typical Englishman of the American jokesmith and the stupid actualities of English life, both "classy" and "massy," the great war has greatly helped to a proper recognition of both the wit and humor of the English.

There is a difference between characteristic American and characteristic British humor. British humor is more tinged with domesticity and the American is more unrestrained. An American writer of acknowledged ability has made this quite accurate distinction: "the American," as a writer, "puts his humor in the foreground and his human nature in the background, and the Englishman his humor in the background and his human nature in the foreground." Holman Day and Barry Bain admirably illustrate the contrast and differentiation. And yet our greatest humorist is undoubtedly our most American! Every characteristic of American humor is by him given expression—and he particularly seemed to enjoy his abundant opportunity for miosis, or the seeming trivializing if the actually important, as a corrective to all kinds of make-believe and "high-falutin'." He was one of the greatest anti-megalomaniacs that this world ever knew—Aristophanes not excepted—and he is Providence's kind off-setting for that other American production, Mrs. Eddy and her alleged system of Christian Science. Some of her followers, evidently to save the system, have had to trim the lady's writings, and thus her reputation; otherwise why do they not reprint the first edition of their "text book" with all its scientific (?) information?—including the following piece of unconscious humor: "The less mind there is manifest the better. When the unthinking lobster loses its claw it grows again. If the science of life were understood it would be found that matter has no sensation. Then the human limb would be replaced as readily as a lobster's claw. Not with an artificial limb, but with the genuine." And if a limb, why not a head?

In the great war, every nation engaged in the struggle has found encouragement in the brave humor of its fighting men. The sacredness of humor appears in these lines which appeared in the Toronto World, written by H. J. McLean, and called "A Masque."

These three before the Judgment Seat:
A Priest, a Soldier, and a Clown.

THE SOLDIER

I fought Thy fight,
My sword's red reek
  Was as rare incense at Thy shrine.
Of vandals that defiled Thy name
  Few were left standing in the line.

THE PRIEST

I spoke Thy word,
And men, enthralled,
  Fell penitent at Thy dear feet;
I won the sinner from his sin,
  I sought the tares and made them wheat.

THE CLOWN

I could not preach,
I could not fight—
  My work was small through all my years.
Thy children lay in agony;
  I made them smile amidst their tears.

THE VOICE

All three have served
And service done.
  The well of peace shall slake the thirst.
The Kingdom lies behind the Throne:
  Enter—but let the Clown be first.

Humor is the rainbow that arches the tears of humanity. Humor is the bird of God whose song bespeaks the everlasting springtime of the soul.

Henry A. Reed.

A LAYMAN'S DIAGNOSIS OF CERTAIN CHURCH ACHES

I. Temperament

Not all the men in the church are lady-like, but a generous proportion of the meek and mild men are to be found among its membership. Some of us churchmen are members by force of habit, perhaps because we had not enough initiative to drop out in our teens, when most of the other boys were doing so. We sadly need more burglars and cut-throats in the church to-day; we have all too few rough-necks and gamblers and all-around sports among us. It is not altogether a matter of choice on our part, however, that these outcasts of society are not sharing our pews with us, for these fellows of the underworld despise us all as effeminates and would decline to associate with us if we should decide to make overtures to them. To be perfectly frank about the matter, few of us churchmen have any sporting blood in us, the criterion by which these fellows judge a man's worth.

But consider what heroes of the Cross most of these toughs and sports would make, if, as Dr. Johnson would have said, they be caught young enough. In "A Death in the Desert," while others watched beside the deathbed of John the Aged, the wild "Bactrian convert, having his desire, made pretence to graze a goat at the cave's mouth, so that if thief or soldier passed, yielding the goat up *promptly with his life*" the dying saint might be left undisturbed. These rough men hold ease and life itself so much less dear than we. Strange, but that is just the attribute we most admire in our own heroes and martyrs.

The church needs the red-blooded men who would rather fight than eat, quite as much as they need the church. What a shame that we are not able to join forces. "The Boys" coming home from over there must find "something doing" in our churches if we hope to minister to the men who have met God face to face in the trenches and perhaps have wrestled with him there until the break of day. It is a very real religion that these men have been experiencing. They are likely to make short shrift

of the abstractions, the symbolism, the narrow sectarianism in our church life. The "Scourge of God" brought an infusion of red blood into the effete church of the fifth century; perhaps his last successor on the Hunnish throne may unintentionally succeed in doing the same for the church of the twentieth century.

If the world war should result in opening the eyes of the church to certain outstanding facts which have long been demanding attention, perhaps it will have repaid a part of the terrible price. The psychologists have been pointing out to us that four varieties of temperament are to be found among men. For the sake of brevity these may better be illustrated than defined. Four of the apostles well represent these types: Peter was impulsive and impressionable, but lacked depth and stability. He lived in the present; the psychologists would say that he had a "sanguine" temperament. John the loving was moved by feeling, like Peter, but it was of a deeper and more lasting kind. He was introspective and valued the future more than either the present or the past. The scientists would classify him as of a "melancholic" temperament. Paul was a man of action. While action was not lacking in either Peter or John, it was not the carefully planned, the sustained, practical, triumphant action of Paul. Like Peter, he valued the present, but he did not neglect the past nor the future, making each of these contribute to his present purpose. "Choleric," the man of science, insists on calling him, just why, the man in the street is unable to discover. Thomas, universally named "the Doubter," represents the fourth type, the slow and deliberate man, not moved by impulse nor feeling, not even by practical considerations of efficiency unless he thoroughly understands the "why" of it all. "Show me" was his demand in the first century, as it is in the twentieth. He lived in the past; the Golden Age was behind him. He was always guided by precedent. We would call him to-day of a "phlegmatic" temperament.

Glancing back over these four types of temperament, it is not difficult to determine which of them have predominated in, let us say, the Methodist Church. The Peters and Johns have had things much their own way, and have had scant sympathy

for those who were unable or unwilling to shout and sing "Hallelujah!" in an exuberance of religious feeling. But it so happens that Paul and Thomas claim for their temperaments a large majority of men as a sex, while a corresponding majority of women have the Peter or John temperament. The preponderance of women in the active life of the church is thus clearly explained. Our services, our hymns, our sermons, practically all our activities were written or planned by men of like temperaments to their own. Why shouldn't women enjoy the church?

But what of the Pauls who are still engaged with the mask and the dark lantern, or are shooting up the town, or leading our strikers, or cornering our markets, or running our great corporations? Can the church get along all right without them? Try to think of the Book of the Acts with the original Paul continuing to breathe out threatening and slaughter against the disciples all the balance of his life. Yes, we need all the Pauls we can lay our hands on, but most of all we need to get them into the church while they are young, not later than their early teens. This is the time when the heartbreaking losses in the Sunday school appear. The later teens are the years when crimes of violence are at their maximum. Paul came into the church while still a young man, but not before the church had lost a Stephen by his assistance.

And what about Thomas and his following? If we had had them in the church, and busy, Germany would never have been able to defy the world for four long years, and all but win the world empire which her Pauls had planned. For Thomas invented the 42-centimeter guns with which Germany blasted her way through Belgium. Thomas devised the food substitutes with which she kept her people alive; he concocted her poison gases and liquid fire, and worst of all, he enunciated her poison doctrines of materialism which prepared the way for all the later frightfulness.

Now that we have seen some of the results of the *laisser faire* policy of the church, would it not be wise to question ourselves more closely as to the reasons why we have failed so utterly in dealing with these outsider temperaments? Officially we do not

accept the doctrine of predestination, but virtually our actions seem to be a tacit acknowledgment that we believe God made a large number of "misfits" when he created all those red-blooded men with the "choleric" temperament, or so many of those heretics with the "phlegmatic" temperament.

In the middle of the last century God showed a few men of the Paul temperament the necessity of ministering to the whole man—body, mind and social instincts as well as to the spiritual side of his nature. But the church had only a spiritual mission, said Peter and John, so the Y. M. C. A. was founded to take care of the many sides of men in which the church was not concerned. Slowly through the years a splendid material equipment was built up, and a corps of trained workers was provided by this "extra-church" organization. To be sure, these pioneers and their later followers were all Christian men and church members, men who reverenced the church and its spiritual mission. In 1917, when the world war came to America, the church in this country had suddenly to meet a new and unexpected test, that of ministering to large numbers of men torn from their home surroundings and massed in training and concentration camps, as well as "over there." The work was so new and strange, so different from that to which its leaders had been accustomed, that the church hesitated. But God did not! He had the Y. M. C. A. all ready for the emergency. These men stepped into the breach like the veterans they were. The "huts" were crowded at once. The boys had tried them and decided that the huts would meet all their requirements. Peter and John back home decided that there was a demand for denominational chaplains to minister to the spiritual natures of the men, and some of the ablest and most eloquent preachers from the great city churches were delegated to the work. But the "boys" would have none of this. The fine points of excellence of our Methodist doctrines and forms of government were entirely lost on them. The huts were still overflowing while the eloquent chaplains were preaching to empty chairs. Surely this lesson must not be lost in making future plans for the church. The *whole* gospel, the gospel of the kingdom which Jesus preached, the gospel which ministers to

man's whole nature, has the power of attracting all men, of all temperaments. "And the common people heard him gladly."

The Y. M. C. A. is not a church, but if his chosen means, the church, falters in doing its part in Christ's plan, who knows but that he may find it necessary to raise up other means by which to speed his coming Kingdom? When the chosen nation failed him in its greatest opportunity, he chose a few sons of Israel through whom to try again, and founded his church to carry on his work. After all, the Kingdom, not the church, is Christ's supreme concern.

Have we not here a reasonable explanation as to why so many men reject the proffered gospel, especially men of the two temperaments we have been considering? Is it because they have so few interests to which the church can appeal, or because their interests are so many and so varied that they are not satisfied with our one-sided vision? In the lurid light of this world catastrophe our task looms up in vaster proportions. We must *find* a way to give men the whole gospel, to save the whole man. There is even more to it: we must save the whole social order for Christ and for his Kingdom. It was for this he came and labored and died. It was this gospel of the Kingdom that he preached in season and out of season. It was to realize this ideal that he commissioned his church.

The kingdoms of this world are at present in what the chemist would call "the nascent state." New groupings and new combinations are being made with a swiftness and power that are amazing. But this nascent state is always evanescent, and must be utilized and directed promptly, or it is gone forever. The church today is facing a vaster opportunity than it has ever met in its history. Will it, can it, rise to the occasion? The answer is primarily a matter of ideals. "What I aspired to be and was not, comforts me!"

II. Ideals

The complaint is sometimes heard that the historians of the past did not know how to write history; they told only of wars and left untouched the long years of peaceful development.

But our recent experiences seem to indicate that men may develop more in days under the stress of war than in years under a peaceful environment. Is there a "moral equivalent of war" in the development of men? Is there any way to turn self-centered men into patriots without including the brutality and crime of war? Are there any other means by which whole nations may be swept with enthusiasm into supreme sacrifices of ease, wealth, loved ones or life itself?

The introduction of gunpowder into warfare in the sixteenth century had a profound influence on the later history of the world. From that time on, however, no radical advance was made in explosives until the middle of the last century, when a Swedish chemist, Alfred Nobel, of peace prize fame, discovered a way to make safe the handling of that dangerous and unstable liquid, nitro-glycerin. He mixed it with an inert absorbent material like sawdust or earth, and the result was the highly useful commercial explosive known as dynamite, ten times as powerful as gunpowder. But not content with this, he conceived the idea of using guncotton, another unstable high explosive, as the absorbent material for nitro-glycerin, and he thus obtained the modern high power smokeless powder, twenty times as powerful as gunpowder, yet so stable that it can be fired seventy-five miles from a German super-cannon, without exploding until set off by its own fuse. This terrific explosive made playthings of the impregnable fortresses in which Belgium and France had put their trust until those fateful August days of 1914. Warfare had entered its second stage of frightfulness.

The ingredients of these new explosives are amazingly simple—raw cotton, glycerine, a little vaseline and nitric acid. All but the last of these are household necessities, but when carefully mixed in the proper proportions, according to the dictates of science, these harmless substances become transformed into terrific agents of destruction.

Half a century ago the King of Prussia discovered another superexplosive, beside which "Cordite" seems as sluggish as gunpowder. The new explosive was also made from the most harmless of ingredients—dreams. The king's dream was of a

world empire, but it was not the hazy, aimless dream of a man in his sleep, but a clear-cut mental picture that became more and more clearly defined as it developed into a practical plan of action. First the king surrounded himself with competent advisers. Bismarck supervised his diplomatic affairs, Von Moltke handled his military machine. The sequel is history now—the capture of Paris and the emperor's crown in 1871 were only the beginnings for the long patient years of preparation for 1914. A whole generation must be saturated with the emperor's dream before the curtain should be drawn again. The old Kaiser passed away before his dream could be half fulfilled, but his grandson proved an apt pupil and carried on the work in the same spirit. German diplomacy honeycombed the world with its spy system; a German prince or princess was on or close to every throne in Europe; subsidies kept the hand of Berlin on every bank and factory, every railroad and steamship line in the empire and in many strategic centers of the world. The German army became the standard of excellence for the nations. There were no "holidays" in the building of the German navy. Such a masterful preparation the world has never seen; no detail was too insignificant, no sacrifice too great, if they contributed their part toward "der Tag" when "Deutschland ueber Alles" should be no longer a dream, but a stern reality girdling the globe.

Then came the explosion, the rending, not of mere rocks and steel, but of kingdoms, principalities and powers. In the thick of the conflict Kitchener had to begin the creation of an army out of a nation of shopkeepers. America was "too proud" and also too prosperous to fight, or even to prepare. Every one of the dozen or so Allies had a different ideal for which it was fighting, Germany and her dupes had but one! The Allies, until the fateful spring of 1918, could not bring themselves even to fight under one command; the German General Staff was supreme from the beginning. It was no wonder, then, that the Kaiser began again the triumphal march toward Paris in the summer of 1914. And there was no human reason why he should not have reached there, turned back according to schedule, and demolished Russia before that sleeping giant could mobilize, swung

back again and wiped out the "contemptible little British army," swept across the seas and levied tribute on New York, Philadelphia and Boston, and been crowned Emperor of the World in Washington. There was no human reason why his plan failed, but there must have been a divine one! Once more the "divinity that shapes our ends" has tried to teach us the transcendent, explosive power of a definite, world-embracing ideal. Will that lesson ever be learned by the church?

During the first six centuries of our era, Christianity had spread slowly around the shores of the Mediterranean. Syria, especially, enjoyed a high degree of civilization. Antioch became the Rome of the East, the third city of the empire. The ruins of a large number of Christian church buildings of that period, and Christian inscriptions cut in the hard rocks of the Hauran are mute evidences to this day of the substantial character of the church in those centuries. But self-seeking and corruption were not unknown among its leaders, and the church itself was too busily engaged in arguing over creeds and splitting theological hairs to give any heed to its Master's decree to go into all the world and preach the gospel of the Kingdom. As a result, almost on the borders of Syria, the Semitic race, which had given to the world Abraham and Moses and Jesus of Nazareth, was developing another world religion which was destined to become Christianity's chief competitor in the centuries to come. Mohammed, in the stillness of the desert, also had a dream of world empire, and on his deathbed gave orders for the invasion of Syria. His followers swept across Syria and North Africa "like the desert simoon—swift, fierce, impetuous, irresistible, destructive!" In one century after Mohammed's death they had founded an empire extending from Spain to China, an empire of greater extent than Rome at its zenith. A thousand years passed away before any organized effort was made in the church to make amends for that fateful blunder. If instead of creeds and theological quibbles, a world-wide kingdom had been the dominant ideal of the church in those early centuries, what a different story there would have been to tell! Mohammed might have become a greater St. Paul!

But let us not be too severe in our criticism of our spiritual forefathers, until we of to-day have set our own house in order. Twenty-five years ago an American prophet, Josiah Strong, in his New Era, gave us a vision of the Kingdom which ought to have set the church on fire. But it did not. A majority of our church members have never heard of the book or its theme. With a few exceptions the pulpits have ignored its message. The very vocabulary is unfamiliar to the average churchman. The Laws of the Kingdom, as Josiah Strong stated them, are "Service, Sacrifice and Love." These three principles must be incorporated into our business, our politics, our whole social order, before it is safe to intrust even the most highly civilized nations with the enormous increase in power which has come with modern inventions and forms of organization. "Utopian!" we commented, and put Josiah Strong and his followers in the class with all the other cranks and visionaries. But open your eyes, churchmen of the twentieth century, what do you see all about you? Selective universal *service* of the manhood of America in military affairs! *Sacrifice* everywhere—in our food, our fuel, our business, our wealth, our sons, our lives—for the safety of our country and the assistance of our new Allies. Why was all this done? For the *love* of country, "that the world may be made safe for democracy." How ludicrous that would have sounded five years ago! But now we have seen prosaic, business-mad men of America swept off their feet by an ideal.

A short time before the armistice was signed, the United States War Industries Board sent out a circular addressed "To All Producers, Manufacturers, Dealers and Consumers of Steel: The Nation's present business—your present business—is War!" In the face of this amazing transformation in the spirit of America, must the church continue to confess its inability to move and attract the masses of men? Have we who are called by the name of Christ no ideal to offer that is big enough and definite enough to sweep men off their feet in an enthusiasm of "service, sacrifice and love" as we have seen common men do in war time? O Man of Galilee, strong Son of God, grant us a body of men in the church who dare to say with authority: "To all Preachers,

Teachers, Officials and Laymen: The Church's present business —your present business—is THE KINGDOM!" Then the work will be well begun.

III. Preparedness

Now that we may speak of the World War in the past tense it gives one a distinct shock to pick up a volume such as Hudson Maxim's Defenseless America and to recall by what a hair's-breadth America, and in fact the whole world, escaped the fate of Belgium. We read there the elaborate reasoning by which many intelligent and patriotic Americans, leaders of our thought life, convinced themselves and others that preparedness for a defensive war was a crime. Preparedness was not only a useless squandering of our resources, they pointed out, but the very consciousness that we were prepared for war would surely breed aggressiveness in us. The only way to insure world peace, they argued, would be for some great nation like America to lead the way, to strip itself at once of all armament! How much of this anti-preparedness crusade was due to ignorance, how much to sentimentality, how much to mental inertia, and how much to actual German propaganda, it is difficult at this time to determine. But looking backward at the stupendous events which followed our awakening, one shudders at the thought of what might have been had that dream of peace continued for another year.

The designs of Germany were altogether too big for us to believe the evidence of our senses. When the truth finally dawned upon us, we were actually at war! Then we began with feverish haste to prepare. West Point and Annapolis were totally inadequate to the task of turning out officers for the new army and navy. Training camps of all descriptions sprang up like mushrooms. But it was found that armies could not be created over night by a stroke of the pen. It was discovered that even if the men could be mobilized, means must be had to arm and equip them, to feed and transport them, before they could be of any real service to the nation. We think now only of the glorious record of our boys after they arrived at the front

line trenches. We forget, perhaps, that it was only that thin French line at Verdun that held the Germans back until we could build our enormous steel plants in which to make castings and forgings out of which to construct guns for our waiting artillery corps. We forget that it was with French and English guns that our American artillery laid down their barrages. American aces made their marvelous exploits in French and English planes. Do we recall that for four long weary years the British North Sea fleet held the German navy bottled up in Kiel while we built enormous shipyards in which to fabricate ships in which to carry our men and material across the seas to the battlefields? And do we recall that it was almost entirely in British ships that our men and supplies were finally transported? Suppose England and France had given up the seemingly hopeless struggle, as Russia did, before we were ready. Is it any wonder that when England heard that we had declared war, her laconic answer was, "For God's sake hurry up!"

There are pacifists in the church who contend that the only weapons we need in our fight against Satan are a song service and a prayer meeting. "Rescue the Perishing," "Throw Out the Life-Line" are very popular notions of the functions of the church, with no questions asked as to what caused the perishing ones to be in such peril, or how the ship came to be wrecked. Not to pray for help and guidance, not to sing when the help and guidance comes, would be nothing less than pagan. To neglect our share of the work in the partnership with God, is certainly something less than Christian.

The reassertion of the rights of the individual, which formed the keynote of the Protestant Reformation, has ever since been the dominating principle of the theology of Protestantism. Salvation of the individual has come to be conceived as almost the sole function of the church. And Satan asks for no more effective co-operation than that Christians should devote all their attention to repair work, to the business of reclaiming hardened adult sinners, after he has branded them as his property. He pats the spiritual pacifists on the back as he chuckles with satisfaction while they unconsciously spread his propaganda. He

knows he will win in the long run if he can keep them busy at that sort of work. He thinks of them precisely as the Kaiser thought of his dupes in America.

The American Red Cross did a truly remarkable work in this war. Its organization was well nigh perfect, not only on the battlefields but at the base of supply. Every church had its chapter, every woman's club became a recruiting station, every town and every hamlet had its part in the great work. Its drives for funds were as well managed as were the Liberty Loans. And not only on the battlefields were its ministries felt: in every desolate land, in every afflicted corner of the world, the Red Cross appeared as an angel of mercy. Never in any previous war had medical and surgical science performed such miracles of healing as were everywhere to be seen. During our Civil War a gunshot wound was the equivalent of a death sentence. On the seas our hospital ships were veritable modern floating hospitals. But how many surgeons, how many Red Cross nurses, would have been required to hold the line at Verdun? How many hospital ships would it have taken to bottle up the German fleet at Kiel? Yet the church has been trying to win a world war with corps of spiritual surgeons and nurses. Instead of battle cruisers and destroyers, it has provided only hospital ships. We have allowed Satan to capture or destroy millions of the children and youth of our cities and we then provide rescue missions for the pitiful few of the shipwrecked and mortally wounded souls that have survived.

The nineteenth century advances in biology gave an undue prominence to the influence of heredity on the destiny of a human life. Without diminishing the proper valuation of hereditary traits, the twentieth century is fixing its gaze more and more upon the environment as the determining factor in shaping a life. For example, the present-day scientist asserts that if a little Saxon baby living in the Black Forest of Germany during the time of Christ could, by some stroke of magic, be transported across the centuries and be placed in a Christian home in America, and if he should be given a course of training in our modern schools from kindergarten to university, includ-

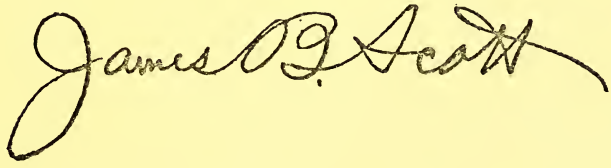
ing a graded course of religious education, then when he had grown up to manhood, it would be a perfectly normal experience if he should develop into a Phillips Brooks or a Theodore Roosevelt. There would be absolutely no way of telling whether it had been his father or his great-grandfather seventy generations removed who had been the barbarian in the Black Forest. His heredity would have determined whether he were capable of becoming a Christian nobleman, but his environment would fix whether he should grow up a pagan barbarian or a Christian gentleman. We are fellow workmen with God, and God is demanding, as our share of the work, that every child in the world shall have just such an environment as we have been considering —a Christian home, a Christian education, and a chance to develop into the best that is in him.

Whatever the world war has cost us in blood and treasure, we are certainly indebted to the Kaiser and his kinsfolk for a demonstration on a colossal scale of the supreme importance of a controlled environment in shaping the destiny not only of individuals but of a nation. In a generation and a half he and his predecessors succeeded in transforming utterly a people whom we all loved and admired, a people whom we acknowledged as our leaders in music, poetry, philosophy, education, and religion. It is among those Saxon tribes, his ancestors, that we find the first example of real democracy and local self-government. By all the laws of heredity, these people should have sturdily rebelled against the plans of their rulers. But what do we find? In a little more than a generation they have been fitted to play the parts of the blackest villains in the history of civilization. How was it accomplished? From the cradle every German subject was placed in an environment where everything pointed to that one overmastering ideal of "Deutschland ueber Alles." And the result? The people behaved like automatons! Whatever else failed in the gigantic plan, the people of all creeds, classes, and political parties obeyed as if swayed by a single mind.

Will the church ever learn *that* lesson? If God had so willed, he might have made it a law of his universe that Christians, Minervalike, should spring forth full-grown and fully

armed at his august command. But the fact is, he chose another way. Of little children comes the Kingdom. God gave us the growing periods of childhood and youth in order that we might climb upward through the centuries. And the horizon widens as we climb. God's revelation of himself and of his plan for a world of men is a progressive revelation. Herein lies the most stupendous fact ever revealed to men, that in one whole generation, finally, will the Kingdom come. Some day, one whole generation will be born of Christian parents, will grow up through childhood and youth into strong, stalwart Christians. Then God's will shall be done on earth as it is in heaven. Then Christ himself, rejoicing, will come again to be our King.

But when shall these things be? When the church sees to it that every parent has been carefully trained in the business of being a parent; when every teacher has been carefully trained in the fine art of teaching; when every city, great and small, shall be cleansed from all deliberate, gainful unrighteousness, such as the liquor traffic and other traffics not yet prohibited; when the church and the community shall become as thoroughly socialized as the Christian family; when service, sacrifice, and love shall become the guiding principles of industry, of commerce, of politics national and international. In other words, when our preparation has become complete, then will come the King!



"THE FAULTLESS PAINTER": BROWNING'S GOSPEL OF ASPIRATION.

Browning's Andrea del Sarto may be taken as a text about which other poems may be grouped in a study of the poet's theory of art. Browning has been called the poet's poet and the artist's poet; "he is, in a larger sense, the poet of art. The artistic type and qualities are dear to him." He is less artist because he has given himself so largely to the criticism of art, but the fact that he is poet gives a high quality to his criticism. An artist has some qualifications which the merely technical critic cannot possess. Browning combines high poetic gifts with philosophic insight. His poems all have deep critical and philosophical quality. They have real artistic value, but it is not because of their artistic merit that we read them, but because of the criticisms of art and life they contain. Browning is to be classed with the "vital critics." Ruskin belongs to this class; here are some tenets in his artistic creed: "Great art is nothing less than a type of strong and noble life." "If life without industry is guilt, industry without art is brutality." "*Being* pictures is better than buying pictures." His Seven Lamps of Architecture are in reality seven luminous lamps of life. The art critic about the age of forty became social reformer, but there was no break in the continuity of his life. It was a process of evolution. His study of art gave him that culture of imagination which is essential in the social reformer. In 1871 he wrote: "I simply cannot paint, nor read, nor look at minerals, nor do anything else that I like, . . . because of the misery that I know of, and see signs of it where I know it not, and which my imagination can interpret all too bitterly." One cannot escape the problems of life by turning to art. Trace art back to its fundamental principles and you have the fundamental principles of life and character. All principles of true art can be restated in terms of life. Art criticism is valuable only as it becomes vital criticism. This is the justification of the literary criticism of the "Great Dane" Georg Brandes, who has been recently welcomed as a visitor to America. "First

and foremost," writes Dr. Brandes, "I endeavor everywhere to bring literature back to life." The result of following this principle is that his literary criticism "has come to touch upon a swarm of religious, social, and moral problems." "I seize hold of actual life," he continues, "with all the strength I may, and show how the feelings that find their expression in literature spring up in the human heart." This is the principle and method to which Browning continued loyal all his life. His art criticisms are vital criticisms and his theory of art embodies his philosophy of life. Several of his greatest poems have some problem of art as their themes. Abt Vogler, Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha, A Toccata of Galuppi's, Charles Avison are great poems dealing with music. Other poems which are musical in a lesser degree are Saul, A Grammarian's Funeral, A Serenade at the Villa, and The Heretic's Tragedy. He was a great lover of music and understood its deeper power and meaning. The poems on poetry and poets include The Lost Leader, Respectability, Popularity, How it Strikes a Contemporary, Sordello, Transcendentalism, Pacchiarotto, At the Mermaid, and The Two Poets of Croisic. The great poems dealing with painting are: Old Pictures in Florence, Fra Lippo Lippi, Andrea del Sarto, Pictor Ignotus, and The Guardian Angel. Here is a most inviting field for study. In its wealth and variety of material, in its mastery of accurate knowledge of artists and their works, and in depth of insight and loftiness of interpretation, Browning has made the greatest contribution to art criticism the world has yet received.

While the supremacy of aspiration in art and life is taught in many of Browning's poems, Andrea del Sarto is the one poem entirely given over to the exposition of this doctrine. Andrea del Sarto, who lived in the crowning period of the Florentine renaissance, is chosen by the poet as the character best suited to his artistic purpose. The limitations of "the faultless painter" are given the quality of universality in the poem and teach the inadequacy of the highest technical perfection to produce a truly great work of art. It was his very perfection that caused the gifted painter's failure. His biographer, Vasari, states that Andrea del Sarto's figures are "well drawn, entirely free from

errors, and perfect in all their proportions." But Vasari also informs us that the artist did not display "those evidences of ardor and animation which are proper to the more exalted character, . . . nor did he at any time display one particle of that elevation which, could it but have been added to the advantages wherewith he was endowed, would have rendered him a truly divine painter." Browning translated this criticism from prose to poetry, from objective criticism of art to subjective criticism of life. This poem is rightly classed with the poems on art, but is, nevertheless, a study of personality, which is the one ultimate reality with Browning. Fotheringham says that in this poem we have "a study of character, and of art as qualified by character." Browning held firmly to the reality of soul: God and the soul stand sure. Two truths, the personality of God and the divinity of human personality, he felt it his mission to proclaim. He makes the Pope say, "Mind is not matter, nor from matter, but above." "He has thought nobly of the soul," says Professor Corson, "and has treated it as, in its essence, above the fixed and law-bound system of things we call nature; in other words, he has treated it as supernatural." The soul is the stage, with "its shifting fancies and celestial lights," upon which his dramatic monologues are seen. His dramas have no action suited to the theater, with its artificiality, its pitiful limitations and its cumbrous paraphernalia. Browning is the poet of personality. Bishop Quayle says: "Browning is psychologist. His theme is soul. He is not dealing with surfaces, but with the deeps. He works from within out; is no painter, but binds soul on the rack, and makes it tell its secrets. Study Browning always from this point of view, if you would comprehend him."

Browning's distinctive contribution to the doctrine of soul is an emphasis of the truth that the soul's life is to be measured by its aspiration, and that aspiration comes by the kindling power of another—a greater, stronger, higher, better—personality. This is an essential Christian teaching. It is the great Messianic idea that the destiny of every man is wrapped up in the destiny of one great Personality. This same conception, with certain limitations, is true of every great, attractive personality in his quickening

influence over the lives of others. This principle is found at its highest in Jesus, but it is seen also in Peter. They even carried out the sick into the streets, and laid them on beds and couches, that, as Peter came by, "at the least his shadow might overshadow some of them." One of the girls who attended Wellesley writes concerning Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer: "Mrs. Palmer had a strange effect on me. When I saw her I felt as if I could do things that I never dreamed of before. Even now, whenever I think of her, I have a strange sense of dignity in my life." Another writes of her: "Every place connected with her is filled with her joyous vitality. . . . As often as I think of her I am ashamed of not being always hopeful and happy." That most excellent book of its kind, The Pilot Flame, written, as the title page tells us, by "a practicing pastor engaged in lighting pilot flames," gives us this statement of the Browning doctrine: "The spark that shall kindle the flame is received from the burning flame of another life. The religious duty of parents, teachers, and pastor-ministers is to offer the burning flame in their lives for the kindling of the new flames." This is a favorite doctrine with Emerson: "We are emulous of all that man can do. . . . We are all wise in capacity, though so few in energy. There needs but one wise man in a company and all are wise, so rapid is the contagion." This truth is found throughout Browning's poems. Note especially Saul, Pippa Passes, A Soul's Tragedy, Luria, Sordello, Colombe's Birthday, and The Ring and the Book. It is at just this point that Browning's theory of art comes in. Art is the intermediate agency of personality. It is the medium through which souls are projected into other lives. It was through his musical expression that David gave his very self to Saul. Through his poem the poet gives himself to us. Riley said to Richard Henry Stoddard:

"Though, of ourselves, all poor are we,
And frail and weak of wing,
Your height is ours—your ecstasy—
Your glory, when you sing.

"The gods give as but gods may do—
We count *our* riches thus:
They gave their richest gifts to you,
And then gave you to us."

A picture or poem is not a means but an end. To emphasize this idea seems to be the ultimate purpose of the Ring and the Book:

> ". . . . Art may tell a truth
> Obliquely, do the thing shall breed the thought,
> Nor wrong the thought, missing the mediate word.
> So may you paint your picture, twice show truth,
> Beyond the mere imagery on the wall;
> So, note by note, bring music from your mind,
> Deeper than ever e'en Beethoven dived;
> So write shall mean beyond the facts,
> Suffice the eye and save the soul beside."

And save the soul! Art as the agent of personality serves as a medium of expression for the soul's aspiration. Expression is the law of personality, divine and human. God will express himself. The heavens declare him. "Day unto day uttereth speech." "God having of old time spoken." This is God's biography. God has always spoken. He cannot be Himself and be silent. He speaks through nature and our own natures to us and through us to others. We are his epistles. We are his *ποίημα*. So man, made in God's image, must express himself. Art meets this need. "The object of art," says George Willis Cooke, "as Browning has defined it, and as he has reduced it to practice, is to give man a fit outlet for his nature in the direction of the infinite." And an outlet for our natures in the direction of the infinite means the expression of aspiration. It is human to aspire, and to express our aspiration. The soul must aspire or die. Bishop Quayle has told us, "The first foot on the first hill-slant that slants toward the mountain top is epochal. We must aspire lest we die and be buried along the dusty level plain." It is this that is lacking in Andrea del Sarto. His "reach" does not "exceed his grasp." Low motive, clandestine love, self-indulgence, love of gold and ease killed the high impulse in him. The creative fountains have dried up in him. He has silenced the angel of his better nature. He was disobedient to the heavenly vision. He is the "faultless painter," technically perfect. He can point out the errors of his greatest contemporaries, Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Leonardo da Vinci. In mere execution he excels these, and

yet when he comes to review his life he sees that he has lacked the one needful quality for really great art, a quality which these masters had—*aspiration*. Referring to the work of the young Raphael he says:

> "That arm is wrongly put—and there again—
> A fault to pardon in the drawing's lines;
> Its body, so to speak: its soul is right;
> He means right—that a child may understand.
> Still, what an arm! and I could alter it:
> But all the play, the insight, and the stretch—
> Out of me, out of me!"

To make art reproduce physical beauty perfectly is not the end of art as Browning sees it. This is the limitation of Greek art; it aimed at perfection of physical beauty and attained it. It taught submission to human limits; the "serene perfection of the Olympian gods" was beyond human reach. So there came an end of progress. There was no place left for aspiration. But with Christian art came a new birth of hope and effort. Artists learned to look inward and beheld an ideal of the soul and of spiritual humanity. Art came to have an infinite reach. Seen from this higher point of view art has to do with the infinitude, the immortality, of the soul. The subject of Greek art was finite and it therefore could not have an infinite reach. But the glory of Christian art lies in its rejection of a limited perfection and its daring to be imperfect that it may teach men not to submit but to aspire. Browning makes Andrea del Sarto say:

> "Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
> Or what's a heaven for? All is silver-gray
> Placid and perfect with my art: the worse!"

Andrea del Sarto does his work too easily. There is no striving and toiling, no agonizing and trying again after failure. What others strive to do and fail to do he does easily. He may have pitied and even scorned them in the past, but now, in this quiet evening when he reviews his life, he sees that his art has all been too easy. When his work is done it leaves him nothing to be wished. There is no sense of failure, no longing, no aspiration.

"At any rate 'tis easy, all of it!
No sketches first, no studies; that's long past:
I do what many dream of, all their lives.
. . . Dream? Strive to do, and agonize to do,
And fail in doing. . . .
Well, less is more, Lucrezia: I am judged.
There burns a truer light of God in them,
In their vexed beating stuffed and stopped-up brain,
Heart, or whate'er else, than goes on to prompt
This low-pulsed forthright craftsman's hand of mine.
Their works drop groundward, but themselves, I know,
Reach many a time a heaven that's shut to me,
Enter, and take their place there sure enough,
Though they come back and cannot tell the world.
My works are nearer heaven, but I sit here."

It is beyond the purpose of this discussion to consider whether Browning has rightly interpreted the historic Andrea del Sarto. It is enough for our purpose to see that the irony of the words just quoted, and especially the last verse, is to teach what life and love and art should be; that the higher principles and aims of art are spiritual; that aspiration is the supreme requirement in art as it is the true measure of life. This truth finds expression in ever varying terms in many of Browning's poems. This from Cleon,

"Why stay we on the earth unless to grow?"

This is how David interprets his longing to help Saul in the face of his failure: "'Tis not what man does that exalts him, but what man would do." These lines are found in The Statue and the Bust:

"Let a man contend to the uttermost
For his life's set prize, be it what it will.
The sin I impute to each frustrate ghost
Is—the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin."

These words thrill us like a blast from the trumpet of Robert Louis Stevenson. The Celestial Surgeon sounds this note. Here is another call to arms from Stevenson: "Life goes down with better grace foaming at full tide over a precipice than miserably struggling to an end in sandy deltas." And here is another from the same trumpet:

"Since I am sworn to live my life,
And not to keep an easy heart;
Some men may sit and drink apart,
I bear a banner in the strife."

"How inexhaustibly the spirit grows!" cries Domizia in the tragedy of Luria. The dying John, in A Death in the Desert, is made to say:

"I say a man was made to grow, not stop."

And again:

"Man knows partly but conceives beside,
Creeps ever on from fancies to the fact,
And in this striving, this converting air
Into a solid he may grasp and use,
Finds progress man's distinctive mark alone;
Not God's, and not the beasts': God is, they are;
Man partly is and wholly hopes to be."

Since this is true we all should

"Rejoice that man is hurled
From change to change unceasingly,
His soul's wings never furled."

If we see with Abt Vogler, "On earth the broken arcs; in heaven the perfect round," we may say in the face of failure, "All I aspired to be and was not—comforts me." In Reverie life is pictured in terms of aspiration:

"Life is—to wake, not sleep,
Rise, and not rest, but press
From earth's level—where blindly creep
Things perfected, more or less—
To heaven's height, far and steep."

But there is nothing in the whole literature of aspiration that equals A Grammarian's Funeral. We join the company marching up the mountainside, and lift our voices in unison with the song they sing, and when we have read the poem through, our souls keep marching upward with the command, "Keep the mountain side, make for the City!" sounding in our ears.

"Seek we sepulture
On a tall mountain, citied to the top,
Crowded with culture!
All the peaks soar, but one the rest excels;

Clouds overcome it;
No! yonder sparkle is the citadel's
Circling its summit.
Thither our path lies; wind we up the heights;
Wait ye the warning?
Our low life was the level's and the night's;
He's for the morning.
Step to a tune, square chests, erect each head,
'Ware the beholders!
This is our master, famous, calm and dead,
Borne on our shoulders.

. . . . . .

"That low man seeks a little thing to do,
Sees it and does it;
This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it.
That low man goes on adding one to one,
His hundred's soon hit;
This high man, aiming at a million,
Misses a unit.
That, has the world here—should he need the next
Let the world mind him!
This, throws himself on God, and unperplexed
Seeking shall find him.

. . . . . .

"Here's the top-peak; the multitude below
Live, for they can, there:
This man decided not to Live but Know—
Bury this man there?
Here—here's his place, where meteors shoot, clouds form,
Lightnings are loosened,
Stars come and go! Let joy break with the storm,
Peace let the dew send!
Lofty designs must close in like effects:
Loftily lying,
Leave him—still loftier than the world suspects,
Living and dying."

This is Browning's gospel and upon those who receive it rests the beatitude of Him who taught men not to submit but to aspire: "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled."

A. L. Lemond

BEYOND THE SUNSET

"After the night falls will the day break? What lies beyond the sunset? Will not some glad dawn come after the dark? Will not some splendor swallow up these shadows?" These yearning cries are as old as the ages, but they are as new as the mother-calling cry of the infant newly born. Through the long centuries the human heart has been knocking at the door of the deep mystery. Is there some welcoming hand on the other side of the door to lift the latch and let us into another life? "Where is my soldier boy? Where is my sweetheart soldier? He is not even 'somewhere in France' now, but my heart must have him somewhere—beyond France, 'Beyond the Sunset.' Something other than empty echoes must answer my aching call."

These are not idle questions. They are not speculative superstitions. The unwonted urgency of these inner hungers assures us instinctively and intuitively that "The Eternal Goodness" will not mock us, but will meet us beyond the sunset in some immortal to-morrow. "If a man die, shall he live again?" It is the question old with the ages. Who sprung the question? It sprang out of man's immortal deeps. The answer must come singing back to man's heart out of the infinite deeps of God. Neither philosophy nor science may fathom the ocean's mystery, but the sea air makes us certain of the sea. We are on the foot-hills now, but the morning breath of the mountain winds which fan our fevered faces makes us sure that we are headed for the high ranges. It is neither mathematically, nor philosophically, nor scientifically demonstrable, but the full and far feel of the soul makes it spiritually sure. After all, how many of the sweetest certainties of life can Science find, or Philosophy fathom, or Mathematics figure out? Is not the baby as instinctively sure of its mother's love as its physical fingers and lips are sure of her breast? This great business of sureness has more than one way of arriving at the goals of spiritual certainty.

"If a man die, shall he live again?" That question was raised by a prince in the land of Uz centuries ago. In the shadow

of his "cypress trees" he called across the night. The old question is as fresh now as it was then, and as forcible here as it was there. That poignant interrogation runs through a million hearts and homes in this hour of tragic grief. Materialism with its nightmare of death has left us with nothing but ghostly guesses. Its "mailed fist" would erase all our hopes and rub out the stars. Is this dark to be lighted only by the Aurora Borealis of uncertain human theories? Who will strike the quenchless light among the fearsome glooms? Millions of baffled hearts are asking Job's question afresh to-day. The question will not down. For uncounted years it has run like an obligato of grief through the sobbing sorrows of the world. If only some sure Voice would speak the luminant word about "another life"! Whatever the ribald jests of Robert G. Ingersoll might have been worth in dollars, they were not worth anything to anybody's despair. They left the mighty hungers of the heart to starve. These Ingersollian flings at faith are mad mockeries in these troubled days. Think of inscribing on the tablet or wooden cross above that mound in France where the daisies bloom over the precious dust of your beloved dead those awful, bitter words of the unbeliever: "Whether in mid ocean or among the breakers of the farther shore a wreck must mark at last the end of each and all." Think of writing over the graves of our brave sweethearts, husbands, fathers, brothers, and sons that Ingersollian mockery: "Life is a barren peak between two eternities." Ah, that stings our hearts to-day like a serpent bite. It is the swinging of an empty and broken bell that has no golden tongue. It is the effort of a strangling soul to smother out the stars. Such words are wanton wickedness in these wounded days. They are scorpion stings among our tangled tragedies. "If a man die, shall he live again?" That is the super-question in this battle-stormed world. The urge is on our hearts. They will not be put off. Our sorrows are too full to be assuaged by vulgar swagger and empty superficialities. The case is in court. No lying lips can laugh it out. The question about another life is as really a part of this life as are hands and feet or flesh and blood. The seed of this question has been always in the soul, but when some storm of world sorrow sweeps the earth the seed sprouts

once again and springs up afresh. This seed and the plant that springs from it are indigenous to the soil of the soul. They are as native as the heather on the hills. Will these deserts of death never bloom again? Are all the flowers dead? Is all the music hushed? Will the great organs of the soul be mute forever? Will the dewy lips of morning never kiss the night again? If we can find a little light in this great dark we shall thank God and take cheer. Even a ray of sun in dungeon darkness would be welcome. With humble and inquiring hearts let us approach these angel-guarded gates of God.

Surely our Deepest Intuitions Point Somewhere. Even instinct has found many a truth which philosophy and science have not guessed. Who tells the homing dove how to find its way? The zig-zag flight of the butterfly seems uncertain. It appears to be headed for nowhere. But with some sure guidance the butterfly finds the flower that has the honey. I have seen the mother cat do a wondrous thing. When the swollen river broke out of its banks and the flood water beat against the manger in the shed where she nestled her brood she was alert to see the peril of the situation. There was no time to consider how the flood originated. There was no time to parley with some inadequate man-made philosophy. One by one she quickly seized the loose folds on each little neck between her loving lips and climbed a long pole straight upward into the lofty haymow, where she deposited in the hay every member of her brood beyond the reach of the devastating flood. That mother cat's instinct pointed out the fact of danger and the way to safety. Even the instinct of the homing dove and the butterfly and the mother cat pointed somewhere and to something worth while.

The instinct of the polliwog points to a better life. It never doubts of larger and better conditions. It is content with its humble beginning. In patience it bides its time. But on a summer's day the growing creature breaks the swaddling bands and springs out of the mud and the ooze amid the fragrance of the beautiful wild iris on the bank. In his new gladness and freedom he leaps from place to place in the splendor of the summer sun. He could not say it nor sing it nor write it in a magazine

or a book, but from the beginning in the pond ooze he was growing and getting ready for "another life." From the very beginning the fingers of the future were drawing him onward. From the birth hour the urge of another life was in the grub. If the grub's progenitors who had already gone into that "other life" could have put into living and lucid speech their larger experiences they would have said something like this: "That grub life which you are living in the pond now and in the mud is only temporary. The body you now have is adequately adapted to your muddy and watery environs. The same wise creative power which put you where you are, with the body which you now have, can and will put you in a better place with a better body." Nor could Plato have spoken more truthfully. Down in the shadows the grub kept growing. The growth was headed toward a definite destiny. One day a wondrous longing to get out of the muddy waters came over the grub. The thrill of this instinctive urge went through the grub's whole nature. He found a reed or rush which was rooted in the pond mud. Slowly the grub made its way to the reed, and slowly climbed upward and out till the sunlight of the upper world touched him. Then his old muddy clothing slipped off and he had a new body. This new body had wings, and as they unfolded he lifted away from the pond, above the blue flags, and went winging on a fragrant journey about the clover meadows. It was "another life," the life of the beautiful dragon fly. The first home was in the mud. The second home was among the meadows. It was another life fulfilling the promise of the first.

This is where the lesson is pointing us: If the urge of instinct points to something better, even in a temporary program, surely our great human intuitions point to a "beyond" which is infinitely worth while. "The heart's emphasis is always right," said Emerson. If there is a color sense which is prophecy of color, if there is a sense of harmony which is prophecy of music, if there is a mathematical sense which foretells the science of numbers, then there ought to be a spiritual sense which catches the clue of some eternal future. These holy hints of the heart ought to point to some high destiny. The morning hints the noon. The acorn hints the oak. The foot-hills lead up to the mountain summits. A baby

in a log cradle was the beginning of the mighty Lincoln. The keynote is preannouncement that the full chorus is coming.

The great intuitions are not only hints of the soul's high destiny, but they refuse to be smothered by the grime of toil, the dust of travel, or the smoke of battle. In hard hours unbelief awakens the heart's protest. The pratings of the unbeliever do not always go unchallenged of his own heart. The divine protest broke from the agnostic's lips when at his brother's grave he sobbed, "Listening hope sees a star and hears the rustle of a wing." The soul does not easily permit to be smothered its fore-tokens of the future. On a great occasion Victor Hugo was being dined by the atheists of France. They had jeered him with the taunt that the soul is only "the resultant of the occult forces of the body." The veteran of literature and the foremost genius of his day stood up in his place, with flowing locks as white as the snow, and delivered to them his famous utterance on Immortality. He said: "Gentlemen, winter is on my head, but eternal spring is in my heart. I am rising, I know, to the sky. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I can hear the immortal symphonies that invite me. The tomb is not a blind alley. It closes on the twilight to open with the dawn. I shall not cease work. I shall begin again in the morning." Then he baffled their unbelief and shot it through with radiance by this illuminating question: "If my soul is the resultant of the occult forces of the body, as you say, then how does it come to pass that the weaker my body grows the stronger becomes my soul?" How does it come that as the factors lessen the sum grows greater? That will do to think about for a hundred years.

The great intuitions on occasion fly into the very face of death. An army officer who has soldiered in two continents has been telling us that he began his soldier career as a scoffer. His men knew his attitude. But soon after his first battle two of his boys were brought in on stretchers. They were both mortally wounded. One of them called for his commanding officer, after the surgeon informed him that he had only a short time to live, and probed the officer's soul with this question: "Captain, I know about your unbelief; but will you say to me now, as I am dying,

that this ends it all and there is no future life?" The officer tells us that for one throbbing second he was dumb. Then a great conviction came surging up out of the deeps of his soul, a something which he had never known was there, and he told the dying young soldier in tones of solemn certainty, "Certainly, Jimmy, there is another life, and this does not end all." This officer then went over to the other dying soldier and was asked by him a similar question. With a certainty which was running its roots deeper in the officer's heart he gave the other dying man a similar reply: "Certainly there is another life, and this does not end it all." The officer tells us that through this experience he came to a great and glad belief in the future life.

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And, in the wind from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown;

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,
Be thou my strength and stay.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven by thy abounding grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place,

Some humble door among thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions
The river of thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last, beneath thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

It is not Impossible that Men Should See Into Another World. This business of seeing is of various kinds. We may see with the eyes of the body. We may see with the eyes of the soul. For all practical purposes Columbus saw into another physical world. It was a world of new conditions, of new possibilities, of new experiences, of new achievements. It is not straining a point

to say that, as compared with the old world which he came from, Columbus saw in America another world and a new world. And he saw it all in spiritual vision before he saw it as physical fact. It is not "far-fetched" to say that Herschel, Kepler, and Copernicus saw into another mathematical world and into another astronomical world. It needs no "special pleading" to make the words "seeing into another world" expressive of their experiences. And, as Bishop Butler said, how many more worlds might we see if only our instruments were powerful enough! As compared with the common eye have not our great artists seen into another world of beauty? To us of the rank and file some of their creations have been little less than apocalypses. We have stood with hushed breath and glistening eyes before these radiant pictures. We had not dreamed that there was so wondrous a world as their lights and shadows and perspectives and colors revealed. We went back to our places in the office and the shop and the field feeling that we had indeed seen into "another world." One of the greatest geniuses of music declared that there were times when he seemed to see waves of music flowing toward him like the sea waves. And when we have heard the wondrous marchings of his music we have found this story easy to believe. He ushered us into "another world" of melody. This seeing into another world is not wholly unknown even on our own dusty planet.

These "other world" seers have made our literature luminous with their revelations. With the eyes of the spirit, between the dingy walls of old Bedford Jail John Bunyan saw into another world, and as we have walked across his pages with "Pilgrim" we have seen into that other world. Tennyson was crushed down like a towering tree into the dust of a great despair. He fell prone, face downward. He had clung to Hallam like a vine to a trellis. Hallam was fallen and dead. Dreadful doubts walked over Tennyson's heart like rough-shod hoofs. For a time his musical soul was songless. But he who, as a child, heard "a voice in the wind" caught again, one day when the winds of God were blowing over his desert, the faint, far voices of "another world." That music started up his singing once again. "In Memoriam" is the greatest song of Christian faith in all human literature. As literature it

is unsurpassed. It sounds deeper seas than the philosophers' plummets. It is an unimpeachable record of a great spiritual "Secretary of the Interior." Our world grief will press us again to this unfailing fountain of faith and consolation. The eyes of science are too dim with dust. The pages of philosophy are overfull with questions and too scant of answers. Let us hear the bugles blow. This day of sobbing is no time for "The Dead March in Saul." We are sorely wounded. Let us have healing. Let us not stoop among the shadows. Let us sing some sweet song as we walk across the fields of our dead with dear "Old Immortality." Love is calling, faith is calling, hope is calling, God is calling in our night, "The day breaketh!" In Tennyson's "In Memoriam" the lips of love and life are still at the lute. Listen:

> My own dim life should teach me this,
> That life shall live forevermore,
> Else earth is darkness at the core,
> And dust and ashes all that is.

This singer looked up in his midnight of misery and saw the unwasting splendor of God's eternal stars. His faith returned and the shadows fled. Hear his triumph song:

> So be it; there no shade can last
> In that deep dawn behind the tomb,
> But clear from marge to marge shall bloom
> The eternal landscape of the past.

All the great writers have seen the star-lit sky of "another life" bending above them. Our skyless literature has no unfading stars. Disbelief in "another world" is a cloud that smothers out the stars. The great *sayers* in literature have been great *seers*.

> There are who, like the seers of old,
> Can see the helpers God has sent,
> And how life's rugged mountainside
> Is white with many an angel tent.

No writer can rally our hearts much who has not sighted "another world." Who does not "follow the gleam" cannot lead us out of the gloom. We never warm by the fires which are built of unfaith. We do not light our candles in the ashes of spent torches. If, as

George Eliot suggests, there is not "another world," where our tangled troubles are untangled and where our clouded skies come clear, then this present life with its baffled hopes and broken hearts is the ghastliest jest ever perpetrated upon the universe. But here in the dust we know that the mountains are yonder because the balm of their breath has touched us. The winds that find us in the vales have the tang of the sea air on their wings and we know that the sea is "just over there."

Testimony about This World and Another World. How much truth we get by testimony. It is so in history. What do we know about the discovery of our own land save by the historian's testimony? Somebody says there was a Livingstone, a Wilberforce, a Washington, a Lincoln, and we get our truth of history by hearsay. Yet we find it wise to follow the truth of testimony. There is the conscious feeling of truth as well as the feeling of emotion. In the case of history we may be said to "feel our way to the truth" through testimony. It is so in the natural sciences. We mostly get our truth of science by testimony. In John Burroughs's testimony of nature we feel the atmosphere of authority. To be sure, this is not mathematical authority, but it is living, literary authority to the mind and spirit. There are different kinds of authority. There is chemical authority, musical authority, material authority, spiritual authority. The most of our scientific truth we get by taking the scientist's word for it. This is a wise and efficient way of getting scientific knowledge. With a feeling of sureness we take the testimonies of the astronomer, the botanist, the geologist, the entomologist, and the bacteriologist, and the strange word of the electrician about "electrons." We take all of these testimonies, and more, with some genuinely satisfactory feeling of certitude. We feel that this process of belief and knowledge is practically sensible and reasonably sure. In our mental experiences in these matters this is the way we arrive. Now, if we take the testimony of scientists, naturalists, artists, writers, and musicians about "other worlds" why not take intelligent spiritual testimony about another world? When Dwight L. Moody, whose spiritual testimony was believed by the wisest and best of people on two continents while he was in active life, tells

us with his last breath, "God is calling me, I must go," why should we not believe this last testimony as well as the others? When a wise and good bishop whose testimony was good guidance in life tells us, just as he is leaving, "I am gliding away into God. There is no river here," who can assign any reason for not believing this last testimony? Why should we become incredulous at this climax of the splendid drama? In the drama advertised on the bill-boards we have "the ascending action, the climax, the descending action, and the catastrophe." Maybe this physical "catastrophe," so called, is, like the dissolution of the wheat grain, a condition out of which shall spring a new and more beautiful body, the "spiritual body." If a sweet lady, whose testimony we had always found reliable up to the last minute, shall whisper in a last testimony, "Death? death?—no—no. Life, life, eternal life"—in such case would it not be wise and well for us to believe with abiding sureness that she is giving us the truth about both sides of the grave? Why not believe that in the sad and familiar word "death," she gave us the physical fact about this side, and that in the words "eternal life" she gave us the spiritual fact about the eternal future? Maybe, as the old grain of wheat's catastrophe culminates in bloom and harvest, so the body's catastrophe may be the soul's coronation. When a lovely mother said, in leaving the family circle, "It is not dark, it is all light," who is he that dares distrust that triumphant testimony? Who will not take Longfellow's word for it when he sings back from sunset glories,

> Out of the shadows of night
> The world rolls into light—
> It is day-break everywhere.

Surely these sweet friends of ours must have seen the radiance of the eternal morning. They must have caught the music of some fair land of song. We do well to believe them and be glad. The drive of destiny must be in the urge of this inner movement toward eternal living.

The unarguing attitude of Jesus in the fourteenth chapter of John, which so many bleeding hearts are reading afresh to-day, is more convincing than logic. With sublime serenity he took the future life for granted. He did not snuff out the torch when

death's sea fogs began to roll in on the lands of life. He speaks unfalteringly about "preparing a place for you." His speech is steady and sure when he speaks about the "many dwelling places." He talks like the great Secretary of the Eternal Interior. He treats the whole subject with sublime serenity and certainty. Who would argue stellar splendor when the stars are lit? Who would argue a sunrise? Who would debate about the splendor of a harvest moon? Some things are too sure to argue about—the music of a baby's laughter, the beauty of a mother's eyes, the fragrance of the red rose, and the wastes of wonder on a cloudless May morning. Some things are too sure to argue about. A little lassie plucked at the skirt of the minister's coat, when the casket containing the precious body of her mother was being lowered into the grave, and she protested, "Don't put my mother into that dark hole in the ground!" Ah, God, that is all it is to agnosticism, to unbelief, to materialism; only "a hole in the ground." And it is a "hole in the ground" which is very dark and very deep and very cold. But in that same graveyard I saw the linnet come and sing among the jasmine flowers at the grave's edge. I saw the linnet. I heard his song. But God sends whole choruses of singing angels to sing at the grave side, and the great "Comrade in white" says, "I am the resurrection and the life." This star-lit splendor of the human soul cannot be quenched by "a hole in the ground." There is a wide and wondrous daybreak in "That deep dawn beyond the tomb."

Beyond the sunset's evenfall
Unsetting suns shall rise again;
The Gates of Morning shall unclose
And usher the immortal day;
When trammels drop and fetters fall,
In that glad land of ageless love,
With laughter and with happy songs,
The golden harvests I shall reap
From sowings of my sweetest dreams;
The sun shall nevermore go down,
Nor darkling shadows come again;
Unwasting splendors shall illume
The unguessed gladness of that land
Where love with love shall meet again
Beyond the sunset and the night.

The Eternal To-morrow. Getting ready for to-morrow is the biggest part of everybody's business to-day. Our yesterdays and to-days are not big enough for the soul: we must have to-morrow for the overflow. The soul must have wing width. We must have horizons that widen away beyond the world. Many look longingly toward the past. But we shall never find the future's goals by hunting backward for them. The past and the present are only springboards from which to leap into life's far future. Why do the birdlings get their wings? For to-morrow. Why are students training in the schools? They are getting ready for to-morrow. In our trouble-torn world we must have the gentle touch of to-morrow's healing hand. Our wounds to-day must have the balms of to-morrow. The lure of to-morrow is lifelong. It ever solicits. The finger tips of to-morrow morning have stretched into all the sunsets of our yesterdays and to-day. It's the call of to-morrow that stimulates the most of life's activities. Toil at it as we will to-day, we need to-morrow for the finishing of our tasks. To-morrow is what kept the dictionary-maker working at his great book for forty years. The business of to-morrow is always calling for the inventions and discoveries of yesterday and to-day. Future harvests are all that give significance to the sowings of yesterday and to-day. Even the earthquakes which wrenched the earth apart in the long ago yesterdays were doing business for to-morrow. They were plowing out the fertile valleys which should home and house the generations of to-morrow. Why does the musician write his song and enshrine it in abiding symbols? He is getting it ready for the singers of to-morrow. "Just for To-day" is a beautiful poem and a lovely song, but it has no significance save as it links its message with the meanings of to-morrow. Our artists have not been painting for yesterday, nor "just for to-day." They have meant their colors to last into the long and living stretches of to-morrow. It is for the "to-morrow" values that men pay large sums of money for the masterpieces. Who would paint a picture if he knew it would fade by to-morrow morning? Who has ever written a book "just for to-day"? What significance have the lawyer's yesterdays or to-day save to untangle the troubles which somebody will have to-morrow? The medical school is not busy

with the dear folk who died yesterday. The apostles of healing are studying remedies for the sicknesses of to-morrow. The nurses are in training to-day against the hospital needs of to-morrow. The inspiration and dynamic of to-day is in the call of to-morrow.

Here is the heart of the lesson from the lure of to-morrow. We are always putting out the "feelers" of the soul to find some fruitful future. But the "feelers" of the ant and the bee are significant of something to feel. They are not always in the empty air. They do find the flower and the food. Their "feelers" do not lead them "on a fool's errand." But are these flaming "feelers" of my soul to find but empty spaces filled only with the dark? Is my heart's "other world" hope only out "on a fool's errand"? Then the stars are only a tangled braid of fireflies. Then all my sunrises have been but glowworms in the grass. If these everlasting hungers of the heart are just to fool me then my life is only a bird chase after a beetle. But I know the sun rises. I know the morning flames up the skies to noon. I know when night falls the stars are lit. I am undoubtingly sure of these radiant realities. All my yesterdays have found thus far a real to-morrow. All the worth-while issues of yesterday have been flowing into some worth-while realizations of many a glad to-morrow. It is irrational madness to believe that this whole beautiful business of life will stop short in tragedy. I know, *and I know that I know*, it will widen into Eternal Life. Companions of the long, earthly twilights—Comrades now of the Morning Watch, hail!

> And it will surely come to pass,
> As softly creeps the cooling dusk
> Across the mead and leafy wold,
> That some glad light from far away
> Shall put my sunsets all to rout,
> And flush my skies with deathless day.

Charles Foster Woods

NEIGHBOR NAMELESS ON MINISTERING

For several years it has been my lot to live quietly in the house and about my own grounds. Exasperated nature is taking her revenge or exacting toll, whichever way you want to look at it. Consequently I have been able to prove the truth of the statement that "if you cannot get to the world the world will come to you." An astonishingly large number of friends have demonstrated the fact that the essence of real friendship is thoughtfulness. They have refused to forget that, though partially buried, I am not yet dead, and so they have sought me in my little corner. Moreover, and probably because of my deprivations, they have talked of their own troubles and disappointments and heart yearnings with greater freedom than ever before. Without cant or a spirit of criticism they have told me exactly how they feel in regard to many things which formerly constituted a closed book, and the thing which has finally come to distress me almost beyond measure is the repeated assertion that the ministry of to-day, as it is exercised in the pulpit and out of it, is not meeting the deep and insistent needs of the soul. I say "ministry" because the whole feeling seems to be, not that the man himself is insincere, but that he is too busy with the things that really do not count to give the necessary attention to the things that do. It is not a feeling that he is worldly when he ought to be in dead earnest, but that he is serving tables when he ought to be admonishing the careless, comforting the sorrowing, guiding the bewildered, strengthening the weak, and feeding the spiritually hungry. It is not an intensification of the unconcerned conviction which William Dean Howells puts in the mouth of that New England Brahmin, Bromfield Corey, "Once we were softened, if not polished, by religion; but I suspect that the pulpit counts for much less now in civilizing." It is a pathetic repetition of the heartrending cry, "No man careth for my soul." I have been driven to write on the subject because this repeated expression of a conscious lack reached a tragic climax last Sunday. I had

four callers. Let me put down as plainly and simply as possible just exactly what was said.

My first caller was an old man, a man of lifelong faith, sweet spirit, and unwavering loyalty to his church and pastor. There is not a bit of the "everything-is-going-to-the-bad" spirit about him. And yet, before we finished our visit, he said sadly, "For some reason or other I go to church hungry and come away hungry. All that our pastor says is true, but it doesn't touch the center of things. We hear all about the 'Function of the Church,' and the 'Social Program of Jesus,' and 'Christianity and World Democracy,' but not a word about 'the life that is hid with Christ in God,' or 'the peace that passeth all understanding.' Of the Holy Spirit, in his convicting, converting, witnessing, and sanctifying ministry, we hear not one word from one year's end to the other. O, I know," he added, with a sort of apologetic sigh, "we need to be told about social justice and the need of social service and all the rest, but I can't help feeling that if we gave more attention to thorough conversion and exalted the Saviour more, it wouldn't be so hard getting people to do their duty."

The second caller was a youngerly man, a clear-headed, conscientious wage-earner who has often told me of the atmosphere of profane and blasphemous unbelief in which he is compelled to work eight hours of every day for six days in the week. And I happen to know that he fights out his battles with the arch fiend right where they ought to be fought: on his knees. In other words he is a man who not only believes in prayer, but prays. The trouble began when I asked him if he had been to church. "No," he replied, "I don't go regularly now." "Why?" I inquired. "Because we get nothing but war, war, war, every single Sunday. Great guns!" he exclaimed, "I'm doing everything I can to win the war, and I think the rest of the church members are too. Our boy has gone, and the girl tried to get into the nursing, but was rejected. But in the meantime I have a war of my own inside, and my sick wife gets despondent, and we go to church to get a new start, and we might about as well go to the moving picture show."

The other callers were husband and wife. He is one of the

noblest and best laymen in the country; a man who has neglected business during this cruel crisis that he might wear himself out in the service of God and humanity. The wife is equally active in church work and philanthropic enterprises. I don't know how the subject of church came up, but I think it started with the statement of the fact that the churches had been closed for two Sundays recently because of the epidemic. "To tell the truth," he observed, "I didn't miss it as much as I should." Upon my inquiring the reason, he continued, "O, I don't know, except that there is nothing in our service to grip you or create a worshipful spirit. The only time our preacher warms up is in the giving of the notices, and he spends fifteen minutes elaborating them, although every last one is printed in the bulletin. His sermons are impersonal discussions of general subjects, not one of which would disturb a sinner or enthuse a saint." "That isn't the thing that troubles me," interrupted the wife. "What I miss in the church to-day is somebody to go to or call on when you are perplexed or heart sick and nearly beat out trying to carry your heavy burden. I suppose our pastor would talk with me about those things if I asked him to, and perhaps he would help me, but I don't feel as if I wanted to ask him. He seems terribly busy, and I can't see from his sermons that he's thinking much about the inner things anyway. He's too busy getting the world put right to pay much attention to folks. I don't wonder that a lot of people go to Christian Science. They may have to pay for the information, but they have somebody to go to, and that somebody makes it clear to them that God isn't too big or too busy to take care of them in all of their little perplexities and troubles." And having delivered herself of this somewhat extended philippic, she settled back in her chair.

Now let it be clearly understood that these people were not critics of the church, but loyal members. With one exception they have not let their feelings interfere in the least with their attendance and activity. They are not looking for faults. They are looking for help. And while they by no means represent the church membership as a whole, they do represent a proportion of that membership large enough to give one pause. Undoubt-

edly, too, there are specific instances of local churches where there are no such complaints (if complaints they may be called) at all. But those cases, however numerous, do not do away with the pathetic fact that a multitude of earnest people are asking for a more searching message and a more personally helpful ministry than they are receiving. What is the trouble? Why are so many of God's own chosen men failing at this crucial point? Is it the same difficulty in which the apostles found themselves involved, the distracting necessity of serving tables while the more weighty matters of personal soul ministry languished? Is the situation the inevitable result of the complexity of modern ecclesiastical activities which makes the minister a wornout man-of-all work? One cannot help thinking of the Western preacher, weary of conferences, committee meetings, and executive duties of all kinds, who, in final desperation, declared his intention of leaving the ministry and "going into religious work." Is the root of the trouble to be found in the changed emphasis from the subjective side of Christianity to the objective, from the individual aspects to the social, from the need of repentance to the need of new tenements and world evangelization, from what God can do in and through a man to what a man ought to be doing for God? In an article of irritating appeal Dean Bell says:

> Time was when the success of any church was estimated according to the number of souls who humbled themselves before the Heavenly Father and became citizens of that Kingdom which is eternal. Nowadays, however, when churches seek to justify their existence they tell of the number of social clubs, penny lunches for working girls, gymnasium classes, men's clubs, kindergartens, penny savings banks, children's story hours, sewing schools, manual training classes for little boys, and so forth, housed under their roofs, managed by their clergy and lay workers, and financed by their people. Instead of sermons dealing with eternal verities we are apt to hear from the pulpits of the really "advanced" churches continual treatments of local politics, the vice question, prison reform, and so on.

In a word, is the whole trouble based on the fact that earnest consecrated men have forgotten that while the salvation of the world is the glorious objective the individual is the spiritual unit, and that a personal appeal and ministry to the deepest inner

needs of that individual constitutes the true function of the true man of God.

I don't know. I suppose this cause, like all others, is complex, not simple. Perhaps the modern impersonalizing of the whole matter of religion has as much to do with it as anything. But I do believe, and my belief is the result of intimate contact with a large number of genuinely heart-hungry people, that, while the larger or, rather, wider duties of the ministry should not be abandoned, the more personal and intimate must in some way be revived. "Those ought ye to have done and not to have left the others undone." With all kinds of Sundays demanded—Labor and Tuberculosis and Liberty Loan and Missionary, and everything else—it is not easy to find time to preach on the inner problems of John Smith, his discouragements and trials and God's sufficient remedy for them, *but it must be done, at whatever cost.* It *is* difficult to distribute one's time and strength wisely, and so estimate relative values that the spiritually needy will be cared for while time and strength are not wasted on the petulant and undeserving, but it can and must be done. Granted that a man cannot be talking to people about their souls all the time, it must also be granted that he can be such a man in public utterance and private life that the people who do want to talk about their souls will turn instinctively to him. There is something strikingly significant in the sentence with which Gamaliel Bradford concludes his remarkable and remarkably dispassionate analysis of the character of Harriet Beecher Stowe:

> Undeniably, with Mrs. Stowe, as with others of her type, there are times when one wearies intensely of this missionary endeavor. After all, the sky is blue, the winds blow, and life is pleasant. Why not let it go at that? Yet, when the hours and days of anguish come—for the individual, or for the world—as they are coming now we realize that perhaps we need these little fragile, insinuating, indomitable things with curls to drive or wheedle us into the fold of God.

I say there is something significant in that utterance, in these yearnings which have been so frankly disclosed to me, and in the "great expectancy" so manifest in so many ways and places. Multitudes are tired of social problems and programs and all the

outer aspects of religion and are reaching after the inner things. The individual is bewildered, stunned, discouraged, and he wants somebody to show him the way. So there must be more preaching *to* the individual. The announcement of the coming of the Kingdom must be accompanied by such a call to repent as will bring the sinner to his knees. God is love, and loving care must be related to the daily burden and heartache of the most obscure as well as the most prominent of those who gather to hear the word. Time and strength must be found for a vital ministry of the personal touch. Perhaps the conventional character of much of the present day pastoral calling, and its unsatisfactory results, is as much the fault of the ministry as it is of the laity. But, whether or not the blame is theirs, the remedy certainly is. May it not be that the very crisis in which the whole world is involved and the crying need of the reconstruction of all things make it imperative that every minister of the gospel shall be able to say of himself, as did the Master:

> The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord.

CAMPO DEL SOÑADOR

It was a most unobtrusive little camp. Not only had it fled from the sight of highways and country lanes, but it had even hidden itself from the fisherman's trail by seeking shelter in the heart of a thicket of many-arched vine-maples. There the smoke-stained tent nestled under the protecting shelter of the giant of the forest, the large-leaved maple, whose humble cousins screened the camp. Even as the camp had secreted itself away in the living forest of green, so it disguised its name by the use of a foreign tongue, Campo del Soñador. Needed camouflage. For the camper was young, and he would not care to have someone who was not so fortunate tell him that the name truly fitted. It was indeed the "Camp of the Dreamer." Youth is bountifully supplied with sensitiveness. To dream is his privilege, but God, not condescending maturity, granted him that constitutional prerogative. And youth in his pride knows the source of his rights full well.

The day was so hot that even the little brown lizard had deserted his sunning-rock and retreated to a crevice for shade. The great maple and its allies, the ancient firs, loyally supported by the alders and vine-maples, made for the camp a shade of dancing shadows. The hammock mimicked the movements of these shadowy forest elves the best it could. The youth luxuriated in lassitude. Peace and a message came in the soft melodious lullaby which the many-leaved tree tops sang. For, with his mind idle and off guard, in stole a message which could not have entered otherwise, and he heard the leafy voices say, "Forget; just now, forget." Strange word for youth. What use could it possibly have for such a message? For maturity knows full well that youth is but the passing through one short day of golden joy and careless ease. It knows, because in the face of storm and stress its own mind always longs for that day to come again. But perchance during life's busy days maturity has forgotten that youth is a strung bow always taut. Life has not yet taught him how to loose the string and ease the strain when it is not needed. It takes but little strain to snap the bow that is always bent, and trifling trials

may be breaking ones to high-strung youth. So the trees softly whispered for the youth to forget, and loosen the useless strain. Every ounce of his strength he had manfully thrown against a world-order that opposed his soul's ideals, and, though he gave his best, the ugly things of life still blocked the way. The bitterness of a defeat which he could not understand burned within, but the murmur of the distant river joined the leafy voices in softly pleading, "Just forget."

Then, too, had not his race spent all of their time upon the earth in building fences of custom and prejudice with which to corral the activity of youth? Walls of stone and sharp pickets of iron were everywhere, and his spirit felt resentful of its narrow confines. Was it possible that nature's voice was saying, "Just forget them all"?

Where would a young man go that a boy could not find him? With the message of the treetops treasured in his soul off tramped the young preacher after the boys who eagerly led him to their swimming-hole. The lusty and ever-wild North Santiam, still new from its source in the glacier of Mount Jefferson, had taken a short-cut in its wild career and left its old channel, a deep, quiet, alder-lined back water. Boyhood's paradise! Its sun-warmed waters drew the lads as a master-magnet draws the steel. The young man was too wise to make the lads self-conscious by wearing the conventional patch of scarlet wool he called his bathing suit, so speedily the cool waters splashed over bodies of whose nakedness they need not be ashamed. The cold water sent their blood on a wild rampage, and the waves of their own creation laughed over and around them as they reveled in the sheer joy of physical existence. It was enough just to live. With the madness of youth they sought to press an eternity's joy into an hour. Sending a shower of water drops from their blood-flushed bodies they chased one another over the rocks until they were dry enough to put on civilization's garb. For a moment the youth stood gazing down into the water, even while the boys noisily shouted for him to follow them. What were the ripples saying? "Just live; now, and only now."

They found themselves in the soft darkness of the forest's night. The campfire sent its amber flames leaping up to chase the grim smoke away and in playful mood to try and kiss the broad green leaves of the maple which were just above their reach. Like a love-filled heart the campfire diffused its cozy warmth all about it and sought to conquer the darkness of the night by its glowing light. As the young camper and his chum from the distant city yielded themselves to its witchery a strange fancy mastered them: what else were the great fir trunks, which loomed up so grandly in the firelight, but the majestic pillars of God's temple of the Night! The nearest vine-maples were but the marvelous etching upon walls of night-black marble, and the fire was the holy altar fire. They were God's priests in this his grandest temple. And so they dreamed, even as the mystic fire upon the altar bade them to, each apart, yet each together—for they were chums. They dreamed apart, for, as the poet has so finely conceived,

> "Deep in his eyes I read a mystery:
> For he whose soul we fathom to the end
> Becomes our servant then, and not our friend,"

and yet strangely together, for chumship made them one in mystic sympathy. It's God's greatest gift to youth. They ministered before their God with holy aspirations, for here in God's own temple came visions of service and each responded with the eagerness of youth—"Here am I, send me." Unheedful of the passing hours, and until the last coal upon the altar died, they dreamed of coming years, years when toil would be forgotten in the glorious triumph of their Christian conquests. Idle dreams of youth, idle even as the playing sunshine, but where the fruitage in God's garden upon earth without it?

Camouflaged under nature's gayest colors Autumn silently invaded the summer camp and made himself master of the field. Summer fled. Either the trees were deceived, and gaily decked themselves to receive Autumn as a friend, or else they but bade him a gay defiance. The alders selected gayest yellow, the vine-maples were partial to the scarlets, while the dogwoods took unto themselves a wine red of purple tinge, a color all their own. The

wind tossed withered leaves into the face of the sleeping youth, daring him to throw aside his blankets and make a dash for his morning plunge, but the crisp morning chill gave snappish orders for him to hug them more closely instead. With the vim of its snap in his system the youth answered the tumultuous call of the distant river and raced to its boulder-covered banks. Was it the same river? Now it raced between banks of gold, scarlet, and wine red, touched only now and then with the somber green of the firs and the bronze of the cedars. More wildly than ever the waters dashed on. His eyes could not seek the quiet back water, the summer swimming-hole, for now the mad waters drew his gaze. They rampaged like youth. His spirit was thrilled with their strenuous rush and the utter abandon with which they tried to sweep the dark, grim glacial boulders out of their way. Though the rocks dashed them into the finest spray they but leaped over what they could not move and thus were off and away. His eyes sparkled, and his spirit raced with the wild young mountain stream. As far as his eyes could follow it, in the bright rosy light of morning, it rushed on in this self-same way, on to the place where its vigorous youthful energy would turn the wheels of industry, and then, sobered by its toil, it would bear the ships of commerce and ultimately lose itself in the great sea beyond. So, too, his spirit was tired of the summer languid days, with the trees murmuring their message of forgetfulness. He was satiated with the joy of merely living. The dreams of the campfire burned in his soul, and he gladly heard the river thunder its message in his ears—"Rush forth and make dreams come true! To-day, now, dash on and use your youthful strength to turn the wheels of life! Fear not the taming effect of toil, for in the broader, deeper maturity you can bear life's burdens triumphantly; nay, fear not even the great sea beyond, for in its rich fullness you will have earned a part."

In the thunderous symphony of the mountain stream the call to action came, and he answered. Campo del Soñador is in the memories of yesterday, but its message is deep in the heart of a youth—even as God meant it should be.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

DR. LYMAN ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS

UNDERNEATH ARE THE EVERLASTING ARMS [1]

UNDERNEATH *what* are the Everlasting Arms? Underneath our very doubt that there are such arms, that is to say, underneath the fact, whatever it be, that seems to us the deepest fact of all; underneath the feeling, whatever it be, that seems to us the deepest feeling of all.

We are not in this answer amusing ourselves with a mere turn of words; we are meeting squarely the instant challenge of the intellect. "Underneath"; underneath what? And we answer with an equal promptness—underneath what we call the very "bottom facts," underneath the very foundations of conscious thought, underneath our very misgiving about the arms, still deeper stretch the arms themselves—warm, eternal, divine.

For it would almost seem as though a pause were intended to be introduced just after the word *"underneath,"* like the long dash or bracketed blank space in the line when something is left out in writing, and that we struggling mortals are then at liberty to fill in that blank space with any title which to us describes the deepest and most unmanageable fact of life. "Underneath"—then comes the eloquent silence which our utterance is to fill. What shall we put into that open space? Let every man put into it that which to him is deepest. Some of us would perhaps write in the words *"trouble, sickness, bereavement,"* as the profoundest experience we know. Then the sentence would read: "Underneath *trouble* are the Everlasting Arms." Some would introduce the word *temptation.* Then it would read: "Underneath *temptation* are the Everlasting Arms." Many a man would say, The deepest and most inveterate fact I know is my own mad folly. Then write that in.

To some, parental responsibility seems the deepest fact in life.

[1] Albert J. Lyman was a highly valued contributor to this REVIEW, and by this article he, like Abel, "being dead, yet speaketh." Issued in attractive booklet by Pilgrim Press, Boston. Price, 40 cents.

Put that in. To others of different temper, nature's wide force and law may appear to be the fundamental fact in the world. Then write that in. In certain speculative moods a vast, inexorable fate seems the final statement of the universe. Then write in even that. So the sentence will read: "Underneath bereavement, or temptation, or parenthood, or nature, or sin, or fate itself, are the Everlasting Arms."

Fill up that white, vacant space in the line with *anything* which to you gives the sense of being the uncontrollable and final force at the bottom of life,—the very undertone of all; then when you are sure you have it in the sentence, go on to complete it—underneath even *that* are "the Everlasting Arms."

This, then, is our simple but vital theme—the love and care of God as being beneath the bottom of all things beside.

This is not only the parental, it is the *passionately* parental conception of the Deity. The image regnant in this old tingling utterance is, perhaps, the most intense expression of the Fatherhood of God to be found in the entire Old Testament literature. It anticipates that quivering "Abba, Father," from the lips of Jesus.

The appeal is to the sense of weakness, of necessary dependence upon a Higher Power, which we ever feel so profoundly, so pathetically, at the very foundation of life, from babyhood to old age, and which Schleiermacher held to be the essence of religion itself.

So, weak, so dependent, fatigued, falling, fallen, something catches us from beneath and buoys us up, and this nameless lift from beneath, the inspired Hebrew writer declares to be nothing else or less than the arm of the living God.

But is this anything more than a poet's dream? Is this passionately parental view of the deep heart of the universe warranted? Is it true? How do we know? How can we know? Who can fathom the infinite? Many facts in this stern world do not, on the surface, look as though the supreme force were love.

Let us think about the matter a little.

The Idea of God

First.—As to the warrant for the parental idea of God. Four great generic ideas or modes of regarding the Infinite Being have attracted the minds of men:

1. The creative—God as Creator.
2. The monarchical—God as Sovereign.

3. The judicial—God as Judge.

Calvinism presents the solid welding together of these three conceptions. In our time a fourth conception has come into relief. It is at once pantheistic and scientific. It is the idea of God as a vast, all-pervasive, universal force,—an infinite but unknowable energy, to recall the favorite phrase of a now rather decadent agnosticism.

Now, the parental thought of God is larger and finer as well as truer than any one of these other conceptions because it includes what is true in them all, and adds its own warm pulse throb besides.

God is Creator; but fatherhood is creative.

God is just; but so is fatherhood judicial.

God is Monarch; but fatherhood is sovereign.

God is Force; but is force any less force because it is fatherly as well?

Right here, however, we must stop a moment, because here is the very firing line of our modern battle of faith. I say *battle* of faith, because faith is always a fight. Faith is not certainty. Certainty is vision. Faith is a struggle toward certainty, or, in a practical way of putting it, faith is the noble, mental push, which, even without the certainty of full vision, dares to swing off upon the weight of evidence.

What, substantially, is the position of the modern educated but non-Christian mind? It is to the effect that God is the ultimate but unknown Power. It may go still further and assert that nothing like what we call fatherhood is in that Power. We can believe, you say, in a tremendous, universal force filling immensity, its foam sparkling with starry worlds; but that force cannot be personal, cannot be parental. Here is the edge of the intellectual quest and battle of our time.

We must be fair to ourselves as to this modern misgiving. It is not a sign of moral delinquency, but rather of intellectual life.

But think a moment. We are not afraid to join issue at this point. Do our scientific friends remember that nature justifies us in using the word Father as conveying the true and final conception of the Infinite? Is it not precisely as scientific to say, Father-God as to say Force-God? Fatherhood is the highest form of nature's force. Self-sacrificial human parenthood is, so far as we know, the highest and final product of the evolutional processes, and we reason back from the final product of the universe to the ultimate source of the universe.

The men of science tell us that in reasoning up toward the infinite we must reason from the known to the unknown. Very well. But if so, then surely we may reason from the *highest part of the known to the highest part of the unknown.* The highest part of the known is what we call personality, thought, love, will. If I am to climb to God on your ladder of facts, you shall not take down the upper half of your own ladder. If you reason from force to an infinite force, I reason from love to an infinite love, and this line of the reasoning is precisely as scientific as the other.

What is the upper half of the ladder of nature? *Personal consciousness.* I will stand *there,* then, in order to reason up to God. The force that is coiled in the brain of man is mightier than the force of cyclone or avalanche. But the top round of this top half of nature is *love,* and the tip of this top, the very minaret and finial of nature, is the *self-sacrifice* of a mother's love, as Drummond well argued. I will stand even there, then, and reason up to an infinite love. I reason from the highest thing produced in nature to the highest of the force that produced it. And this is sound reasoning. The logic is straight and strong and holds like ten Titans. But the logic glows at the finial. It is like a white mountain summit when the sunrise catches it, and it flashes with rose and gold.

The evolutionary philosophy itself must back up into this position, namely, that the Supreme Being possesses that which is the eternal prototype of consciousness in man.

The late Professor John Fiske of Harvard, an evolutionist and Spencerian, writing of his master, Herbert Spencer, declares: "According to Mr. Spencer, the energy which is manifested throughout the knowable universe is the same energy that wells up in us as consciousness." And Professor Fiske therefore maintains that according to the logic of evolution and of biology, the source of the universe must be stated in terms of the highest product of the universe.

I have sometimes illustrated the matter to myself after this fashion: Suppose that from some high rock-cistern in the far hills you lead a line of piping down into the valley, through thicket and mire, until, ascending, it curves up beneath the cellar of your house and passes through every story to where the current of water is released to play as a fountain upon your roof-garden. A learned investigator informs you that he has made an astonishing discovery, namely, that the prismatic play of your roof-fountain is evolved

from the shelter of the sleeping rooms beneath, and this again is evolved from the stuffiness of the parlor floor, and this from the sordidness of the kitchen, and this from the squalor of the cellar, and this from the very slag and slime itself beneath your house. "I have traced that pipe," he explains, "all the way down and this is what it comes from. This is evolution." What will you say to that man? If you say what you think, which is not always the politest way, you will say: "My friend, allow me to remark that you are almost, if not quite, an idiot. Don't you know that the water has to *come down first,* in order to rise *as* it does? Trace up as well as trace down. The play of the fountain *at the summit* offers the true standpoint where you can adequately judge how high in the hills my rock-reservoir is and what is the quality of the water there!" So of the light which the evolutional energy at the summit of its process casts back upon the "hollow of God's hand."

The old Hebrew metaphor is not, then, poetry merely. It is poetry resting upon sound reason. It is inspired truth. *"He that formed the eye, shall he not see?"* He that formed the soul for love, shall he not love? You cannot light your torch by an iceberg, and the flame of parental passion, as we know it in man, could never have emerged from an iceberg God. The stream does not rise higher than its source or run with different water. If a mollusk in a million years can develop into Plato, then that wonderful Platonic tendency in the mollusk argues something back of the mollusk as high as Plato. The universe culminates in love only because it began with love.

We conclude then that we have *reason* to believe that the biblical conception of God is the rational conception and that "underneath *are* the Everlasting Arms."

Second.—How does this truth apply to ourselves in practical experience? How does it not apply! How close it comes home to parents, for example! Parents are a worried lot. They are anxious as to how this boy is to get on at school or in the office; how that daughter is to secure a more ample education when there is hardly enough coming in to make both ends meet. It seems to me that it must be like music to you fathers and mothers if you can realize that the Everlasting Arms are *under your own arms* as you hold up your child. You are nervous when your dear ones are out of your sight. They are never out of His sight.

But let us inquire a little more closely what some of these "bot-

tom facts" of experience, as we call them, are, which, after all, rest upon God's arms still deeper beneath them. May I briefly mention three? They are *Doubt, Pain,* and *Sin.*

Doubt

1*st.*—As has been intimated earlier, *Doubt* is, apparently, in our modern time, one of these ultimate states of mind. And it is most apparently fundamental, and I may add terrible, in its vague, subtle, ethical forms, and this is why doubt is such a deep and appalling thing to *woman,* when it comes to her. I am sure that the relation of the doubt and skepticism of our age to woman has often been overlooked in our mannish discussions. A man doubts with his *brain,* and can endure it. A woman doubts with her *soul* as well as her brain, and cannot so well endure it.

Faith is life with womanhood. Oh, the desperate ache in the feminine nature when it begins *really* to question whether there is any God, or, if there is, whether he has any *care* for us. But doubt is not the bottom fact. The arms are underneath our very doubt about the arms.

What is doubt? Half of doubt is pain. Doubt is like the sick child's blow back at the very arm that is holding it, and the face that is so tenderly watching it. But you, mother, do not let your poor little child fall, when, in sudden anger, or in a spasm of suffering, the child twists itself back and strikes at your face. God is no harsher than we are. God knows our doubt is half pain, and he will not discard us because of our doubt.

I have said doubt is not the deepest thing. May I venture to give you one moment of metaphysics to show this.

Well, then, you doubt because you *think,* don't you? If you didn't think, you wouldn't doubt. And you think because you have the *power* to think, do you not? If you didn't have the power to think, you wouldn't think. But *power* to think is a *positive* thing, not negative, isn't it? Certainly. Then, even at the first touch of a rigid analysis, you have passed from negative to positive, that is, from doubt to something there is no doubt about, namely, *power.* And that positive finality which all power implies, even the power to doubt, I call God. God is a Saxon name for a fact. You may call that ultimate, positive fact by many names. Jesus called it Father, and as we have already argued, it is scientifically reasonable to define the ultimate source of all things in the terms of its highest product,

and that is parental affection. But that is not the point at this moment. The point at this moment is that the Ultimate Fact, *whatever it is,* is deeper than your doubt about it. One bold thrust of the metaphysical javelin and your final negation is pierced through and through. Doubt is not the "bottom fact" and cannot be.

Do you imagine, my skeptical friend, that your doubt is the outer void which stretches on forever? No. The Positive God, whoever he is, is still on the outside of that outer void. The labyrinth of your doubt is like the labyrinth of stairways, gangways, blind passages below deck in the great ocean steamer, in which the landsman, bewildered, loses his way; but all the while the mighty steamer is carrying him, *labyrinth and all,* onward to his destination.

Pain

2*d.*—The truth of the Divine Parental Love lifting at the very foundations of life applies also to *pain.* The Everlasting Arms are underneath pain.

In times of distress, pain seems the deepest thing in the world. Let me point you to a deeper, namely, the *checks and limitations* which God has set to pain. Have you ever thought of the limitations of pain? Have you ever thought of the secondary effects of one person's pain in making other people suffer less? Is yonder invalid's home the most cheerless place in town? Have you ever thought how much *friendship* gathers in the wake of pain—how much pain has to do with the development of the *friendship* of this world? It is pain very largely that develops friendship.

The two qualities of friendship which pain develops are *tenderness* and *tenacity.* Our experience of life changes somewhat. In the early flush of life, under the jet of its warm, young blood, we want something else in friendship, something more impulsive, glowing, passionate; but we get past that.

You remember Sidney Dobell's quaint, strong line:

> "There's something wrong in the cup, boys,
> There's something ill wi' the bread."

That is what we come to feel. Then follows loss, bereavement, like a shadow on the street. As Charles Kingsley sings:—

> "The merry, merry lark was up and singing,
> And the hare was out and feeding on the lea,
> And the merry, merry bells below were ringing,
> When my child's laugh rang through me.

"Now the hare is snared and dead beside the snowyard,
And the lark beside the dreary winter sea;
Now my baby in his cradle in the churchyard
Waiteth there until the bells bring me."

Then, last of all, old age approaches, stealing on like a mist over the ocean. Once again may I quote those strangely chiming lines of dear old Tom Hood:—

"Spring it is cheery,
Winter is dreary,
Green leaves hang, but the brown must fly;
When he's forsaken,
Withered and shaken,
What can an old man do but die?"

And in all these changes, what we come at last deep down to want in a friendship are these two things, *tenderness* and *tenacity*. Well, we have them in God's friendship. Tenderness—that is the "arms." Tenacity—that is the "everlasting." Beneath our pain something still pulses and presses. It is the *Arm*, lasting—everlasting.

But again you say, "Prove it." Prove it? I prove it by the deeper analysis of pain itself, which shows the moment you cut into it a principle of self-limitation, a principle of transmutation of pain into power, and so into a higher peace, which nothing but Intelligent Love could have either conceived or introduced. I prove it by the words of the greatest sufferers who, from the summits of anguish, have looked out upon visions of victory. *I prove it by the intuition of the agony of Calvary.*

Pain cannot be the deepest fact of life. If so, the air was made for the hurricane, and clouds for the thunderbolt, and that cannot be. Pain is provisional. It is educative. It is disciplinary. It is not final.

A man came to me the other day and said: "My dear fellow, I have failed in business. The bottom has dropped out." The first part of his sentence was true enough, but not the last part. *The bottom never drops out.* Still underneath pain and failure are the "Everlasting Arms."

A man fails in health. He thinks that means pauperism to his children. Despairing, he is yet brave, and staggering up the street he salutes an acquaintance with his usual nod, and with purple lips mutters something about being "down on his luck." Does God in

heaven know what his poor children are stumbling against in the thickets? Yes, he does know; and even that very thicket itself may be on the shortest road home.

And so also the Everlasting Arms are not only underneath our individual doubt and pain, but they are underneath those more general conditions of environment and of drift in affairs which we often say are mainly responsible for our pain and failure.

It has been the fashion (until just of late—the philosophic apprehension now seems swinging into a less fatalistic mood) to speak of the "environment" as a kind of ultimate, inexorable fact. We look out upon the wide field and we see much that is calamitous and bewildering. Things seem to be either drifting or driving on, under intricate and irreversible machinery of law, we know not whither, like clouds before the wind, or boats in a flood; and you say the doctrine of the love of God does not and cannot apply to this vast welter of unmanageable public currents.

Ah, friend, this conclusion is due to a limitation of vision. The parental thought of God applies here also, if it applies anywhere. Let us be logicians. Everywhere or nowhere is the logic of the love of God.

You ask, "Why, then, are not things better?" I turn the same question back and ask, with equal force, "Why are they not worse?" That they are as well as they are and struggling upward, when they so easily might be worse, indicates the fundamental uplift of a parental God.

Oh, take hold of this and take courage, you who lament what you call irretrievable calamity and the curse of whose curse is that it seems to you "irretrievable,"—something necessary, inescapable, final, something in blood, in brain, in heredity, in environment—what not, that constantly hems you in, smites you down, cuts back upon you. Not so. Nothing is so deep that those arms of God are not deeper. We cut ourselves and cry, but God lifts and carries *child, cut,* and *cry* all together, near his face and bosom.

Perhaps even the very Arm itself is hidden from your eyes beneath that which it is upholding. Your little child does not always *see* your arm when you are holding him.

Sin

3d.—Then, last of all, comes sweeping into view, like some great, gleaming orb, that final and deepest application of the truth before

us: that the helping, rescuing arms of God are underneath even that dark mystery that we call human *sin.*

I must say only a word of this in closing. God forgive us ministers that we put this truth so coldly. We talk of the *doctrine* of the "Atonement." Oh, that we realized the *fact* of the atonement, and the parental passion glowing at the heart of the universe that the word atonement means!

Here, too, we must follow Christ's lead in illustrating the divine sentiment by the human. You do not repudiate your child or drive him from your door because he has done *wrong,* do you? You suffer for his sake, if you can only save him, do you not?

A dear friend of mine once carried his little boy to one of our Brooklyn hospitals to undergo a severe and dangerous surgical operation. The morning of the day of the operation my friend was with me a few moments in my study. He walked up and down the room, clenching his hands in the restlessness of his anxiety, and said: "O my God, *if I could only be hurt instead of my child!*" How far does that feeling go? Does it stop with surgery? You know it goes far enough to take in the *sin* as well as sickness of a child. Does it stop at the hospital door? I tell you it goes *through and through the Living God.* Let us grasp that principle with both hands.

Here was the feeling in my friend. Where did he get it? Where did it come from? I am sure I do not need to remind you that God himself is revealed in that father's feeling. God is not up there in a white, cold heaven watching it, but he is *in it.*

Christianity is the religion which tells us this, by its doctrines of Incarnation and Atonement. Mark that word *incarnation.* We hold to no weak, diluted orthodoxy. On the contrary, we hold that the strong, old faith of the Church Universal incorporates this very idea of a loving rescue in its sublimest form. That word *incarnation*—it is a rich, red word. Remember that we use the same root-word when we say *incarnadine.* The gospel revelation *incarnadines* our pallid thought of God and makes it flush and glow. Christ's Incarnation is with literal precision the blood-red embodiment of God's feeling, his love and suffering. We disavow and repel as puerile and provincial that false orthodoxy which would imply that Christ had one feeling and God another. Hear St. Paul's majestic peal—"God *in Christ,* reconciling the world unto himself." Christ is not a lamb slain in the bleak pastures in front of some rock-

image of a god, in order to make that rock-image weep. *Atonement is not outside of God but in him.*

The Method of Moral Salvation

Illustrations fail. Take one—Christ's own. The domestic analogy comes nearest to the heart of the matter.

You are a father. Your son is wayward and commits some act, not an ordinary misdemeanor, but some grievous public wrong which overwhelms you and the family with sadness and shame. At length concealment is impossible—he comes to you and confesses his wrong. What shall you say to him? What shall you do to him? You cannot command yourself to speak. A hot indignation flames in your soul. You say, "Go away now, my boy, I must be alone," and then you are alone. You lock the door and walk up and down the room in an agony of mental conflict. On the one hand is love—your love for your own flesh and blood; on the other hand, the burning, blistering sense of the disgrace your child has brought on his father's and his mother's name.

How many a parent has passed through this desperate experience! But at length it is over, and you come forth from your room pale but steady, only with some after-quiver of the agony lingering about the cadence of your voice; and then you call your son, and you tell him that you—*forgive him.* But now, mark! This is a forgiveness that *saves* your son. It is as far as possible from the easy indulgence which would make light of the offense and toss the whole affair aside with careless good nature. Such a forgiveness as that would not touch your boy very deeply; but this forgiveness, born out of suffering, has in it a strangely penetrating and vicarious and even remedial and redemptive quality, and it pierces to the heart of your boy.

But now, mark again! It pierces *to that in your boy which you have given to him* in the mystery of your parenthood. It reaches to the *you* in your son. He "comes to himself," as we say; that is, he comes to the you that is in him. He is "all broken up," as we say—that is, the family nature in him wells up and overcomes the defective, merely individual nature. He is himself, but he is you. He is changed. He is saved. Now Christ tells that through such a lens of human life we can look up toward the Infinite Father. Sacrificial parenthood incarnates itself in the life of one child in order to touch into renewed life the latent or disowned image of itself

in another child. Is this scriptural? Certainly it is. Is it orthodox? Certainly it is. It is the orthodoxy of the universal living soul of Christendom, but stated in the terms of life, and leaving its background of mystery without attempt to solve it. In Christ's parable of the prodigal, the forgiveness was the issue of something which went on in the Father's own heart. May we not say that Christ *is the Father's own heart?* He is not outside that heart.

Yonder man, in desperate self-reproach, exclaims: "The deepest gulf I know is my own sin, my own mad passion, my own accursed folly." Why, no, friend, there is something deeper than that—the forgiving mercy of your God.

Have you ever yet come home so fallen that your mother would not take you in, and does your God love less? Where did motherhood light the lamp of its immortal love? Your God! Who is he? The God you are thinking of is a wooden God. Your God is the Matterhorn at midnight, not the real God. The real God broods and yearns and aches for us mortals, for we are of his own self, as a child is of the mother's self. Christ teaches us that. If you accept Christ's teaching you must believe that. Love is the same sort of love here and in heaven, in motherlove here and in heaven, in motherhood, and in God. We have Christ's authority for that in his parable of the prodigal. Two tiny drops of water unite by virtue of the same force of gravity which holds the planets in on their flying march, though crowding out against the rim of their bright track, as if they rolled against walls of invisible crystal. So love is the same thing here and in the heavens.

You may have heard the story of President Davies. One day he met a man whom he had formerly known well, a man of cultivated intellect, who had become a victim of alcohol, and had lost all power of self-restraint.

"Sir, you can be saved," said the president. "Sign the pledge."

"I have signed and failed," was the answer. "I have no strength of will to keep the pledge."

Said President Davies, *"I will be your strength to keep the pledge.* When your appetite burns, come to my house, sit with me in my study. I will be a shield to you. All that I can do for you with my books, my sympathy, my experience, my society, I will do. You shall first master your appetite, then forget it."

The astonished man said, "Sir, will *you* do all that?" "Surely, I will." "Then, I will come." And he did and was a rescued man.

This is not fantastic; it is not chimerical; it is the reproduction, in human type, of what Christ reveals as being the truth at the heart of all this wonderful world.

Deeper than the "bottom facts," as you call them, is a love out of sight. We cannot always understand it. Neither can your baby understand you. Be patient with God, dear brother, even as you would have your child patient with you. Wait and see what things really mean.

So shall the ultimate vision of faith grow definite and grow grand, and the perturbed spirit will quiet itself in peace. A divine buoyancy will lift beneath the very foundations of life. And when at last the world falls into shadow, and death draws near, we shall only settle ourselves a little closer, nestling down within those Arms Everlasting, as they carry us still on into and *across* the darkness.

THE ARENA

A PERNICIOUS PROPAGANDA.

During the Centenary Celebration at Columbus I had charge of the building which housed the Latin America and European exhibits. In the Latin-American section we had nearly a hundred workers, representing the nine countries which took part. These people, from all parts of Spanish and Portuguese America, both natives and missionaries, were an interesting and wide-awake group. I found them alert to all sorts of international questions. They had opinions on the Monroe doctrine, the League of Nations, the controversy with Colombia, the meaning of the war, and so on. But the very livest of all subjects for them and the one on which their opinion was of the hair-trigger variety, was the question of armed intervention in Mexico. The careless and matter-of-fact way in which this thing is advocated in some American papers fairly rendered them frantic.

The reason is not far to seek. An unexampled era of good will toward the United States is on in all Latin-America. Those countries at last look on ours as their friend. As a result missionary work is prospering beyond anything we have ever known. The doors are wide open.

But, and here the opinion of my co-workers was unanimous and agrees with what I have long held, if we go to war with Mexico—and intervention means war, not mere policing, as some would make out—every solitary one of those countries will take Mexico's side. The era of good feeling will depart, never to return. Our missionary enterprise will go into permanent eclipse. In view of this situation is it not high

time that the churches of our country were making their voices heard in Washington to offset the insidious, never-ceasing, cunning, well-paid and well-organized propaganda in favor of armed intervention?

There are plenty of reasons why we should not think of fighting Mexico, and really none why we should. The greatest of all is because we are a Christian nation and through our great President have committed ourselves to the cause of international justice. It was bad enough for the Kaiser, with his ideals and standards, to violate little Belgium. For us to make an unprovoked attack on a weaker neighbor would be so contradictory an act that all our national standards would be nullified by it.

But it would not be unprovoked, someone will interpose. Certainly it would. Not a single thing has Mexico done, not a single thing will she do, to bring us down upon her. It is the one thing which she fears. Outrages by bandits are no cause for war. Controversies over oil wells are not a cause for war. Even if Mexico were in chaos, officious intervention from the outside world would be resented and resisted by her people.

But Mexico is not in a state of chaos. On this point a lot of lying has been done and it is still going on. It is widely asserted, for example, that even now the Carranza government controls only a third of Mexican territory. As a matter of fact it controls it all. There are bandits in various places where the rough nature of the ground aids them. There are a few rebellious Indians in the State of Sonora and a few others in Oaxaca—both of them remote and mountainous states. Altogether it amounts to about what Sitting Bull's rebellion did on our own Western frontier. Neither Villa nor Felix Diaz has any longer an organized army, much less an organized government. They do not *control* anything. Manuel Pelaez, in the oil region, with the help of money paid by the oil operators and guns smuggled by sea from New Orleans and the coast of Texas, still manages to evade the Carranza soldiers. But he is providing a bad investment for the oil operators, and President Wilson has determined to stop this smuggling business. It has sprung up since the tension of war relaxed. Any man who now says that rebels control two thirds of Mexican territory is either a liar or an ignoramus, probably both.

And the man who says intervention would be welcomed by the Mexicans, or will awe them into immediate submission, is a plain donkey. I went to Mexico in 1916, just after the Pershing incident. Every one of my friends there had volunteered for service in the army. They greeted me with the same friendship as of old. "We do not want to fight," they said. "Especially do we not want to fight you. But if your country invades ours we will fight." And they will, every man of them, and many women. They are intense patriots and have the Latin sense of pride. The French are their intellectual and spiritual guides. The Germans fancied that the French could not and would not offer serious resistance. The world knows now. Let us beware lest at some rugged Verdun south of the Rio Grande the embattled manhood of Mexico say

of us, "They shall not pass!" When we go to Mexico let it be with Bibles and schools as our arms, with brotherly good will and for friendly cooperation. Those who thus go will be made welcome. I can testify, for I have been there. But all this unchristian talk of war I hate from my heart, and I have made up my mind to strike this viper wherever it appears.

G. B. WINTON.

Nashville, Tenn.

BRITAIN'S PART

I OFFER, as worthy of publication in your REVIEW, Frederic B. Bard's tribute to England, because every word of it seems true while just credit is apportioned to the other great powers in the stupendous struggle.

I have italicized one line near the middle of the poem because it points to the treason of the papistical party in Ireland, which stabbed England in the back by friendly parleying and intriguing against her with the world's enemy, Germany.

Here is Frederic Bard's just tribute:

England, thy deeds acclaim thee in this war!
Since that grave day when from its peaceful sheath
Thy sword leaped forth at Belgium's cry, till now,
Thou hast been wonderful. Nor do we thus
Forget nor dim the glory that is theirs
Of comrade nations, nor our own great part.

For what could mar the marvel of the tale
That shall be told by firesides through long years?
How tiny Belgium stood forth alone
And kept the road against the Teuton horde
Till help could gather; knowing well the price
She yet would pay for her fidelity.

And France? Proud, debonair, heroic France.
What anguish has been hers, so nobly borne.
What near-defeat, what consummate success.
"They shall not pass!" she said—and kept her word.
And all the world is lover to her now,
Ardent, adoring, eager to be kind.

And Italy! The land of sunny skies
And careless laughter, and the easy life.
Who would have dreamed the spirit of Old Rome
So grim possessed her legions they could rise
From dire defeat to such a victory
As Cæsar knew not even at his prime.

We of the western world were slow indeed
To grasp the meaning of the sudden strife
That seemed so needless and so far away,
Yet was in fact so vital and so near.

But when we did, throughout our wrathful land
Its countless freemen rose in stern resolve
That Rule by Force must cease upon the earth.
What we accomplished in one tireless year
We do not boast of, History will tell,
But we rejoice that when the last retreat
Turned to offensive that was never stayed,
Our flag was there, in time, and in the van.

But, England, thou, of all, didst face a task
So huge proportioned, of such varied need,
It might well have appalled thine own stout heart.
Treason at home, in parley with the foe;
Intrigue abroad, imperilling thy rule
In distant climes; and from the seven seas
To thee as mistress, the insistent voice
Of Commerce calling for a safe highway.

And just across the Channel, day by day,
Some fortress crumbling, some vain hope outlived,
Some dastard deed by the advancing Hun,
And pale lips asking, "When will England come?"

And from the north, each day, a whispered tale
Of stealthy cruisers, stealing through the mist,
Out-bound upon their long-planned pirate raid.
And the world wailing: "What will England do?"

There is not space to tell what England did.
How through a thousand patient days and nights
Amid the tempests and the baffling fogs
Of that bleak northern sea, her splendid fleet
Maintained its vigil and its challenge grim,
So that the vaunted navy of the foe
Adventuring once, slunk back and came no more—
Save in surrender! That tale fully told
Would be an epic in itself.

And then:

How the first gallant army England sent,
Gathered in haste, outnumbered ten to one,
Fought, held its stubborn ground, and died at last
As did the Greeks at old Thermopylæ.

And then again: How nobly to her call
Each child of England answered with its sons,
Its treasure, and its women's toil. So swift,
So prodigal in measure, they surpassed
All rules of filial duty and proclaimed
What sort of mother England really is.
And thus was marshaled to her use, a force
The greatest any nation ever raised
Without conscription.

There were other things
That England did, each stern exacting day,
Of equal value. And she did them all
With the disdain for show, the steadiness
Of purpose, the indomitable will,
That are a part of all her history.
Were friendly lands, perchance, in straits for food?
She brought it quickly. Armies to be moved?
She sent her convoys. Rose an urgent need
Of guns and shells on some uncertain field?
Promptly she made her share and carried them.
When any Ally showed an empty purse,
She filled it—'till at last we brought our gold—
And every battlefront beheld her flag,
And every hostile port her warrior ships
Blockading close. While o'er the open seas
Her dauntless merchantmen voyaged ceaselessly,
Keeping the contacts of the marts of trade.

So in the darkest days when anxious groups
Spake thus among themselves: "Russia is gone,
And Italy is down, France sorely pressed,
Ourselves unready. Is the end at hand?"
Each time some confident, clear voice would cry,
"England will never yield!" And all that heard,
Knowing the words were true, took heart again.

And thus she shepherded the Allied Cause,
Magnificent through four prodigious years.

A Casual Reader.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

THE SAMARITAN PASSOVER

We are familiar with the institution of the Passover on the eve of Israel's departure from Egyptian bondage. It was celebrated at the command of Jehovah under the direction of Moses and Aaron on the fourteenth of Abib, later called Nisan, and was to be a perpetual memorial for the emancipated Hebrews. The fourteenth day of Abib was determined by the full moon. Thus sufficient light was afforded for the feast, which was celebrated at night. The lamb was killed exactly at sunset. Its blood was sprinkled on the lintel and two side posts. It was one lamb for every ten persons. If, however, a family had fewer than that number two families might unite together. The law permitted the substitution of a kid, at least in early times (Ex. 12. 5), though a lamb, it seems, was preferred. The lamb must be roasted whole; not a bone might be broken. It was unlawful to boil it. The meat was consumed with unleavened bread and bitter herbs. With staff in hand, sandals on their feet and loins

girt, they ate in haste, as if ready for a journey. It goes without saying that only those ceremonially clean could take part in this sacred feast.

This first Passover was naturally observed at the homes of the people, but later it must be at the central sanctuary (Deut. 16. 1-6), and still later the lamb was carried by some member of the family to the court of the Temple, where it was killed by a Levite (2 Chron. 30. 17), then taken back to some convenient place for consumption. According to 35. 10-14 the Levites not only killed the lambs but roasted them for all as well. This seems to have been the case also after the Captivity (see Ezra 6. 20). Every one ceremonially clean was allowed to partake of the paschal meal. Now, as sacrifice could be offered only at the central sanctuary, or the Temple, the observance of this feast has become purely a family affair, without any sacrificial significance. Though sacrifices in the literal sense of the word ceased with the destruction of the Holy Place by Titus Vespasian, the Orthodox Jews still observe the Passover with great punctiliousness.

Strange enough, this most sacred of all feasts is still celebrated by the Samaritans not as a family feast, in house or tent, but as of old, they think, in a consecrated place near the summit of Mount Gerizim, an hour's distance from ancient Shechem, which to-day is called Nablus (new city). There is something solemn and pathetic in the assembling of this rapidly diminishing people, in holy attire, in the moonlight, on the fourteenth of Nisan, for the purpose of fulfilling the law of Jehovah as presented in the Torah or Pentateuch. Our Saviour said to the woman of Samaria: "Neither in this mountain nor in Jerusalem shall ye worship the Father." His words did not find lodgment, for the few Samaritans left still cling with tenacity to their belief in the sanctity of Gerizim, which to them is not only the most sacred place, but the only spot where sacrifice acceptable to Jehovah may be offered. It was on this mountain, they tell us, that Adam, Noah, and Abraham built their altars, and where the latter was blessed by Melchizedek, and where he offered up Isaac. The stones taken out of the Jordan were carried at the command of Joshua to the summit of Gerizim. It was near these sacred stones that he made his last address to the people after the conquest of Palestine. Jacob's ladder from earth to heaven was placed on this mountain, and the very steps down which Adam stepped when driven out of Eden are still shown to the tourists. Gerizim, according to the Samaritans, is not only higher than Ebal—though lacking 128 feet of being as high—but the highest mountain in the world. It was on this sacred mount that the Samaritan Temple stood for many years, but now in utter ruins, so much so that the exact spot where it did stand is not known. No wonder, therefore, that a people believing such tradition should celebrate their greatest feast on this mountain when at all possible. We say, when possible, for the Moslem, true to his nature, has often forbidden them to gather at their "holy of holies." This was true for about twenty-five years in the period preceding 1810 A. D.

The assembling on Gerizim for the celebration of Passover is considered binding upon all males of the Samaritan community if ceremonially

clean. Women, too, are allowed to accompany their fathers, husbands or brothers, and to remain in their tents within hearing distance of the services, and even, but secluded and apart, to partake of the sacrificial meal.

On the day before the fourteenth of Nisan the Samaritan quarter at Nablus is practically deserted, since every one not excluded by the law of defilement or on the very point of death is certain to attend the paschal celebration. Indeed, those seriously ill are often carried to the feast by their relatives and friends, professing to believe that attendance on the Passover services on Gerizim brings with it restoration to health. This is done year after year, notwithstanding the fact that the strain has often proved fatal to some of those in the last stages of disease. Nor is their faith perfect. For a contingency of that nature a tent is pitched at some distance from the other tents of the encampment—"without the camp"—whereto any in the struggle with death, about to breathe his last, may be carried. For a corpse would defile any coming in contact with it, and thus deprive them of the blessings and joy of this greatest of all feasts. In case a death does occur the corpse is cared for by Moslems or non-Samaritans.

According to tradition the Samaritan temple was built on the summit of Gerizim, but the enclosure in which the Passover is now celebrated is at a little distance from the highest point. No doubt the place selected is more secluded and sheltered. It is probable, however, they were forced by the Moslems to give up the summit, or the site of their ancient temple, for military reasons. Be that as it may, the Samaritans have now a title-deed to the parcel of ground within the limits of which they celebrate their four great feasts, and where they pitch their tents for the week beginning with the fourteenth of Nisan.

They leave Nablus as a rule on the thirteenth of this month, so as to be fully prepared for the celebration of the following day upon their "holy of holies" on Gerizim. Some of the more devout are found there a week earlier. If the fourteenth of Nisan happens to fall on a Sabbath (our Saturday) the preparations are then made on the twelfth, so as not in any manner to desecrate the Sabbath, a day the Samaritans observe with extraordinary strictness, much more so than the most orthodox Jew or scrupulous Puritan. In Sabbath-keeping no people can compare with the Samaritans.

The celebration of the Samaritan Passover has been witnessed at close range by many curious tourists as well as by some great students of Old Testament institutions. It is from articles written by some of the latter that we have gathered much of our data for this paper. Here we might state that no two of these agree in every particular. It is possible, too, that the celebrations did not follow minutely a regular plan. It is also possible that the Turkish officials interfered with them in some of the details. When the Rev. J. E. H. Thomson, a missionary of Safed, was present at the celebration of the Samaritan Passover on May 2, 1898—quite late that year—he says that there were thirty tents pitched for the accommodation of those in attendance, who numbered one hundred and

fifty to one hundred and sixty souls. As noted above, one of the tents stood at some distance from the regular encampment. In the plot of ground in which the celebrants were gathered were a shallow trench and a deep pit. A fire was kindled in the former, over which were suspended two large caldrons for the purpose of boiling water for facilitating the removal of the wool from the lambs which were to be sacrificed. For these were not skinned, as once required by the Jewish ritual (2 Chron. 35. 11). Near the trench was the pit, dug in the ground and lined with stone. It was about eight feet deep and from three to four feet across the mouth. This pit, though deeper, is like the oven still used in the Arab villages of the vicinity. At the proper time they begin to heat it by means of brush-wood and other kindling material. It is heated to such a degree that the lambs put in it are roasted perfectly. "They shall eat the meat on that night roasted with fire. . . . Eat it not raw, nor sodden at all with water, but roasted with fire" (Ex. 12. 8-9). According to Samaritan tradition this pit dates back to the days of Abraham. See Gen. 15. 17, where we read: "And it came to pass that, when the sun went down, and it was dark, behold a smoking furnace, and a flaming torch that passed between these pieces."

Not far from the trench and pit may be seen gathered in a semi-circle all the male Samaritans. They are led in prayers and chanting by the high priest, who recites from memory passages relating to the Passover. The people may not have memorized the service, at least they use either Hebrew or Arabic books. This part of the ceremony begins just as the fire is lighted under the caldrons or boilers, and continues, with brief intermissions, till the lambs are placed in the pit to be roasted. All the people are clothed in festive garments, which are usually white. But those who have witnessed the celebration do not agree as to the color of the high priests' vestures, or, indeed, of the other celebrants. They now stand, now kneel, and now prostrate themselves, all with their faces toward the summit of Gerizim. At times the gestures and cries are frantic. The younger children are evidently touched at the killing of the lambs, and give vent to their feelings in loud sobs. At a given signal, just as the sun sets over the Mediterranean, the lambs selected for the sacrifice and brought up Gerizim are killed by some young men. Dr. Trumbull says that when he saw the celebration four of these lambs were killed by the high priest. Professor Montgomery seems to discount this statement. It is possible, however, that the custom differs from year to year. The number of lambs killed, from five to seven, will, however, depend upon the amount to be consumed by those who celebrate the Passover. The blood of the lambs is caught in bowls. Part of it is sprinkled upon the canvas flaps, or doors of the tents and part is applied to the noses, ears, and foreheads of the younger boys. It must be said that this rite is not always observed. Mr. Moulton informs us that the Mohammedans had forbidden this practice for some time previous to 1903. Evidently what is allowed or not allowed depends very largely upon the whims of Turkish officials who have jurisdiction over this portion of the Turkish dominions. One witness tells us that when the blood is applied

to the foreheads, noses, and ears of the children the people rejoice and kiss each other on both cheeks, except in the case of the high priest and very old men. These are kissed on the hand.

The lambs, "without blemish, males of the first year," slain, and the wool having been speedily picked off, were now fixed to long poles with a transverse piece near one end, to prevent them from slipping off, and were carried to the pit or ground-oven mentioned above, which had been heating for several hours. Before the lambs were lowered into this hot oven the entrails were taken out. The liver, however, was put back. The feet and the right shoulder were cut off—the latter being the priest's portion. The lambs were then, one by one, lowered into the oven or pit, over the mouth of which was placed a bundle of plaited twigs. This was covered with green sod or soil in such a way that the cracks were completely filled, so that no heat could escape. The lambs were left in the pit till thoroughly roasted, or for three to four hours.

Justin Martyr, a native of Nablus, may have witnessed the celebration of the Samaritan Passover. In his Dialogue with Tryphon the Jew occurs the following: "The paschal lamb that is to be roasted is roasted in a form like to that of the Cross. For one spit is thrust through the animal from head to tail, and another through its breast, to which his forefeet are attached." As Dean Stanley points out, Justin saw in this a likeness of the crucifixion of the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world.

While the lambs are being roasted there is an intermission in the regular services, though many continue to pray and chant. The high priest and elders retire to their tents. At this juncture visitors are permitted to visit the high priest and ask him and others any questions relative to the Samaritans and their religion. They seem to court such inquiries and discussions, and seem ever ready to explain every detail of their creed and customs. They never forget to emphasize that they are the true remnant of Israel, the only people on earth faithful to the teachings of Moses, the greatest of all prophets. It goes without saying that they are bigoted and narrow, as well as shrewd and businesslike. They always expect a little *backsheesh* in return for their courtesies, and generally get it. Even the high priest is not above this and is always ready to sell some kind of manuscript for an exorbitant price.

About midnight a solemn silence settles over the encampment. Some of the men now draw near the oven, where the victims are roasted. The plaited covering is removed, and the lambs, black as coal, are taken out. If, as sometimes happens, a piece falls off a lamb, volunteers vie for the privilege of jumping into the hot oven in order to bring it up. The lambs are placed in new baskets and are carried to a large sheet spread on the ground, a short distance away. Around this sheet gather all the male Samaritans, their loins girt, shoes on their feet and staff in hand, as if on the point of starting on a journey, just as the Hebrews on the night they left Egypt. The women, as already mentioned, though not allowed to gather with the men around the roasted lambs, not far away are permitted to partake of the paschal meal, *usually* in their tents.

to which portions are carried to them. All eat hurriedly and voraciously. No doubt they are quite hungry, since a fast of twenty-four hours must precede this midnight feast.

The inclosed space within which they eat is carefully guarded and reserved for the celebrants alone. No foreigners dare pass over the wall surrounding this Samaritan "holy of holies," lest defilement, either to the food or Samaritans, might take place. Of course, there are numbers of curious people gathered on such an occasion to witness as much as they can of this unique celebration, and, as could be expected, these try to get as near as possible to this out-door ceremony. From the Samaritan point of view the danger of contamination is very great, not only from the hostile Mohammedans, but also from sympathetic, though curious Europeans and Americans, and even from scholarly Christians, and, most of all, rich unthinking tourists. Everybody is intent upon seeing all that is to be seen; the more so as the sight may never be repeated.

The most sacred thing, of course, is the paschal lamb. No one but a Samaritan ceremonially clean may even touch it while being prepared for the sacrifice, much less eat of it after it is roasted. The law is quite explicit: "There shall no alien eat thereof . . . a sojourner and a hired servant shall not eat thereof. All the congregation of Israel shall keep it" (Ex. 12. 43ff). Foreigners may, however, eat of the unleavened bread and the bitter herbs, for these are freely given to any who may desire to taste them.

When the paschal meal is ended the celebrants gather up, with utmost care, every morsel of the meat left over, every particle of bone, every bit of skin or wool or whatsoever may remain of the lamb. According to Mr. Thomson, the foreleg and shoulder given the high priest are also taken up and burned like all the rest. Here, too, the law is fulfilled: "And yet shall let nothing of it remain until the morning; but that which remaineth till the morning ye shall burn with fire" (Ex. 12. 10).

No Semitic celebration could be complete without its accompanying ablutions. Thus the washing of hands is also a part of the Samaritan Passover, just as in the celebration of the feast by modern Jews. The drinking of the four cups of wine, as is done to this day in the Jewish feast, finds, as far as we are informed, no place among the Samaritan celebrants of the Passover.

At the conclusion of this midnight meal prayers and chants are again resumed, with some interruptions, till the break of day, for not until the rising of the sun on the fifteenth of Nisan is the solemn feast ended. Now they retire to their tents, where they rest and prepare themselves for the immediately connected feast of Unleavened Bread, which is also observed by many on Mount Gerizim. They remain here, rather than return to their homes in Nablus, for safety. Here, apart from the world, there is little or no danger of defilement from contact with leaven in any form.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

DR. LEPSIUS ON GERMANY AND ARMENIA, 1914-18.

THE lifting of the censorship has made possible the publication of the documents bearing on the relations of Germany to the mortal sufferings of Armenia in the years of the great war. Dr. Johannes Lepsius, with the full consent of Dr. Solf, former Foreign Secretary, has carefully assembled all the official correspondence bearing on the matter, and has published them without omission or addition, only prefixing an historical introduction of 80 pages. The documents themselves are 444 in number and fill just 500 pages of the book (Potsdam, Tempelverlag, 1919).

Probably no man living is as competent to perform the task of presenting this terrible history as Lepsius. It is about a quarter of a century since this brilliant son of the famous Egyptologist, Karl Richard Lepsius, attracted the attention of Christendom by his splendid services in behalf of Armenia. He was so touched by the distress of the Armenians under the fearful persecutions of the Turks that he made request of a furlough of six months from his pastoral office in order to devote his whole time to making public appeals for their relief. For political reasons, that is, because the government wanted to avoid seeming to sanction any agitation against Turkey, his request was denied. Thereupon, Lepsius promptly resigned his place and took up his great work with a freer hand. His addresses, delivered in many places in Germany, made a strong impression, and his pamphlets on behalf of Armenia were widely read. In translations they gained considerable currency in several countries outside of Germany. During all the years from that time to the present his devotion to the cause of the Armenians has been intense and constant. Many years ago he organized the Deutsche Orient-Mission, which, while intended primarily for work among the Mohammedans, brought him also into close and sympathetic contact with the Armenians. All in all Lepsius is quite as well acquainted with the Armenian situation as any man living. Moreover, he has fairly won the confidence of all who know him as a man of the highest courage and of incorruptible integrity.

The book sheds an abundance of light upon two questions of primary interest: (1) What were the motives that led to the Turkish government's policy of extermination for the Armenian? and (2) What role did German politics play in connection with the whole affair?

As to the motives for the almost unbroken and now almost finished process of exterminating the Armenian people—which even continues in spite of the armistice—the Turkish government at first sought to keep everything in darkness. Then, when that effort failed, they gave it out that it had to do with the suppression of insurrections and with the transfer of Armenians from certain districts to others on account of strategic interests in case of war. They even employed German pens to make this lie current in Germany. Also the Turkish ministers and

governors of provinces repeated the lie with brazen Oriental assurance to German ambassadors, consuls, and others, in spite of the fact that the contrary was everywhere manifest to any man who cared to see for himself. If the German officials were really deceived, it must have been a guilty blindness.

The documents show with absolute clearness that the dominant Young Turks party (calling itself "Comité pour union et progrès"), upon deposing Abd-ul Hamid in 1908, heartily adopted his policy of the unification of Turkey by the slaughter of Christians, first of all the Armenians. And they carried out this program on a larger scale than the Sultan had ever dared to do, who had contented himself with massacres in some of the largest cities. Immediately after the usurpation of power by the "Committee," which proclaimed the principle of Panosmanism, occurred the fearful massacres in Adana (in January, 1909), and the new government scarcely attempted to make it even appear that these were anything else than authorized acts. The documents make very clear that the motive of the government was political and not religious in its nature. They wanted to unify and solidify the empire. The Armenians were believed to stand in the way of their program. Of course, the fact that they were not Moslems was a factor in the case, but it was not the determining one.

In his historical introduction Lepsius gives a brief but adequate account of the course of events from the beginning. But he makes very few comments on the documents which fill the body of the book, indeed, none at all except in the introduction. Of course, the documents are susceptible of various interpretations. Here the interest for students of history will center in the question of Germany's share in the guilt of the extermination of the Armenians. Lepsius, though for many years a severe critic of his people for their apathy toward Armenia, evidently believes that the German government was at the worst only guilty of a measure of toleration of Turkey's crimes. The documents betray no *direct* participation on the part of Germany in the Turkish policy against the Armenians, but it can hardly be doubted that there was in certain official quarters a guilty knowledge of what was planned and being carried out. Lepsius does not publish his book primarily as a vindication of Germany, but he evidently regards it as such. But it seems a psychological impossibility for the German government to have been so effectually hoodwinked as Lepsius supposes.

Incidentally the book is an adequate vindication of the German missionaries who were in contact with the Armenian situation. Even these men have been accused of betraying the Armenians. The documents published by Lepsius amply vindicate them. We must all be sincerely glad to find good faith at least there.

Of course, the documents exhibit a degree of cruelty, treachery, and every other sort of villainy that puts a strain upon the fancy to grasp it. The destruction has gone on so swiftly and so relentlessly that the nation has been reduced from 1,845,000 to about 845,000, and the end is not yet.

A BACKWARD GLANCE OVER THE THEOLOGY OF THE WAR-TIME.

THE theological output of the last five years was in a very large measure determined by the fact and the issues of the war. It could not have been otherwise. Theological books without an immediate pragmatic interest have been few. Such as one can cull from the books published since 1914 are for the most part works which were in preparation before the war.

In all Christian countries the books on the general theme of Christianity and War have been bewilderingly numerous. Of course many of these have been very slight and superficial, yet some have been really profound studies. Then there is a large group of books on the general theme of the rebuilding of the religious thought and life of the people. Here again the quality is very diverse. An example of a book that must provoke thought, perhaps much contradiction, is Orchard's "The Outlook for Religion." But there are many worthy books on the same general theme. These with scarcely an exception emphasize the necessity of giving the largest possible place to the social principles of Jesus. An interesting specimen of the class of books that treat of the new social problems of the church is Chaplain Tiplady's Social Christianity in the New Era. The most characteristic of these books are not systematic studies, they rather represent prophetic voices. Then there are books that deal with the urgent need of the union of the churches. The movement is altogether wonderful. Of course, the difficulties are very great, and some of the proposals for union are wholly impracticable, and even grotesque. But nevertheless the patient thought that men have been giving to the problem is already bearing fruit. It is safe to say that the weight of conviction that the disciples of Jesus *must* find a way to give adequate expression to the unity of the faith and of the Spirit has already wonderf lly revitalized theology and will continue to do so.

The impression seems to be widespread that the war has effectually put an end to dogmatic theology. We take an almost diametrically opposite view. Protestant Christendom is sick of sectarian dogmatism—of this there can be no doubt. But the churches want to get together on the basis of the truth as it is in Jesus. The fundamental questions concerning the nature of God and of his will, concerning the place of Christ, concerning the nature and mission of the church—these are the questions which are pressing for answers. They are the questions of life and death for the individual and for the fellowship of the disciples of Christ. It is not books that discuss these fundamental questions that are out of favor to-day, but books of mere historical lore or of criticism with only a remote bearing upon life. The demand for church union will inevitably stir up thought and utterance on the question of the basis for a united church. This is a forward rather than a backward look; but the glance at the recent past warrants the prophecy.

Among the books of a doctrinal character two groups call for special notice: those dealing with the problem of personal immortality and those relating to the Second Advent. Books of the second group are

incidentally very largely exegetical in their materials. Books on immortality have been put forth by able theologians and thinkers in all Christian lands. For the most part these discussions are designed to overcome the doubts as to immortality generally, rather than to give assurance as to the salvation of the individual—which for the most part is assumed if only the dead live again. This literature incidentally shows how extensive the doubts respecting a future life had become. The books and articles on the Second Coming of Christ are not more numerous than one must have expected in view of the great world catastrophe. There is something disheartening in the evidence of so wide a divergence of thought on so fundamental a subject. It is no mere question of divergences in technical exegesis. The questions involved are as deep and as far-reaching as can well be imagined. But we are inclined to believe that in some quarters the differences are exaggerated. It would be well if the fundamental view, upon which evangelical Christians are generally agreed, should be brought out more clearly, so that the common ground should be duly recognized by both parties. This fundamental view we take to be that Christ is the Consummator of the kingdom, not simply its Founder. In him history will have its End. As over against the evolutionistic view that knows only movement, but no goal, even the crudeness of the current premillenarianism is much to be preferred, as being at heart Christian. If our saner opponents of the premillenarian view, whose standpoint we regard as essentially biblical, would but take pains to point out with unmistakable clearness their fundamental opposition to the evolutionistic idealism that has but a faint tincture of positive Christianity, there might be more hope of our seeing eye to eye with our brethren of the other standpoint. Incidentally we venture the opinion that the issue in this controversy is not clearly recognized, so long as the battle turns about the terms "premillennial" and "postmillennial."

It would be possible to name here and there a war-time book that might have been written in times of the utmost tranquillity. But when we look at the great leaders of research in the field of theology, we see that they have produced in the last five years almost exclusively pamphlets or books bearing upon the war. How will it be in the next years? It is hard to believe that there will soon be a period in which mere scholarship will flourish as it did before the war. The most of that research has its value for the life of the church, when its results are duly digested. But we can hardly fancy our great theologians failing to carry with them into their studies the sense of the multitudes that look up to be fed.

THE PASSING OF HAECKEL.

The death of Ernst Haeckel, in Jena, at the age of 85, has an interest for all well-informed people. One of the most vigorous and able of the disciples of Darwin, he made himself widely known by his unusual combination of scientific content and popular exposition. His

"Natural History of Creation" was translated into at least a dozen languages. But it is particularly because of Haeckel's relation to Christianity that we give some notice of his career in these pages.

About twenty years ago Haeckel, whose wide departure from Christianity was already a matter of common knowledge, published his book entitled "Die Welträtsel," translated into English under the title, "The Riddle of the Universe" (in strict accuracy it should read "Riddles"). Within a few weeks of its publication no fewer than 10,000 copies of the book were sold in Germany. It aroused a very unusual interest, either because its contents seemed worth while or because it attacked positions which multitudes of people regarded as established. The standpoint of Haeckel was that of a naturalistic monism, which the ordinary man will not be able to distinguish from materialism. The book attacked Christianity in a most reckless fashion. The contempt that he displayed toward theology was almost comical because of its extreme assurance. And as for his philosophical discussions, these were almost as supercilious. Naturally a good many pamphlets were written in confutation and then in defense of Haeckel's arguments. The philosophers were scarcely less severe in their criticisms than the theologians. Friedrich Paulsen of Berlin declared that the appearance and the success of such a book in Germany, in the Germany of Kant and Hegel and Schopenhauer, was a deeply humiliating event. Baumann of Göttingen was almost equally severe on Haeckel, only he felt it necessary to let the theologians take a share of his castigation. Dennert, a natural scientist of pronounced Christian faith, attacked Haeckel both from the standpoint of natural science and from that of the Christian faith. But perhaps the most widely read of the confutations of the book was the Anti-Haeckel, by Loofs of Halle. This was a most crushing criticism. The amazing ignorance and effrontery of Haeckel in matters of biblical criticism and church history were mercilessly exposed. Loofs went so far as to say: "My remarks are an attack on Haeckel's honor, and are intended as such." But since, in spite of their vigor and frankness, his criticisms were all well considered, the little book made a strong impression. A reply to the opponents was written by a young assistant of Haeckel's, Schmidt by name. Here again the whole attitude is virtually this: the fact that a man is a theologian is in itself sufficient proof that he has from principle renounced genuine scientific methods.

But there is a special reason why a man like Haeckel should interest us to-day. We are in the habit of charging the moral perversion of Germany, that made possible her modern militaristic role, to men of the type of Nietzsche and Treitschke and Bernhardi. But these do not show the only "roots of the war" so far as the philosophic background is concerned.

Of course, there was nothing directly militaristic in Haeckel's naturalism, but it is a soil in which militarism can flourish. His standpoint of naturalistic monism excludes the conceivability of a self-revealing, personal God. His aim was "to embrace all the exuberant phe-

nomena of organic life in one general scheme and explain all the wonders of life from the monistic point of view as forms of one great, harmoniously working universe, whether you call this nature, or cosmos, or world, or God." He declared that pantheism was the world-view of the modern scientist; and he was frank enough to say that "pantheism is only a polite form of atheism." His flippant attitude toward religion is seen in his remark: "The maxim of the pantheist, 'God and the world are one,' is merely a polite way of giving the Lord God his congé." Here was a philosophy which encouraged the throwing away of all the restraints and the spiritual idealism of Christianity. Though rejected by most professional philosophers and abhorred by the theologians, this materialistic doctrine gained a tremendous hearing among the people of Germany. It can scarcely be doubted that this outlook upon the world and life must have signified an undermining of the foundation, and so helped to make possible the war.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

Reading the Bible. By William Lyon Phelps, Lampson Professor of English Literature, Yale University. 12mo, pp. 131. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, $1.25, net.

With the readers of this Review, Professor Phelps is one of its most popular contributors, as he is at the height of popularity personally and as a teacher, with Yale students. His Browning: How To Know Him (published by The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis) is one of the best helps in studying that poet. From some points of view the book now before us might be entitled The Bible: How to Know It—how to know it better, or at least in a different way from what some of us have learned, an additional way that will make it seem more wonderful and divine than ever as well as more closely human. We would like to put this fresh and vivid little book into every home in America. It would fascinate young and old with the transcendent charm and overmastering superiority of the Bible above all other literature. "Sprightly and forcible, full of vitality and the gusto that lures us to read," says the Evening Post's critic, whose notice goes on: "Professor Phelps shows how the influence of the Bible pervaded all mediæval literature, but also its equal if not greater powerful presence in the literature of to-day. Kipling and Stevenson are saturated with the Bible; they reek with its influence in style and in matter." Professor Phelps truly says that Mr. Britling Sees It Through could not have been written without a profound knowledge of the New Testament. [The same is true of Ibanez's great book, The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.] Professor Phelps adds: "That arch pagan, George Moore, who boasts that he has not even a grain of faith,

and who, in an autobiographical sketch, put down as his chief recreation religion, wrote a long novel on the life of Christ; and, although it is filled with sacrilege, it exhibits the sway over his heart and mind held by the greatest personality in history. He found that he could not escape from the Son of man, and wrote this book to relieve his own mind, as old Burton wrote a treatise on melancholy to cure himself of it." Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch reminds us how Edward Fitz-Gerald recognized the superiority of the Bible by asking, "What would have become of Christianity if Jeremy Bentham had had the writing of the Parables?" Sir Arthur adds: "Without pursuing that dreadful inquiry I ask you to note how carefully *the Parables—those exquisite short stories*—speak only of 'things which you can touch and see'—'A sower went forth to sow,' 'The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven, which a woman took'—and not the Parables only, but the Sermon on the Mount and nearly all the most impressive parts of the New Testament." There are but three chapters in Professor Phelps's book. The first is the most convincing, most captivating, and, so far as we know, the greatest essay on "Reading the Bible" ever written. Its forty-six pages are capable of making more converts than tons and shiploads of commentaries. The METHODIST REVIEW for March, 1919, was enriched by an article on the same subject by the same author. Passing the chapter on "Saint Paul as a Letter-Writer," we notice "Short Stories in the Bible." This last chapter says: The Short Story must be based on one event, or on a series of emotions called forth by a single situation. The lyrical poems of Robert Browning are short stories told in verse; he probably invented more plots than any other writer, and it is interesting to recall the remark of one of the shrewdest cinema managers of our time, who emphatically declared, "Robert Browning is the greatest writer for the movies that ever lived." Now as the Bible excels all other books in poetry, in prose historical narrative, in prophetic eloquence, in philosophy, political economy, and in worldly wisdom, so the finest short stories are to be found in the Bible. And these brief tales illustrate every phase of human nature. I heartily wish I might read for the first time the Bible stories, and judge them apart from the years of childhood training and instruction. An interesting and amusing illustration of the effect produced when these narratives salute men's ears for the first time, was given in the New York Times, January 8, 1919. The Rt. Rev. John N. McCormick, Bishop of Western Michigan, who had been overseas in Red Cross work, is quoted as follows: "One of the chaplains in France told me that although every soldier had a small New Testament which went into his pack, he was having constant demands for the whole Bible in English. He had scoured the country for Bibles and the supply was not equal to the demand. Finally he asked a private why he wanted the whole Bible. 'Because I want to read about the wars,' came the reply. 'The Old Testament is full of wars and I want to read those stories.' When one of the transports went over last spring, the chaplain, finding a group of men sitting together on the deck, with nothing to do, began to tell them stories. He just told them for their brilliant values as tales. And he told the story of Paul's

shipwreck and those fourteen days in a typhoon when he was making his famous voyage to Rome. When he had finished, a man called out to him: 'Who was that guy?' The story-teller replied that it was a man named Paul. The soldier went below and aroused his bunkie. 'The chaplain was telling us a story up on deck about a fellow named Paul, and he was some man.'" A few years ago a newspaper offered a prize for the best answer to the question, "Which is the finest short story ever written?" The prize was awarded to a well-known English writer, who voted for the story of the woman taken in sin. I find that this tale, as told in the Gospel of John, contains two hundred and five words. I do not think any small boy ever forgets the story of Jacob and Esau. Nothing rankles in a boy's mind like injustice, unfair treatment. Furthermore, in spite of the intense blood-affection that unites brothers—instantly shown when any of them is attacked by a person outside the family—there is invariably a certain jealousy between two brothers of nearly the same age; and this jealousy is particularly sharp in the difficult matter of paternal distribution of awards. This ugly trait in human nature is the basis of the story of Jacob and Esau, and the story of the Prodigal Son. The most dangerous foe to parental discipline as to the discipline in a boys' school is any suspicion of favoritism; and when the normal boy reads the story of Jacob and Esau, the trick played by the mother for Jacob's benefit, and the cruel disappointment of honest Esau when he arrives too late, the boy in his own heart identifies himself with the deceived huntsman—he *is* Esau. No amount of exegesis, no reminders of the historical importance of Jacob, no recital of Jacob's subsequent sufferings can ever make a boy forget Jacob's sinister methods; Jacob from that time forth is a swindler, and the boy must look elsewhere in the Bible for a hero. Observe how in that narrative the height of dramatic power is reached with severe economy of words. There is no better story in the Old Testament than the tale of Joseph and his brethren. Every one is interested in clothes—boys and girls, old men and women; and the coat of many colors which Joseph wore when he was seventeen years old is the first picturesque touch in a picturesque career. This gaudy plumage stimulated the envious hatred of his brothers, which his vivid dream enlarged beyond endurance; when they threw the boy into the pit, they stripped the coat off, and added one more color to the famous garment, the color of blood, which was too much for old Jacob's nerves. The subsequent adventures of Joseph in Egypt are dramatic in the extreme; and it is an interesting commentary on human nature, that Joseph's emphatic refusal to betray his benefactor has given him from that time to this an undeserved reputation for priggishness that he will never live down. The very name Joseph savors of pious rather than honorable behavior—consider Joseph Surface, no doubt deliberately named. It is worth remembering, too, that Potiphar's wife is one of the first and most skillful of all the blackmailers recorded in criminal history. Joseph became the Herbert C. Hoover of Egypt. He had the control of the food supply when food was short, and apparently had the sole power of determining rations. It was this official position that brought his brothers

back to him, all unconscious as they bowed down and made obeisance that they were fulfilling the early dream. The passionate excitement of Joseph at the appearance of Benjamin and his inability to control his feelings, show how much stronger is family affection than any pride of place or any political honor. This is one of the greatest of all the great resignation scenes in literature; and the happy reunion of the whole family, father and brothers together, is one of the brightest pages in a book filled with tragedies of sin and pain. The story of Jephthah's daughter has made an indelible impression on the world, although her ultimate fate still rests in doubt—was she slain, or merely condemned to remain unmarried? Byron, who wrote one of the worst of the many poems inspired by this girl, refused to be drawn by a correspondent into a controversy on the subject. "Whatever may be the absolute state of the case," said the poet, "I am innocent of her blood." And on another occasion he remarked, "Well, my hands are not imbrued in her blood!" The fearless realism of the narrator in the book of Judges and his impartiality are plainly shown in the first verse that begins this famous tale: "Now Jephthah the Gileadite was a mighty man of valor, and he was the son of an harlot: and Gilead begat Jephthah." Certainly one of the most dramatic scenes in the Bible is where the captain's daughter—his only child—came out to meet him with timbrels and with dances. The captain rent his clothes, and cried, "Alas, my daughter! thou hast brought me very low, and thou art one of them that trouble me: for I have opened my mouth unto the Lord, and I cannot go back." No angel intervened, as in the case of Abraham and Isaac; and this splendid girl met her fate with resolution, thinking more of her father's victory than of her own sorrow. It is curious, that although she is one of the most familiar characters in history, the historian neglected to mention her name. The finest tribute to the heroine is to be found in Tennyson's Dream of Fair Women.

"Leaving the olive-gardens far below,
Leaving the promise of my bridal bower,
The valleys of grape-loaded vines that glow
Beneath the battled tower.

"The light white cloud swam over us. Anon
We heard the lion roaring from his den;
We saw the large white stars rise one by one,
Or, from the darken'd glen,

"Saw God divide the night with flying flame,
And thunder on the everlasting hills.
I heard Him, for He spake, and grief became
A solemn scorn of ills.

"When the next moon was roll'd into the sky,
Strength came to me that equall'd my desire.
How beautiful a thing it was to die
For God and for my sire!

"It comforts me in this one thought to dwell,
That I subdued me to my father's will;
Because the kiss he gave me, ere I fell,
Sweetens the spirit still.

"Moreover it is written that my race
Hew'd Ammon, hip and thigh, from Aroer
On Arnon unto Minneth." Here her face
Glow'd, as I look'd at her.

She lock'd her lips; she left me where I stood:
"Glory to God," she sang, and past afar,
Thridding the somber boskage of the wood,
Toward the morning-star.

The story of Balak and Balaam is one of the first instances in history where a political boss discovers to his chagrin that he cannot control his most influential orator. With bribery and flattery he invited Balaam to come and denounce Israel; but Balaam, as has happened more than once since then, will not play the role assigned to him, because he hears an inner voice of duty louder than the blandishments of Balak. The modern political analogy is complete; for after two severe disappointments, Balak said unto Balaam, "Neither curse them at all, nor bless them at all"—I don't know why I find that remark so amusing, except that I can hear Balak's tone so plainly—"If you find you can't help me, do at all events stay neutral, keep your mouth shut." But the disappointed impresario is to regret even more bitterly that he drew this obstinate speaker into the campaign; Balaam will be neither an advocate nor silent, but pours out a flood of oratory for the other side, winding up with the rather strange invitation to Balak to come and visit, "and I will advertise thee what this people shall do to thy people in the latter days." The invitation does not seem particularly alluring, yet Balak, who is one of the few men in the Bible characterized by undeviating stupidity, seems to have accepted it. From the first half of the Bible Professor Phelps passes on to the last half: Although the Old Testament is filled with short stories of great power and beauty, it is when we turn to the New Testament that we find the supreme examples of the art. The supremacy of our Lord as a spiritual teacher is cordially recognized even by many who do not believe in his divine mission; but he was supreme in other ways as well. The distinguished American playwright Augustus Thomas has in an admirable essay emphasized the physical prowess and endurance of Jesus Christ; from every point of view he is not only the teacher, but the model for all men. We should remember also that he was a supreme literary artist. The short stories that he produced with such colloquial ease are the finest in the world; they are, indeed, the despair of all professional men of letters. No tales ever written combine such amazing power with such impressive economy in the use of words. The parables are the perfection of realistic art; the tremendous paradoxes are driven home with a simplicity that has the apparent unconsciousness

of a flower. The mediæval church made a liturgical drama out of the story of the wise and foolish virgins; the supper at Simon's house is as though it happened yesterday; the three famous parables dealing with money are all equally vivid—I mean the woman who lost the piece of silver, the men who were intrusted with the talents, and the laborers who were hired for a certain sum. No one can forget the two men named Lazarus; Lazarus who died and went to heaven, and Lazarus who died and returned to earth. The resurrection of Lazarus has had an astonishingly germinal effect on literature from that day to this. Tennyson pauses and reflects about him in In Memoriam; one of Browning's greatest poems deals with his spiritual transformation; our American poet Anna Branch was inspired by this tale to write one of her most dramatic pieces; and no one who reads Dostoevski's marvelous novel, Crime and Punishment, will fail to be impressed by the scene where Sonia with choking voice reads aloud the story of Lazarus to the despairing criminal. Sonia opened the book and found the place. Her hands were shaking, her voice failed her. Twice she tried to begin and could not bring out the first syllable. "Now a certain man was sick named Lazarus of Bethany," she forced herself at last to read, but at the third word her voice broke like an overstrained string. There was a catch in her breath. Raskolnikov saw in part why Sonia could not bring herself to read to him and the more he saw this, the more roughly and irritably he insisted on her doing so. He understood only too well how painful it was for her to betray and unveil all that was her *own*. He understood that these feelings really were her *secret treasure*, which she had kept perhaps for years, perhaps from childhood, while she lived with an unhappy father and a distracted stepmother crazed by grief, in the midst of starving children, and unseemly abuse. . . . "And when he had thus spoken, he cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth. And he that was dead came forth." She read loudly, cold and trembling with ecstasy, as though she were seeing it before her eyes. . . . She still trembled feverishly. The candle-end was flickering out in the battered candlestick, dimly lighting up in the poverty-stricken room the murderer and the harlot who had so strangely been reading together the eternal book. Jesus not only raised Lazarus from the dead—he did more: he gave him immortal life on earth, in all languages and in all nations. The parable of the Prodigal Son is not properly named. The word "prodigal" occurs nowhere in the Bible. The reason why this is called the parable of the Prodigal Son is because most readers still suppose it to be merely a story of sin, repentance, and fatherly love. But it is really the story of a certain man who had two sons; and there is just as much emphasis on the elder as on the younger brother. The Puritan conception of sin was generally so narrow that our ancestors actually believed that the rich farmer had two boys, one of whom was bad and one good. Now as a matter of fact he had two bad sons, both very bad, of whom the elder was the worst. Let us grant the selfishness and debauchery of the younger. Perhaps he would never have come home at all if his money had not given out, sharpening the importunate spur of hunger. And it

was by no accident that his father met him on his return. The father was sure that the boy would come home again, and who knows how many days he had gone forth to await his appearance? When the ashamed lad tried to apologize, the father made him feel at once that his motive in returning was of no importance compared with the overwhelming joy of the fact. If we could have back from the grave those that we love, should we care very much what motive brought them? Now to regard the elder son as good and his brother as bad is surely to misunderstand profoundly the true significance of this marvelous story. The elder brother was so case-hardened by selfish respectability that no force of love could break through his armor; his petulance is the outward sign of ineradicable and incurable vice. When did I ever transgress thy commandment? When have I ever done anything wrong? . . . That negative conception of virtue has been responsible for the error of all errors concerning the beauty of holiness. Is virtue then negative? If his father had not been so obstreperously happy in his boy's return, he might have asked this cold-hearted prig some embarrassing questions. This most engaging and stimulating author closes thus: "As the Bible day by day exerts its regenerating and vivifying spiritual influence on the souls of men, so its sublime and homely poetry and prose recreate new masterpieces in all literatures, which rise from the inexhaustible spring of living water in the Word of Life." We are constrained to add this from another source: Another short story in the Bible—and a wondrous bit of art—is shorter by half than the 205-word tale cited by Professor Phelps: "And, behold, a woman of Canaan came out of the same coasts, and cried unto him, saying, Have mercy on me, O Lord, thou son of David; my daughter is grievously vexed with a devil. But he answered her not a word. And his disciples came and besought him, saying, Send her away; for she crieth after us. But he answered and said, I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel. Then came she and worshipped him, saying, Lord, help me. But he answered and said, It is not meet to take the children's bread, and cast it to the dogs. And she said, Truth, Lord; yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their masters' table. Then Jesus answered and said unto her, O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt. And her daughter was made whole from that very hour." Where else in literature is there the pathos of the three words, "Lord, help me"? Or where such lightning flash of dialogue? We do not stop to discover why we add to William Lyon Phelps's Tribute to the Bible Andrew Carnegie's tribute in his book The Gospel of Wealth to the church: "Once within the massive circle its denizens live there an inner life more precious than the external, and all their ways are hallowed by the radiance which shines from afar upon this inner life, glorifying everything and keeping all right within." Nor why we couple with the ironmaster's recognition of the glorifying power of the church somebody's pregnant piece of penetrating insight, worthy of George C. Peck or F. W. Boreham: "The influence of a church in a community, like the influence of a baby in a home, is out of all proportion to its size." Meditate on that shrewd unexpected comparison for a week or two. We say

in closing, there is more value and enrichment in this little book by Professor Phelps than in any other of its size published within a year. So it seems to us.

Hearth and Altar. A Book for Family Worship. By Oscar L. Joseph. 12mo, pp. xii+211. New York: Association Press. Price, $1.25.

We would not go back to the old ways of living; nor indeed could we. In the endeavor to turn away from the past we should not cut loose from all of its customs even though we may not observe them in the traditional way. Many families acknowledge the importance of regular family worship, but they are shut out from observing it not so much by unwillingness as by embarrassment with regard to methods of procedure. "Where the father has to take the morning train and the children must hurry to school or the older members go to business, the best time for family prayers is soon after the evening meal, when all the family is generally present. The important question is not how much time should be given to it. The more urgent fact is the spirit of faith and reverence in which it is carried out, and its regular observance throughout the year. Five minutes given to this ennobling exercise, from day to day, will bring the blessing of heaven on the home and enable parents and children to enjoy the favor of God and the peace divine, which passeth all understanding." This is well put by the author of this manual. It is unique among books of this character and will help to revive the family altar and to meet a long-felt want in many homes. The plan is beautifully conceived and is carried out in good taste. The daily program cannot fail to make this hallowed custom both attractive and practicable under modern conditions. Each of thirteen weeks concentrates thought on a single general topic which is considered from seven different points of view through the days of the week based on a relevant Scripture portion, which suggests the trend of the prayer. There is also a weekly verse with which the service opens, and it is recited in concert under the direction of the father, who is "the priest of the family and the legitimate leader of family devotions." Take, for instance, "Divine Guidance," the subject for the eleventh week. It is taken up under the following sub-heads: The All-Sufficient Christ, Light in Darkness, Gratitude and Obedience, The Way of Holiness, The Pilgrim Spirit, Magnificat and Benedictus, Testimonies and Testimony. Among the thirteen topics are General Confession, Praise, Prayer, the Glory of Christ, Public Worship, the Christian Home, Faith, the Faithful. The prayers are original. They have a ring of sincerity, are distinctly modern and touch the life of our own day. Provision is also made for the special days of the church year and of the nation's history. Here is a sample program from the seventh week on "The Christian Home." It is for Saturday and the subject is "Definite Decision." The passage for the week's recital is Psalm 112. 1-3, the Scripture selection is Joshua 24. 14-25, and the prayer, here quoted, concludes with the Lord's Prayer: "We thank thee, O Lord our God, for the goodly examples of faithful men and women who had convictions of duty and

the courage to utter them in words and deeds. Their influence abides in renewed lives from one generation to another. May the succession of worthy souls continue, and let the home do much in contributing to the well-being and welfare of all peoples. Let every Christian home be like a city set on a hill, that its light may radiate in the community and render the service of helpfulness in true neighborliness. We pray for the homes in the city, suburb and the country. May thy presence be welcome in every one of them and let thy peace abide therein. May both parents and children find joy as they live according to the truth of the gospel of Christ. We pray for the services to be held to-morrow in the large church, in the small chapel and in mission rooms. Bless the preaching, whether it is under a roof or in the open air, and may the name and Spirit of Jesus impart the fragrance of pure character to all needy and troubled souls, for the Redeemer's sake." The service for Easter Day will illustrate how Special Days are observed. The selection to be recited by all is Hebrews 13. 20, 21; the Scripture passage is Matthew 28. 1-10; followed by this prayer: "Blessed be the God and Father of Our Lord Jesus Christ, who has given us the assurance of immortality and a foretaste of our heavenly inheritance through the Risen Saviour. On this day we join with multitudes of believing people in celebrating thy glorious triumph over sin and death. Just as the disciples came out of the darkness of Good Friday into the splendid light of Easter, so may we always remember that depressing and tiresome experiences pass away or can be endured only as we welcome thee in our midst, always to abide with us. May the truth of the resurrection of Christ send out rays to illuminate faith, to quicken hope, and to stimulate love to the farthest bounds of earth. May our confidence in the Living One be strengthened, our hope of his coming glories be vitalized, our love of God and man be increased, as we realize thy presence from day to day in the communion of prayer and service. Speak the word of comfort and peace to all who sorrow, and may their sense of loss become endurable by the thought that their beloved are safe with thee, in the land of eternal love and light. Keep us faithful through all our life, by the merits and triumph of Jesus Christ." The author of these daily devotional services has studied brevity and balance, and those who use them in these days of hurry will obtain the needed poise for the best accomplishment of the tasks and duties awaiting them. If the parents of Christian homes should procure this handy volume and use it daily wherever the household altar and priesthood have either been either neglected or forsaken, great good could not fail to ensue. A revival in every home is the motto of divine progress for church and state. Here are the ways and means awaiting the reader, full of grace and benediction.

The Spirit of Service. By Richard H. Gilbert, D.D. 12mo, pp. 119. Boston: The Gorham Press. Price, cloth, $1 net.

When so much is being written about social service and its many applications it is well to be reminded of the spirit in which such service

must be rendered. This is the aim of Dr. Gilbert's brief but earnest meditations. He takes the reader to the center of life—its throbbing heart, its controlling will, its animating purpose, without which there can be no effectual service. There is no doubt about the organization and all its auxiliaries, but the work will at best be superficial unless emphasis is constantly made on the spiritual aspects of it. Above all we should be guided by the ideal life. It would seem as though this was an axiomatic truth hardly needing any special mention. But we often take for granted and as a matter of course what should be repeatedly enforced. Six phases of the subject are considered in as many chapters, and whoever reads them will be impressed with the necessity of cultivating the high spirit and noble personality so distinctive of the devoted follower of Jesus Christ. We must first deepen the life before we try to broaden it, and such is the concern of this little volume. The incident of the feet washing in the Upper Room is suggestively expounded in the first chapter on "High Spirit for Lowly Service," and the thought recurs in the succeeding chapters, so that the truth is brought home with conviction. "Service is a greater, more glorious thing than success; especially when success is more the result of fortuitous circumstances, won by adventitious aid, rather than compelled by inherent personal worth." How true this is, and yet we do not always have the courage of this conviction. We thus surrender to the time spirit and miss the real joys of life. "This thing we call service, irrespective of the adventitious elements of place and circumstance, just plain *service*, whether it enlist in its accomplishment one talent, two talents, or five talents, is Christianity's heart, the very genius of it, instinct with its essence, the effluence of its spirit. And it is to be noted that all service in behalf of others is conducive to personal well-being; we never stoop but to rise." On the inspiration of service the author has a good illustration. "One day a visitor entered the studio of a famous artist, and after gazing admiringly at one work of art after another, he approached the easel where the painter was at work. His attention was attracted to some flashing jewels resting on the easel. It seemed strange to the visitor that gems of so great value should lie thus carelessly exposed, and so he inquired the reason for it. The artist replied, 'I keep them there to tone up my eyes. When I am working in pigments, insensibly the sense of color becomes weakened. By having these pure colors before me to refresh my eyes the sense of color is brought up again, just as the musician by his tuning fork brings his strings up to the concert pitch.' Do you see now how much is meant by 'looking unto Jesus'? Just as the artist's eye, or the musician's ear, needs the toning up of essential standards in color and sound, so do we require the stimulating influence of an essential standard in moral quality, a true pattern in life-service. And such we find only in Him!" This little book has value because it leads us to the spiritual dynamic; it enables us once more to distinguish between the things that differ; it encourages us to seek and find the true secret of power, peace, and blessedness.

The Uttermost Star. And Other Gleams of Fancy. By F. W. Boreham. 12mo, pp. 265. New York and Cincinnati: The Abingdon Press. Price, net, $1.25.

For gleams of fancy Boreham is amazing, without peer. Were there ever such essays? So unlabored, spontaneous, juicy, racy, exhilarating. While we read Boreham, Carlyle seems austere, ancient or remote, Benson academic, Brierley almost dull and flavorless. He lives at the Homestead of Humanity, close to its very hearthstone, and aeroplanes through the universe, flies to the uttermost star. We are going to give his publishers their biggest advertisement. No words of theirs or ours have such compelling power as Boreham's own words. Whoever reads this notice of his latest volume will, if they can afford it, order the book chockful of richness in its twenty-five essays. No need to select from among them. Go in anywhere haphazard, you cannot find a dull spot. Take this on Picking Up the Pile Light: "To passengers below—dressing in the cabins or breakfasting in the saloon—the measured and rhythmic throb of the engines was the only indication that the great ship was in motion. After a smooth and uneventful run across the Bass Straits, the Loongana was gliding swiftly across the broad, unruffled waters of Port Philip Bay. In an hour's time we confidently hoped to be greeting friends ashore. But just then, to our profound disappointment, the unexpected happened. Right ahead of us a long, low, leaden bank of fog lay languidly across the waters, blotting out all trace of land. The Loongana pushed her bows straight into it, and in a few minutes we could scarcely see the vessel's length in any direction. Clouds of grey, misty vapor drifted to and fro; and nothing was visible to us but a narrow circle of sea. The bells in the engine room rang out sharply, communicating to the powerful turbines below the will of the officer high up on the bridge. The ship perceptibly slackened her pace. The bells rang out again, and the ship moved still more slowly. She simply crawled. Her loud and raucous siren proclaimed to all the craft in the vicinity her sure approach. Every few minutes great, ghostly ships, lying at anchor, sprang suddenly out of the mist. We were almost up to them before we saw their tall and shadowy masts looming spectrally above us. More ringing of bells, and the engines stopped altogether. Then, after a pause, we crept cautiously forward again, like a man groping his way in the dark. The apparitions that came suddenly upon us, and that as suddenly vanished again, were all of them the ghosts of things movable. From not one of them could we glean any sure knowledge as to our exact position. Here is a clumsy old dredge; there lies a tall ship riding at anchor; yonder is a snorting little motor-boat. But nothing fixed; nothing stable; nothing reliable. We are whelmed in uncertainty. A little later came the change which I have set out to describe; but at this stage we were enveloped in the haze and surrounded by objects from which our position could not with confidence be reckoned. Such an experience has three perils. There is the danger of getting into

shallow water and going aground; there is the danger of running down some other vessel; and there is the danger of being ourselves run down. All three of these disasters are fairly common. I fancy I have noticed that the people who get into the shallows of life, and become stranded there, are invariably people who were getting on very rapidly without being quite certain of their course. Although the horizon was by no means clear, and no fixed objects stood bravely out to guide them, they found a certain exhilaration in continuing at topmost speed. Unhappily, in such cases, the exhilaration does not last; there is nothing particularly exhilarating in being stuck in the mud! And, worse still, there is certainly nothing very exhilarating in being fast on a jagged reef! In either of these situations, a ship becomes a misery to herself and a menace to all the craft around her. I remember, years ago, seeing the Elginshire hard and fast on the rocks on the east coast of New Zealand. She had been wrecked on her maiden trip. There she stood, a fine vessel, as erect as a ship in port! It seemed incredible that, looking so trim and taut, she was nevertheless wrecked beyond redemption. The New Zealand Government eventually ordered her to be blown up, lest other ships, seeing her lying there in apparent safety, should be decoyed by her to a similar fate. On the whole it is better to forfeit the exhilaration and to proceed slowly, with bells clanging and sirens screaming. And then of course, there is the risk of a collision. It would be distinctly unpleasant to see, looming darkly out of the mist, and bearing down upon us, the gigantic proportions of some huge liner, several times as large as our own ship! It was thus that the Empress of Ireland perished in the fog on the St. Lawrence a few years ago. These deafening blasts on the siren are a contrivance for our own protection and for other people's. George MacDonald tells of a blind man who always carried a lantern. People used to ask him of what use the lantern could be to his sightless eyes. 'I do not carry it,' he replied, 'to prevent my stumbling over others, but to keep them from stumbling over me!' The man who, uncertain as to his course, goes calmly on, without in any way expressing his perplexity, is courting a most terrible disaster. By his very silence he may easily destroy his own ship—or somebody else's. Yes, his own or somebody else's; and other people's ships are worth thinking about. Once, in my New Zealand days, I revisited England. Shall I ever forget the excitement of sighting the English coast and of anchoring in Plymouth Sound? We sent telegrams to the home folks, telling them the exact hour at which they might expect us next day. Then once more the great ship stood out to sea and began her voyage up the Channel. And, off the Nore, down came the fog? Down, too, to our unspeakable disgust, went the anchor! There we waited and waited and waited, half deafened by the screamings and hootings of the horns that answered to our own, and half blinded by the frantic efforts that we made to pierce the all-enshrouding mists and see the land near by! Presently the captain came sauntering along the deck, a picture of colossal calm. 'This is very exasperating,' I observed. 'We sent telegrams from Plymouth, telling the people at home when to meet us, and

they'll be waiting at the docks now. Is there no possibility of getting on?' 'All very fine for you!' the skipper replied cheerily. 'You are on a ten-thousand ton liner. And you would like me to go on up the river, crumpling up everything we happen to strike as though it were made of brown paper! No, no; we've got the other ships to think of!' To be sure! We have the other ships to think of. Many a time since, when the thick fogs have enveloped me, and I have been uncertain of my course, and have nevertheless been tempted to go full steam ahead, I have recalled the old sea captain's rebuke. There are others to think of. But I spoke just now of the change that came later. It came quite suddenly. All at once the clamorous bells in the engine room became busy again. The powerful turbines at the stern are once more churning the water into foam, and very soon a broad wake lies out behind the steamer. She is moving forward, not timorously, but with obvious confidence. What has happened to effect so striking a change? Ah! Away to the right we can make out through the haze the rude, ungainly timbers of the Pile Light. It is not much to look at; but it is at least a fixture. It is something to argue from. A shag stands perched upon it, craning his neck and staring timidly at us. Perhaps the strange appearance of the enshrouded ship alarms him, for, when he get abreast of him, he spreads his wings and, keeping close to the surface of the water, flies to a more distant perch. Going at this rate we soon penetrate the bank of fog. The land breaks suddenly upon us. We are out in the sunshine again. The low, leaden wall of mist lies gloomily across the bay behind us. Before us are wharves, houses, trees, the entrance to the river, and the city in the distance. The sighting of the Pile Light made just all the difference. It always does. He is the skillful mariner whose vigilant and practised eye is swift to discern, amidst the haze of shifting things, life's fixed and stable qualities. The captain on the bridge saw the Pile Light long before I did. I felt the new and confident movement of the ship, and looking about in surprise for an explanation of the change. The sighting of the Pile Light marked the transition from doubt to certainty. And life knows no greater transition than that. Those who have followed the adventures of George Fielding in It is Never Too Late to Mend will remember the search for the lost cattle. George took Jacky, the black fellow, and they set out under a broiling Australian sun. Presently Jacky broke the silence abruptly. 'I find one,' said he. 'Where? Where?' cried George, looking all round. Jacky pointed to a rising ground at least six miles off. George groaned. 'Are you making a fool of me? I can see nothing but a barren hill with a few great bushes here and there. You are never taking those bushes for beasts?' Jacky smiled with utter scorn. 'White fellow stupid fellow; he see nothing.' 'Well, and what does black fellow see?' snapped George. 'Black fellow see a crow coming from the sun, and when he came over there he turned and went down and not get up again a good while. Then black fellow say, "*I think!*" Presently come flying one more crow from that other side where the sun is not. Black fellow watch him, and when he come over there he turn round and go down too, and not

get up a good while. Then black fellow say, "*I know!*" They tramped the six miles, climbed the hill, and found one of George's best bullocks at its last gasp, with tongue protruding, a crow perched upon its ribs. '*I think!*' said Jacky to himself; and in his uncertainty he simply sauntered by his puzzled master's side, and kept his eyes wide open. '*I know!*' said Jacky; and with that brave confession came his master's enlightenment and a new and brisker pace. '*I think!*' said the captain of the Loongana; and we crawled slowly and painfully and cautiously forward. '*I know!*' said the captain of the Loongana on sighting the Pile Light; and the whole behavior of the ship was changed. Life holds few greater transitions than that notable transition from the realm of '*I think!*' to the realm of '*I know!*' Carlyle never forgot the hour of that transition. 'It is from that hour,' he says, 'that I date my spiritual new birth, or Baphometic Fire-Baptism; perhaps I directly thereupon began to be a man!' 'What was it,' asks Dr. Fitchett, in his Life of Wesley, 'what was it that happened in that little room in Aldersgate Street on the night of May 24, 1738? Something did happen; something memorable; something enduring. It changed Wesley's life. It transfigured weakness into power. Nay, it did something more: it changed the course of history.' And what was it? It was, Dr. Fitchett says, the passage of Wesley's soul from the realm of doubt to the realm of certainty. That night Wesley sighted the Pile Light; caught a glimpse of things that are immovable; and his life took on a new spirit and a new temper in consequence. A very similar experience visited the soul of John Bunyan. 'After I had been in this miserable condition some three or four days, as I was sitting by the fire, I suddenly felt this word to sound in my heart, "*I must go to Jesus.*" At this my former darkness and atheism fled away, and the blessed things of heaven were set in my view. While I was on this sudden thus overtaken with surprise, "Wife," said I, "now I know! *I know!*" Oh, that night was a good night to me. I never knew but few better. I longed for the company of some of God's people, that I might have imparted to them what God had showed me. Christ was a precious Christ to my soul that night. I could scarce lie in bed for joy and peace and triumph through Christ!' Bunyan had sighted the Pile Light. It is wonderful how little we need to see. The captain on the bridge could not see the land, nor the houses, nor the trees, nor any of the thousand and one things that he could generally see from that spot. But he could see *one* fixed object, and that sufficed him. I used to think that, before my soul could move forward with confidence, she must see everything. I thought that, before I could venture with any assurance upon the religious life, I must understand the story of Creation, must grasp the wonder of the miracles, must have some theory of the Atonement, must understand the Inspiration of the Scriptures, and must be able to prove the immortality of the soul. I fancied that it was necessary, before proceeding with confidence, to see the trees and the houses and the towers of the distant city. 'Unless all these are clear to me,' I said to myself, 'I can never make the port!' I have since discovered my mistake. I do not need to see the houses and the trees

and the things along the shore; I only need to see the Pile Light. I do not need to see *everything;* I only need to see *something.*

'I have a life with Christ to live,
But, ere I live it, must I wait
Till learning can clear answer give
Of this and that book's date?
I have a life in Christ to live,
I have a death in Christ to die;
And must I wait till Science give
All doubts a full reply?

'Nay, rather, while the sea of doubt
Is raging wildly round about,
Questioning of life and death and sin,
Let me but creep within
Thy fold, O Christ, and at Thy feet
Take but the lowest seat,
And hear Thine awful voice repeat
In gentlest accents, heavenly sweet,
"Come unto me and rest;
Believe me and be blest!"'

That is all; but it is enough. It is not everything; but it is the Pile Light standing out bravely through the mist. As soon as we saw the Pile Light we quickly left the fog behind us. So did Bunyan. 'Wife,' said he, 'I must go to Jesus!' And 'at this my former darkness and atheism fled away, and the blessed things of heaven were set in my view.' That is the precise counterpart of our experience in the Bay. 'What are your speculations?' asked a friend who stood beside the death-bed of Michael Faraday. 'Speculations?' he replied in astonishment. 'Speculations? I have none. I know whom I have believed. I rest my soul upon certainties!' It is a great thing, when the mists of death are closing in on every side, to approach the last report with the outline of the Pile Light in full view!"—Nothing in Boreham is more wonderful than his infinite variety, which no number of volumes can wither or stale, no amount of output exhaust. Take now something different, his inimitable story of Marjorie: "Marjorie is ninety-two, although you would never suspect it. Her hair is as black as it was when, more than seventy years ago, her tall young lover first stroked it. Marjorie is English—as English as English can be. The fact stares you in the face as soon as you put your hand to the latch of her gate. For the little front garden is the condensed essence of England. It is as English as the garden of a Kentish cottage. You inhale the scent-laden English air as you walk down the path to Marjorie's door. You drink in the fragrance of the roses and the wallflowers, the sweet-peas and the jasmine, the carnations and the gillyflowers, the musk and mignonette; and then, as you pause for a moment in the porch, awaiting the opening of the door, the soft petals of the honeysuckle brush against your face. They must all be flowers of rich perfume to be of any use to Marjorie now, for Marjorie is blind. I had been in conversation with her for some time before I realized that the eyes that seemed to look so wistfully into mine were

unable to convey any impression to her alert and hungry mind. Her sightless eyes and the slight stoop at the shoulders are the only indications that she gives you of her heavy burden of years. She cannot see the pictures on the wall, representing the scenes of her childhood—the village street with its comfortable inn and its odd medley of stores; the thickly wooded lane in which she so often f und nuts and blackberries; the fields of golden buttercups; and the village green with its rustic seats and shady grove of oaks. She cannot see these pictures now; but she says that the scenes all come back to her, as clearly as if she had visited them yesterday, when she sits out in the porch, luxuriating in the fragrance of the flowers, listening to the droning of the bees, and enjoying the song of the thrush who sings to her from his perch in the lilac by the side of the house. Even if I, like Marjorie, live to be ninety-two, I shall never forget that first visit that I paid her. It came about very simply. 'I wish,' said a gentleman, as he left the service on Sunday morning, 'I wish you could find time to call on my old mother. She *would* appreciate it.' He gave me the address, and I set out the very next day, little dreaming that so very ordinary a mission was destined to bring into my life so wealthy an enrichment. Very abruptly sometimes life's casual ministries unlock for us the gates of gold. We turn a bend in a dusty road, and catch a glimpse of Paradise. We reach unexpectedly the brow of a hill, and obtain a vision of infinity. So was it with me that day. As I sat in the cosy little parlor awaiting the old lady's entrance, I expected that I should have to make the conversation, and I wondered how I could best secure that it should serve some profitable end. I smile now at the ignorance that led me into such a line of cogitation. I had not then met Marjorie. When she entered the room, the conversation made itself. I had simply nothing to do with it. I came to minister; but I found myself being ministered to. Not for a moment do I suggest that Marjorie was what Bunyan would call a brisk talker on matters of religion. She was far too reverent and far too modest for that. I mean rather that she had something really great to say, and she said it really greatly. Hers was the grand style, glorified by transparent sincerity. Her speech was dignified and stately, while her voice was tremulous with deep emotion. There was a majesty about her very diction. She employed phrases that are never now heard, and that are only to be found in the mellow pages of a school book never now read. Outside a second-hand bookshop you may often see a box into which the desperate dealer has thrown all his rubbish, offering it to an unappreciative public at a nominal price of a penny a volume. To turn over this ill-assorted collection of literary flotsam and jetsam is as interesting and pathetic as to wander through the casual ward of a workhouse. No two cases are alike, yet all have come to this! Here in the box is a Spanish grammar, badly torn; there, too, is the second part of a three-volume novel. Like Euclid's ideal circle, it is without beginning and without ending. Yonder is the guide-book to a long-forgotten exhibition. Such a higgledy-piggledy box! But if you delve a little more deeply, you will be sure to come upon some old volumes

of eighteenth-century sermons. The leather backs are badly broken, and the leaves are yellow with age. But if you will sacrifice the necessary penny and go to the trouble of carrying one of these old volumes home, you will find the very vocabulary to which I listened as I sat that day in Marjorie's pretty little parlor. Yet, as this dead language fell from Marjorie's lips, it came to life again: It was full of energy and vigor; it was instinct with spiritual significance and with holy passion. It throbbed and quivered and glowed and flashed. It was as if some ancestral castle that had stood deserted and gloomy for a century had been suddenly inhabited, and was now ablaze with light and vibrant with shouts and laughter. The antique phrases simply sparkled with vitality as they tripped from her tongue. It was, as I say, a great story greatly told. Marjorie had been buffeted in a long, stern struggle; she had known heart-break and agony and tears; yet her memory remained at ninety-two absolutely unclouded, and her lip retained its power of forceful utterance. And sitting there in her cosy parlor, while the breath of the garden came pouring in through the open window, did Marjorie unfold to me the treasures of her rich experience. 'Ah, yes, she replied, with a smile, when I made some reference to the remarkable length of her pilgrimage, 'I was only a girl when I entered into the sweetness of religion.' The phrase, illumined by that bright though sightless smile, and interpreted by accents so full of feeling, fastened upon my memory at once. *'The sweetness of religion.'* 'I was only a girl when I entered into the *sweetness of religion!*' And then she went on to tell me of the rapture of her first faith. Seventy-five years earlier, religion had come into her life like a great burst of song. Amid the sunshine of an English summertime, while the fields were redolent of clover and of new-mown hay, her girlish soul had sought and found the Saviour. Instantly the whole world had stood transfigured. Her tongue seemed to catch fire as she told me of the radiant experiences of those never-to-be-forgotten days. I saw, as I listened, that the soul has a rhetoric of its own, an eloquence with which no acquired oratory can compare. She told of the joy that she found in her own secret communion with the Lord, sometimes in the quietude of her little room—the room with the projecting lattice window from which she loved to watch the mists rising from the hollow as the sun came up over the hills; sometimes down among the alders along the banks of the stream, sitting so still that the rabbits would scurry up and down the green banks without taking the slightest notice of her; sometimes in long, delicious rambles across the open park—rambles in which she was only disturbed by the swish of a frightened pheasant or the tramp of fallow deer; and sometimes amid the leafy seclusion of the primrosed woods. And often, at sunset, when Dapple and Brownie had been milked, and the tea-things put away, she would take her knitting and saunter down the dusty old road. And as, one by one, the stars peeped out, and the nightingale called from the woods in the valley, and glowworms shone in the grass under the hedge, and a bat flapped and fluttered in its queer flight round her head, it seemed as though the miracle of Emmaus were repeated, and Jesus came

and walked with her She spoke of the wonders that, under such conditions, broke upon her spirit like a light from heaven. Her Bible became a new book to her; and an unspeakable glory fell upon the village sanctuary, the dearest spot on earth to her in those days of long ago. A wave of happy recollection swept over her as she told of the walks along the lanes and across the fields, in the company of a group of kindred spirits, to attend those simple but memorable services. The path led through a tossing sea of harebells and cowslips; the lane was redolent of hawthorn and sweet-brier. As they made their way to the church that peeped shyly through the foliage of the clump of elms on the hill, the solemn monotone of its insistent bell mingled with the chatter of the finches in the hedges and the blither note of the lark high up in the blue. Marjorie's blind eyes almost shone as she recalled, and, with glowing tongue, recounted, all these precious and beautiful memories. 'I was only a girl,' she said, 'when I entered into the sweetness of religion!' 'But,' I interjected, 'you speak of the sweetness of religion as though it were a thing of long ago. Do you mean that it became exhausted? Did that happy phase of your Christian experience fade away?' A cloud passed over her face like the shadow that, on a summer's afternoon, will sometimes float over the corn. 'Oh, well, you know,' she replied, after a thoughtful pause, 'the tone of one's life changes with the years. I left my girlhood behind me. I married; children came to our home in quick succession; life became a battle rather than a frolic; and sometimes the struggle was almost grim. Then troubles fell thick and fast upon me. In one dreadful week I buried two of my boys, one on the Tuesday and the other on the Friday. Then, last of all, my husband, the soul of my soul, the best man I have ever known, was snatched rudely from my side.' Marjorie hid her face for a moment in her hands. At last my impatience compelled me to break the silence. 'And do you mean,' I inquired, 'do you mean that, under the stress of all this sorrow, you lost *the sweetness of religion?*' 'Well,' she replied thoughtfully, 'under such conditions you would scarcely speak of *sweetness*. I would rather say that, during those sterner years, I entered into *the power of religion*.' A ring, almost of triumph, came into her voice. 'Yes,' she said, 'in those years I entered into *the power of religion*. Only once did my faith really stagger. It was on the night of that second funeral —that second funeral within a single week! I was kneeling in my own room on the spot on which I had knelt, morning and evening, through all the years. But I could not pray. I felt that God had failed and forsaken me. My shrine was empty, and I burst into tears. And then, all at once, a Hand seemed laid gently upon my shoulder and a Voice sounded in my ear. "Am I a man that I should lie?" it said. I was startled. I felt chastened and rebuked. I had treated Him as though He were no wiser than I, and as though He had broken His word. Then, through my tears, I prayed as I had never been able to pray before. A great peace soothed my broken spirit. I was ashamed of my distrust. It was the only time my faith had wavered. No; I should not speak of *sweetness* as I recall those years of bitter sorrow and sore struggle. In

those days I entered into *the power of religion!*' 'But now look, Marjorie,' I pleaded, 'you tell me that, as a girl, you entered into *the sweetness of religion*, and that, in the graver years that followed, you entered into *the power of religion*. But your girlhood and your struggle have both passed now, and here you are in this quiet little cottage looking back across the intervening years at those far-away periods. Would you say that you now enjoy the *sweetness* or the *power*?' Her face shone; it was almost seraphic. Her whole being became suddenly animated and luminous. She reached out her hands toward me as though she held something in each of them. '*I have them both!*' she cried in a perfect transport of delight. '*I have them both!* The *sweetness* that I knew in my English girlhood has come back to me in the days of my old age; and the *power* that came to me in the years of trial and loss has never since forsaken me. I have them both; oh, bless His holy Name, *I have them both!*' It was too much for her. Overcome by the rush of recollection and the tempest of exultant emotion, she sank back in her chair and lapsed into silence. 'Why, Marjorie,' I said, 'you have given me the very thing I wanted. As I walked along the road I was wondering what I should preach about on Sunday. But I know now. I shall preach on those words from the swan-song of Moses in which the old leader, in laying down his charge, bears grateful witness to God's goodness to Israel. "He made him," he says, "to suck *honey out of the rock*." I was reading in a book of travel only yesterday that in the Orient the wild bees store their honey in the crevices among the cliffs, and on a hot day you may see it trickling down the face of the granite in shining streams of sweetness! As a girl, you say, you entered into *the sweetness of religion*. As a girl, girl-like, you gave little thought to the rock itself, but you loved to taste the sweetness of the honey. You entered into *the sweetness of religion!* But, as a woman, in the turmoil and tussle of life, buffeted and storm-beaten, you forgot the honey that oozed from the cracks and fissures, and were glad to feel the massive strength of the rock itself beneath your feet. You entered into *the power of religion!* And now, the fury of the storm all overpast, you tell me that you still rest upon the great rock, rejoicing in its firmness; and, as in your earlier days, you once more enjoy the honey that exudes from its recesses. You enjoy both the strength and the sweetness; *you have them both!* "With honey out of the rock have I satisfied thee!" I shall certainly preach on that text on Sunday!'"—Again we say there is no easier reading, nor any more refreshing and rewarding, than Boreham's captivating essays, homely, heartening and highminded. Now, for your own sake, go buy this book, everybody who has the price.

Forgotten Faces. By GEORGE CLARKE PECK. 12mo, pp. 219. New York and Cincinnati: The Methodist Book Concern. Price, net, $1.25.

On the "jacket" of this book the publishers print at the front a list of F. W. Boreham's books, eight volumes of Essay Sermons. On the back a list of Dr. Peck's books, eight volumes of Sermon-Essays. We

are on the point of calling George Clarke Peck the Boreham of the American Pulpit, and F. W. Boreham the Peck of Australia. There is nothing far-fetched or strained in such a coupling. The two are kindred minds in sympathy, fertility, poignancy, intuitive insight, penetration into human nature and life. If either excels in poignancy, it is Peck: for which there are reasons. Both are palpitant with living spiritual power, also in volume, variety, value and inexhaustibility of output. Peck and Boreham are peers, fit to be put side by side, sixteen volumes on your shelves. Said an elder of the Brick Church on Fifth Avenue, New York: "Dr. Van Dyke was especially literary and appealed most to a certain class or classes. Maltbie Babcock was boundlessly, intensely human, knew no classes but drew them all,—young and old, rich and poor, educated and uneducated, sick and well. They crowded the aisles, and the pulpit steps, and thronged vestibule and sidewalk to hear him." That is the kind of minister George Peck is. His sermons are *lived* before they are preached. So they go thrilling home to throbbing human lives. This new volume is a portrait gallery of seventeen typical intensely human faces. In sampling Peck or Boreham haphazard is safe. Take the first picture in the gallery, The Face of an Outcast: The old-fashioned family album is, pretty generally, a thing of the past. I do not mean to say that the species is extinct: merely this, that it is a survival. Modern folks do not buy and fill family albums, but everybody has seen one specimen at least. Usually it comes into view when conversation flags or waxes reminiscent. Down from the shelf, or out from the closet, or up from under something—the album. This is grandmother when grandfather first met her. And that is "Uncle Fred" when he first donned trousers. And here is cousin Mary who ran away to get married. And there is the great Mr. So and So—a special friend of the family. And over the page is?—well, now, really, I've forgotten just who that is. But yonder is the likeness of the baby that died. Everybody knows the look of such an album. Very likely you have puzzled your brains over one more than once. Nay, if the truth were to come out, you have *suffered* over it. Perhaps you *own* one. But it is a perfectly safe assumption that you do not *keep* one. Nobody does nowadays. Curious old volume, with its half-forgotten faces, its freight of memories that bless and burn, its thoughts too deep for tears! The purpose of this modest book is to point out the faces of a group of Bible characters whose names are unfamiliar, if, indeed, you ever heard them. Everybody recognizes at a glance the features of Moses and David, of Elijah and Paul—as of Cromwell and Shakespeare, of Washington and Grant. The name itself is a key to unlock rich treasures of memory. But I am not to show you the familiar faces in this great Album; I am to pause over pages you perhaps never lingered at before; to read with you the features of men concerning whom you cannot recall a single event; to speak names that suggest nothing in particular. My word for it, that the subjects were very much alive one day, long ago, when the photographs were taken; and, what is more to the point, are to be met any day on the street or in trade. Respectfully, then, as dealing with human

life; soberly, without pharisaism or sneer, we shall take a look at some of the unfamiliar faces in the Album. And, first, at this one. Before I mention the man's name, let me quote the description of him: "His hand against every man, and every man's hand against him." It is the best likeness we have of the man. God took it, as you will learn from the Record. "His hand against every man, and every man's hand against him." The likeness lacks nothing of tragedy. When you can say of any human brother that he lives in arms against all his brethren, and they against him, you have described loneliness utter and corrosive. One of my friends, an adopted Englishman, used to say, in his dry way, "I hate the whole world, and yet I am not happy." The drollery of the speech always set me shaking. As if anybody could *expect* to be happy, hating the whole world! Yet some do, apparently. They cannot seem to figure out what ails the world—that it fails to make them happy in spite of themselves. They go up and down the highways of life with a very conspicuous chip on the shoulder. And, lest anybody should miss sight of it, they call attention to it in various ingenious ways. Usually there is somebody to knock it off, accidentally or otherwise. Frequently there is a specialist in the chip-knocking business who is more than willing to accommodate the man with the chip on his shoulder. Then something happens. Sometimes it is a world-tragedy that happens. One day, more than five years ago, Servia knocked the chip off Austria's shoulder. I do not think it was intentional. But, in the mêlée that followed, it looked as if every nation in Europe carried a chip on the shoulder. And, then, we were drawn into the dreadful fracas. Of course, we could not *stay out*. But alas that there should have been any occasion to *go in!* I wonder if the day will soon come when the nations will cease carrying chips on their shoulders, or when there will be none to knock a chip off. There is the remedy. A chip on the shoulder is as harmless as a chip on the floor until somebody knocks it off. Until somebody knocks it off there can be no quarrel. Let him wear it if he enjoys that sort of ornamentation. And let him be lonely with a new and redeeming loneliness when he discovers none to dispute his wearing of it. I do not mean "non-resistance." I am talking about *picking* quarrels. Most quarrels are "*picked*." But the man in the Album—the man whose hand was against every other's. His name? Ishmael, of course. I need not retell the story. It is a pitiful story, spotted with jealousy and streaked with tears. Ishmael was Abraham's "natural son." In our day he might have been called a "war-baby." According to the Record, he was given the "bar sinister" before he was born. Illegitimate? I suppose. But a wise friend of mine declares that there is no such thing as an illegitimate child. The first time I heard him say it all the Puritan in me was shocked. He was battering down the family altar. He was opening the doors to wanton impulse and unhallowed life. So it seemed—until I looked into his face again. Then I understood. He meant, so far as he meant anything with which I can agree, that we have no right to brand a child with the sin of his parents. Nor have we. God help us to be fair if we cannot be pitiful. The latest-born foundling

of our city streets is as innocent of the sin of his parents as he is of responsibility for the European war or for the last killing frost. Ishmael was Abraham's son as truly as Isaac was. He was Hagar's own flesh and bone, as Isaac was Sarah's. Moreover, he was a child of the Eternal just as essentially as Isaac was. This is the factor we churchmen ignore. We are such ignorant Christians that we utterly lose sight of the divine stake in every new baby born. No child comes into the world without the kiss of the good God upon the white soul of him. Whatever the sins of his parents, his own soul is as clean as the morning until he soils it for himself. If we mean anything at all by our pious talk about the Fatherhood of God, we ought to be able to clear the name of any foundling. He is a child of God. No child of God can, in the bleakest sense of the word, be "illegitimate." I am not suggesting that we condone the sins of parents; I am merely insisting that we honor the spark of the Infinite by giving it full chance to break into full flame. Suppose that David's first son by Bathsheba had lived. Would he have been less worthy than the second son to realize on Mount Moriah a father's dream? For that matter, in what respect was Solomon more "legitimate" than his older brother? No thanks to their parents, God has done some beautiful work by the hands of waifs and foundlings. It was out of the heart of God that Burns caught the refrain of his most famous lines:

> "For a' that and a' that,
> A man's a man for a' that."

For all the pitiful accidents of his human parentage, he traces his ancestry to God. Aren't there foes enough to face without making a son of God spend the best part of his strength living down an unfortunate name? And so far as that goes, I wonder if any man alive *is* proud; or, knowing all the facts, *would* be proud of every drop of blood in his veins. He that is absolutely without misgiving on that score, let him first cast a stone or two at Ishmael. Ordinarily, when people adopt a child they take no end of pains beating up the family tree to see what is up there. A prudent proceeding, doubtless, especially in view of the fact that most of us have had to accept ourselves as we found ourselves, family tree and all. We came into the world through that mysterious gate which opens to a woman in the valley of the shadow of death; since which time we have been endeavoring to make the best of what was not an altogether good bargain. Then, for the sake of the God for whom Ishmael is named, give him a chance. In the name of the God of hope, let Ishmael read hope, not suspicion, in our eyes. By the grace of the God of mercy, let Ishmael forget the "bar sinister" if he can. But my story leads on. Things went from bad to worse in Abraham's household. Sarah could not stand by the bargain she had made. Few women could, I suppose. Remember that Sarah had planned for Hagar's child. The home was childless—like too many modern homes. No incarnate hope to which to pin the divine promise of a race named after Abraham. But Sarah could not abide the success of her own plan. She hated the slave-woman's child before he was born. She hated him when he lay

in his mother's arms. She hated him when he began to toddle about the house. Most of all, I suppose she hated him for the proud father-look in her husband's eyes. Besides, Hagar was insufferable. The sneer in the slave-mother's face lashed Sarah's soul. I am not blaming Sarah overmuch. I am thinking of the misfortune for the child. To be born into such an atmosphere! There is an atmosphere more deadly than the deadly gases used by the Germans. You breathe it before you know that you are breathing. And your soul wilts under the noxious fumes. "What did you hit me for?" gasped the under-dog in a boyish encounter. "I didn't say nothin'." "No, and you didn't *need* to say nothin'," was the reply; "it's your *look* that got me." Often it is that. People do not need to open their lips; all they need do is look the distrust or hate they are feeling. Only a man with a rhinoceros hide can do his best work and show his best self under such blasting glance. Personally, I would rather be raged at or beaten up with hard fists than to be the object of the kind of look I speak of. You will remember that as the "First Settler" stood viewing his word-work on the floor of their shanty—his lovely child-wife dead as result of the storm into which his ugly speech had driven her the night before—he confessed brokenly, "I killed her with my tongue." Nothing of storm or exhaustion—just a pitiless review of the evidence: "I killed her with my tongue." There is no law against that kind of murder. But I am thinking of another kind of murder, less noisy and more certain still; the kind we commit with our eyes. For there *is* a look which kills: kills hope, kills trust, kills endeavor, kills love—kills the soul. I do not find record of any altercations between Sarah and Ishmael. I cannot affirm that she ever spoke a cross word to the boy. But, so far as that goes, she did not need to *say* anything; all she needed to do was to let him *feel* her scorn. Her look was enough to embitter the growing boy. Suspicion, hate, insolence, accusation—and what more?—may be put into a look. Sometimes I fancy that the lordly *looks* of the prosperous are specially responsible for the growing bitterness of the working classes. Everybody resents lordliness—except in himself. I have watched it grow in men who had been lifted to eminence of fortune or scholarship or office. They took on an air of superiority which could but sting. Why, all you have got to do to render some men as inaccessible as the stars is to let them make a few thousands of dollars, or be elected president of a bank or to Congress. Said one of the Roman emperors, when dying: "Alas, I am about to become a god." He was thinking, evidently, about the Roman custom of deifying dead emperors. He was not avid of that sort of immortality. So he said "alas." But I have known a good many folks who would almost be willing to die in order to escape kinship with the common herd. Don't you suppose such spirit hurts? Honestly, I do not think it is the disparity between the mechanic's wage and the magnate's income, nor the contrast between the houses they live in, nor the differences of texture as between the clothing they wear—nor anything of the sort—so deeply as it is the overbearing or supercilious way of the "classes" that sets the "masses" hard and revengeful. May I refresh your memory of a charac-

teristic speech of Lincoln's? They were walking together, he and a friend: and suddenly the great Commoner turned aside to let another pedestrian pass. "Why did *you* give way?" asked the friend, in protest. "Because if I hadn't," was the quizzical reply, "there might have been a collision." Of course it was the business of the other to step aside for the President. But would you be willing to lose the memory of a President who could waive the honors due his exalted office? Only a hopeless Philistine will begrudge honors or office, wealth or power, to a knightly soul like that. "Papa" Joffre, as they affectionately call him, is the idol of France because of his beautiful approachability. No pedestal, no aloofness, no snobbery of power—just a frank winsomeness toward the commonest soldier in the ranks or the humblest peasant by the road. The world can stand a good deal of *that* sort of power and still not be envious. If your scholarship is like that, or your wealth, or your preferment, the man "lower down" (as we say) will fight for you, to help you hold your place. It is the knighthood of Jesus Christ. But the storm in Abraham's home eventually broke. Hagar and her fourteen-year-old boy must go. I do not know the whole history of the disaster. The Record says that Sarah caught Ishmael "mocking" her: making faces perhaps, or mimicking her tone, or what not. Tradition says that Ishmael was a husky lad, while Isaac, the son of Sarah's old age, was a cripple. Maybe Ishmael had himself to thank for the final rupture. At any rate, out they went, he and his mother; while Sarah breathed normally again; and Abraham's heart went strangely cold. (It was *his* boy, you know, his first-born.) Evidently, Abraham had to consider the peace of his home. Ishmael must go—an outcast, as his race has been ever since. It was to Ishmael that Esau turned for a wife when his brother defeated him. They were Ishmaelites to whom his brothers sold Joseph that tragic day in the field. Gypsies, Bedouins, freebooters—what you will—always an outcast to start the tribe! Of the tragic day on the moor, when Ishmael nearly died of thirst, I shall not stay to speak. One can guess the added depth to which it drove the iron in Ishmael's soul. But I am thinking of the outcast himself, and of the crime of helping to make a man that. There are men who have *sought* exile as the logic of their own evil. And I suppose there is, usually, an element of personal accountability for any ostracism. But I am thinking of the part we wittingly or unwittingly play in *making* men outcasts. It is a dreadful thing to help shut the door of hope or human sympathy behind any man. Whatever the accident of his birth, however unlovely the man himself, notwithstanding his personal demerit, it is a dreadful thing to help make him an outcast. I am not sure that there is *any* sin which justifies us in making the sinner an outcast. Jesus came to call even Ishmael back to the Father's house. That is the genius of his ministry. In his heart and practice there were no outcasts except self-constituted ones—like the prodigal son. And the prodigal son came home—to the immense scandal of his brother. Are we helping making outcasts or helping men home?—Buy this book and put it beside Boreham's travelogue of his aeroplane trip to The Uttermost Star. It

is hard to tell which of the two is closer to both your fireside and your pulpit.

The Nemesis of Mediocrity. By Ralph Adams Cram. 8vo, pp. 58. Boston: Marshall Jones Company. Price, $1.

We welcome this book for the sake of its protest but not for its program. It is a fearless indictment of many contemporary conditions, the fruitage of previous years of sowing. The spirit of this writer is pessimistic, but his diagnosis of the situation should be considered. There is a random criticism of life which we can afford to discard, but discerning criticism must be seriously reckoned with in spite of all its strictures. The right attitude to it is not retaliation but investigation. Cram laments the loss of real leadership in every walk of life and among all the nations. He recalls the stars of the first magnitude which blazed in the firmament of the world of a former day, and he finds that the leaders of the present day pale into utter insignificance in comparison. "The years just before the war were tumultuous with the petty machinations of the degenerate political and diplomatic successors of the masterly manipulators of destiny of the nineteenth century. Noble or cynical, they were leaders, these men of a dead generation: Metternich, Cavour, Disraeli, Bismarck, Gladstone, Gambetta, Lincoln, and they have left few successors, either to their glory or their infamy. Whether you like them all or not, these men of an elder age, one thing you must concede, and that is their capacity and their dominance as leaders." To be sure some of these men were striking personalities, but we can hardly characterize them as leaders in the best sense where they were lacking in genuine character. Anyone who would read the memoirs of Francesco Crispi cannot but reach the conclusion that several of these diplomatists of a former day were not leaders but conspirators working with sheer heartlessness against the rights of mankind. It was with reference to these despoilers of humanity that John Bright said: "As to the title of statesman I have seen so much intrigue and ambition, so much selfishness and inconsistency in the character of so-called statesmen, that I have always been anxious to disclaim the title. I have been content to describe myself as a simple citizen." We hardly agree with Cram's generalization that "inch by inch the valleys are being filled and the mountains brought low," and that society has been democratized, "not by filling in the valleys and lifting the malarial swamps of the submerged masses, but by a leveling of all down to their own plane." Such a statement is in the style of Carlyle, whose idea of greatness led him to magnify and place on a pedestal that blasphemous buccaneer misnamed Frederick the Great. A better explanation of the present situation is given by H. G. Wells in his book, Italy, France, and Britain at War, published in 1917. "One of the larger singularities of the great war is its failure to produce great and imposing personalities, mighty leaders, Napoleons, Cæsars. It is not that the war has failed to produce heroes so much as that it has produced heroism in a torrent. The great man of this war is the com-

mon man." Surely, is this not an advance beyond the days when one or two men dominated the situation? Is it not better to hear from the majority which has at last found its voice and which is of such large volume that it has drowned the rasping voice of the minority? If true democracy means "the abolition of privilege, equal opportunity for all, and utilization of ability," and if this ideal is being realized by the common man being reckoned with as a genuine force in life, we cannot complain because the uncommon man has not spontaneously made his appearance. We cannot eat our cake and have it. The present is one of transition, but without ignoring the evils can we not say that it is better than the past? Cram should take to heart the exhortation of him who has been called the sceptic of the Old Testament: "Say not thou, what is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this" (Eccles. 7. 10). Cram voices the sentiments of the eugenist on the subject of mixed alliances, and while there is much truth in heredity and environment, the remedies of eugenics and euthenics have often been superficial because they have practically discarded the spiritual factors in human life. We need to be constantly reminded that the gospel of Jesus Christ is "not the survival of the fit but the revival of the unfit." The serious error in this stimulating book is that it really offers a materialistic basis for life. We certainly need vision; we must assuredly guard against those leaders who masquerade in the regalia of greatness; we must see to it that democracy raises the right sort of leaders who are not "little men, little in spirit and crafty rather than creative"; we must be careful that the new leadership is distinguished by "character, intelligence, and capacity." But let us guard against panaceas which heal lightly and slightly the hurt of the nations. The only inconclusive peace is that which has no place for God. Without him all standards are vain and all achievements empty.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

A Pilgrim in Palestine. By JOHN FINLEY. 8vo, pp. xiv+251. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, $2, net.

Syria and The Holy Land. By the Very Rev. Sir GEORGE ADAM SMITH. 12mo, pp. 61. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, 50 cents.

Zionism and the Future of Palestine. By MORRIS JASTROW, JR. 12mo, pp. xix+159. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, $1.25.

THE dignified entry of General Allenby into Jerusalem on December 10, 1917, was worthy of the great traditions of the British Empire. The notable changes that have already taken place in the Holy Land are an earnest of future achievements. It was Dr. Finley's peculiar privilege, as American Red Cross Commissioner to Palestine, to witness and share in many of the dramatic events since its occupation by the British. His intimate friendship with General Allenby gave him unusual opportuni-

ties to see and hear. His book is a stirring recital, and his observations and reflections make it a welcome and timely contribution. He traveled the length and breadth of the land on foot in the capacity of a devout pilgrim as well as in the discharge of his office as a Red Cross commissioner. He was once recognized as a stranger in the Russian Church on the Mount of Olives and one of the worshipers, a Russian woman, questioned him as to his persuasion. "*Quelle croix?*" she asked, speaking in French. "I did not at first understand the import of her inquiry, though I realized that she was putting to me an all-important question: '*Quelle croix—grecque ou latine?*' (What cross do you make; that of the Greek Church or of the Latin Church?) My answer was, '*La Croix Rouge*' (the Red Cross), the sign of mercy universal, the symbol not of a creed, nor even of a Christian faith, but of human kinship and brotherhood." On another occasion he entered the desolate village of Halhul when the "women and children fled as birds or prairie dogs into their burrows," fearing this stranger in uniform, for they knew only too well the afflictions visited on them by the unspeakable Turkish officers. When they learned that the visitor was specially interested in the children of Palestine the situation was gradually changed, their suspicion was dissipated and an Oriental welcome was accorded him. The chapter on General Allenby is a eulogistic testimony to the high character of the real Deliverer of the Holy Land, so unlike the military commanders of a former day—Thothmes, Rameses, Tiglath-Pileser, Shalmaneser, Sargon, Sennacherib, Necho, Nebuchadnezzar, Cambyses, Alexander, Geoffrey, Richard Cœur de Lion and Napoleon. There is an interesting but fanciful play on the name Allenby, suggested by the euphonious union of two Arab words, "Allah," meaning "God," and "Nebi," meaning "prophet"—so "Allah-Nebi," a God-prophet. "And surely no one in the history of Palestine in the Christian era has come with a more godlike prophecy. If it were not known that every movement of his campaign of deliverance was planned down to the last meticulous detail what he has accomplished would seem a miracle, something of supernatural achievement." The battle of Armageddon, unlike the historic encounters on this plain, was such a signal victory because "it was a battle without a morrow." Finley accompanied Allenby when he entered Damascus without pageantry or pomp. "But it was the first day of a new epoch for that old part of the world. An English colonel had been for three days of the occupancy the acting governor of Damascus; on that day an Arab was installed as governor of his own people, after a Turkish reign of four hundred years. And it was all without ceremony. Feisul, with a group of his attendants, called upon the commander-in-chief at his room in the Victoria Hotel; an hour later, as Emir, Feisul was standing beneath the Arab flag on the Government House, and in another hour the commander-in-chief was making his way in his gray Rolls-Royce car across the dun plateau to the fords of the Jordan." Dr. Finley writes with animation about Nazareth, and adds, "I shall ever consider it the greatest privilege and honor of my life that I was permitted, first of Americans—after the army of occupation and its attachés—and first of pilgrims on foot to enter this

'home town' of the Christian world in this new epoch and to enter it wearing the sign of humanity's brotherhood, the Red Cross." Every page of this volume breathes the spirit of enthusiastic devotion and the reader frequently finds himself envying this pilgrim, who was not a vagrant, as he traversed the sacred places from Beersheba to Dan, from Jaffa to Jericho, and beyond Jordan. His description of the night on the Mount of Olives is written by one who is at once a student of history, a devout Christian and a poet. The prayer he wrote after this experience must be quoted: "O Thou whose feet upon the mountains of Moab are beautiful with the golden tidings of a new day, who dost walk upon the sea with sandals of silver and dost hasten across the desert hills, which thou makest to glow as jewels, on thy way to this mountain of light where thou didst often meet thy Son when on earth. Here shall I come each day though far away, on sea and land, to meet thee on this holy hill, and do thou go with me to the day's work in whatever city it lies, near or far. Help me to do it, whatever and wherever it be, in the spirit of him who prayed here. Amen." Dr. Finley had his historic imagination at work all the time, so that this volume will be read with great pleasure by clergy and laity. He received great courtesy and hospitality all along the way from the British officers as well as the fellaheen, particularly in being kept supplied with water. "I can understand why blessings were promised by Christ to those who gave cups of cold water." Remarks like this, made in passing, throw welcome light on passages in sacred Writ. The nine poems are beautiful meditations amid scenes conducive to the spirit of contemplation. In the concluding chapter, on "The House of My Pilgrimage," he expresses the hope that Palestine might become an "international reservation within the circle of the whole earth, even as a great park is set apart within the bounds of a single country—a reservation holy unto the cause of the human brotherhood proclaimed there two thousand years ago. . . . It is the ground on which to visualize in the earth the dreams of the civilization gathered at the peace-table, to show a practicable internationalism, not a nebulous thing, but a working model to which the East may look up from one side and the West from the other, and find themselves, in looking toward the same thing, brought into consciousness of a practical planetary brotherhood." He is not in sympathy with the aspirations of those who would establish a Jewish commonwealth in Palestine. There are serious difficulties in the way, largely due to the fact that Palestine has not been the exclusive home of the Jews for two thousand years and more. It has also been the home of Arabs and of native Christians, both Syrian and Greek. This point is well made by Principal Smith in his little volume on Syria and the Holy Land. Within a small compass and with unusual insight he discusses questions relevant to this and other issues. And no one is more competent to do it than the author of The Historical Geography of the Holy Land, which Finley describes as "a veritable epic poem in prose form." The political Zionists who are clamoring for an autonomous Jewish State have both history and humanity against them. They are trying to juggle with the name "Palestine," which represents a country

whose borders have always been as indefinite as the program of Zionism is vague. He advocates the creation in the Holy Land of a "government wholly devoted to Peace, with no temptation to war in itself and no provocation to other States, because founded by the agreement and solemn guarantees of all peoples to whom the land is dear and holy. What fitter soil could be dedicated to this ideal, which we pray to be gradually fulfilled all the world over, than that on which the coming of the Prince of Peace was predicted, on which he was born and suffered and died, that he might draw all men to himself and to one another!" With these two writers Dr. Jastrow is in hearty agreement. His volume is a concise and thorough review of the claims and contentions of religious, economic and political Zionism, the three parties between whom there is no agreement because all three are lost in the mists of vagueness, without any historical basis. It is the most informing volume on Zionism, about which so much has been written. More important than its demands is what is known as the Jewish Question—"the struggle to secure for Jews in all lands the same political rights as their fellow citizens, compatible with the spirit of democracy." With reference to religious Zionism some searching remarks are made concerning those orthodox Jews and sincere Christians who misread the prophecies of the restoration, for lack of the perspective of history. "A Jewish State would simply mean a glorified ghetto, narrow in its outlook, undemocratic in its organization, and that may well turn out to be reactionary in its tendencies. I should like to envisage a Palestine that may become a beacon-light for the world, that may again become a spiritual focus, furnishing further inspiration for mankind as it proceeds in its march through the ages to a still higher, albeit unknown and unknowable, goal."

A READING COURSE

The Disease and Remedy of Sin. By the Rev. W. Mackintosh Mackay, B.D. New York: Hodder and Stoughton. Price, $2.50, net.

We have got away from the introspective habit and in doing so have lost something of the personal touch with people. The pastor is a watcher of souls. He is also an interpreter and guide of those who unburden themselves to him during the dark and confusing hours of their life. We have unfortunately become too evasive from lack of spiritual discernment. We have not recognized the deep concern of our people, often disguised by the appearance of indifference. Pastoral visiting is often such a superficial affair because the pastor has not realized that he is a "spiritual practitioner," who is supposed to understand the distempers of his patients and the remedies for them. We should encourage people to open their hearts to us, not after the enforced fashion of the Roman Confessional but in a manner that is suggestive of the fraternal basis of the Christian life. Those pastors who have succeeded here held the key of sympathy and insight which unlocked the doors and led troubled souls

into liberty and peace. The book we are to study this month throws light on many of the pastor's problems in the real things of his calling. It is written from the standpoint of a physician and a pastor, and the author draws many interesting analogies between religion and medicine which he found exceedingly helpful in his own pastoral work. "True religion, so far from being apart from real life, is the very essence of it; its truths are the laws of spiritual health, and, far from being a dispensable luxury, they are more necessary than the bread we eat or the air we breathe." At a time when we hear random and irresponsible remarks to the effect that the sense of sin has disappeared and that the higher man of to-day is not worrying about his sins, it is well to understand how to discriminate. May it not be that we have confused religious phraseology with religious facts?

> "The name is out of date, but things sometimes
> Survive their names, as names so oft live on
> When things and men are dead."

This book is a course on "spiritual diagnosis." If at times the author is merciless, as the surgeon might seem to be, it is for the sake of the cure. There is nothing morbid in this discussion of sin as a disease. Among its symptoms are melancholy, or vague depression of spirits, which is much more than a question of temperament and calls for delicate treatment; sense of guilt, or spiritual pain with its root in fear of man, of one's higher self, or of God: but this is more often a hopeful symptom than a dangerous one because it shows that conscience is not dead and points the soul to the true remedy; moral paralysis is a symptom demanding radical measures; loneliness of soul, if not rightly treated, may result in hatred alike of God and man. The chapter on "The Sources of Soul-Sickness" considers the doctrine of original sin in the light of heredity and environment, and also reviews incentives like the infection by temptation. The conclusion of this searching study is that "the deepest root of sin is simply the want of God in the soul of man." After a preliminary discussion of the natural history of sin, various phases of this disease are dealt with in separate chapters. The "Diseases of the Flesh" are gluttony, sloth, intemperance, and the incontinent use of the sexual function. The "Diseases of the Heart," due to an exaggerated self-love, are ambition, vanity, pride, avarice—the passion for wealth, untruthfulness, anger, envy, jealousy. The "Diseases of the Spirit" are doubt, or deficiency of faith, superstition, or the misdirection of faith, hypocrisy, or insincerity of faith, irreverence, or contempt of faith. Note the distinction between belief and faith (p. 87) and how the perversions of faith have produced unfortunate results with their vitiating effects on character. These are all very real maladies, and it is their presence within the church which makes the pastoral office so arduous and calls for the diligent cultivation of the pastoral art, in many ways and more exacting than the preaching art. We cannot get away from the fact of the solidarity of sin, nor can we ignore the issue of irremediable sin, which makes the whole situation so serious because perilous.

What, then, is the way out? The answer is given with illuminating detail in Part II, on "The Remedy of Sin." Salvation is interpreted as a new principle of life to be appropriated by faith in the historic Christ (p. 115A). This faith is a personal trust, consisting of feeling, knowledge, will, and directed towards Christ, who is the Revealer of God and the Redeemer from sin. Note the distinction between the imitational and the evangelical views of faith: they are based respectively on the words, "Follow Me" and "Believe in Me," and are not contradictory but complementary. You will be interested in the exposition of The Imitation of Christ, by à Kempis, and Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, two of the religious classics with which the present generation should be made acquainted. There is an important chapter, on "The Faith of Little Children," which removes many prevalent misconceptions. The attitude of Christ toward children needs to be understood, and it will serve as a healthy corrective of some of the evangelistic methods employed in work amang children. The author warns against the danger of forcing upon the young mind experiences which are not natural to it. His interpretation of "salvation by education" is in accord with the principle of growth and reckons with the life of childhood far more adequately than some of the negative methods of repression. In the chapter on "Conversion by Crisis" the author takes issue with certain psychologists who confine this change to the period of adolescence and who seem to have an overfondness for the questionnaire methods of investigation, which often "tend to create the answers they wish only to elicit." Note what is said of the tendency of psychologists to explain away the miraculousness and mystery of conversion, and that it is discounted by the testimony from life (p. 148ff). What is meant by sudden conversion? How does it compare with conversion by *lysis*, where, as in disease, there is a gradual recovery? Such cases of protraction are generally found among those of an unsanguine temperament. A classic illustration of this type is that of Bunyan, related is his "Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners." Other instances are found among those who suffer from alcoholic intemperance and of some who are converted during revivals. They fall away and recover themselves more than once before being finally established in Christ. What is your experience with such cases? With reference to the backslider it is stated that the deeper elements of the soul were not touched. Is this always so? (p. 173). On another page backsliding is called a spiritual relapse (p. 43). Some of the explanations of the author show his Calvinistic bias. It should be corrected and balanced by the Arminian view of the Christian life. The chapter on "Remedia Crucis" is a splendid exposition of the healing efficacy of the Cross. The sufferings of Christ make three great appeals to man—to his longing for sympathy, to his instinct for hero-worship, and to his need or pardon. These three points are discussed with rare discernment. The appeal of hero-worship is the exhibition of the beauty of self-sacrifice, but we are not to think of Christ merely as our example. It is only by union with him in mystical oneness that we can make imitation of him. "The Christ in us is quite compatible with the Christ for us." Consider what is written about "the mystic

union between the follower and the Followed," and make more of this neglected truth in your preaching (p. 183). The deepest appeal of the Cross is made to the conscience; the guilty soul is liberated by the acceptance of the divine forgiveness mediated through the Cross. The chapter on "Spiritual Convalescence" discusses the Christian's growth in grace. The author misunderstands the Methodist doctrine of Christian perfection and should re-read Wesley's classic on this subject. We do not think of holiness as a one-sided experience but touching the wholeness of life, although some of its exponents have not sufficiently reckoned with the depth and versatility of personality as understood at the present day. This subject needs to be more frequently preached from our pulpits.

The "means of grace" for the development of Christian character are called the "materia medica of faith." They are prayer, common worship, the Holy Communion, on which there are separate chapters. "Meditative prayer" is the highest form of prayer; it expresses "the purest faith, the most perfect hope and charity; which in itself purifies the soul." Among the purifying effects of such prayer are penitence and mental peace. A necessary protest is uttered against the custom of excluding the pastor from the bedside of the sick, under the delusion, sometimes of the pastor himself and more frequently of the relatives of the sick person, that bedside intercession might terrify the sick person. This is one of the reasons why Christian Science and kindred heresies are so popular. The church is at once a hospital and a home. We should therefore make more of "The Healing of the Sanctuary," with its regular periods of worship through prayer, praise and exhortation, which brings relief from spiritual depression, cures doubt and imparts the vision of God. Note what is said in a previous chapter on "the converting power of edifying preaching" (p. 144). Aim to be a "feeding preacher," and discharge your ministry not only as a "good physician to the convalescent" but also as a "spiritual nourisher of the healthy." The Lord's Supper has been called "the potion of Immortality." It acts as a purgative of sin by quickening the conscience afresh; it is a spiritual tonic in times of discouragement; it feeds and nourishes the soul which assimilates Christ as the Bread of Life.

Side Reading

The Indwelling Spirit. By W. T. Davison (Hodder and Stoughton, $1.50, net). The place of the Holy Spirit in pastoral work is frequently referred to by Mackay. There is no better book on the subject than this by the great Methodist theologian of the Wesleyan Methodist Church of England.

The Development of a Christian Soul. By George Steven (Doran, $1.50, net). The influences that make and mar Christian character are forcefully interpreted in these suggestive chapters.

For information about books of interest to preachers, address this department, *Reading Course*, care of the Methodist Review, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

METHODIST REVIEW

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CHURCH SPIRES

A CHURCH spire is the most spiritual thing man has contrived. It is, therefore, the most poetical; for things spiritual are the highest form of poetry. Greek temples had no spires. Spires came with Christ. The irresistible poetry of him ran along the veins of men like sunlight until when they came to build a place of worship out in the sunlight, far from the catacombs, unconsciously they flung their architecture into aspiration. A spireless church is an eyeless structure, having lost the essential spirit of what it is. Those churches which are built like a library building, or a court of justice, or an opera house have lost the beat of the heart of ecclesiastical architecture. Men should not be tolerated as church architects who do not have in their own hearts the secret of God and the distillation through their plans of the mood of the gospel. This is a cardinal sin of contemporaneous church architecture. It has been secularized. In the name of something new they have imposed on the untutored in these fine spiritual atmospheres the grim spirit of utility that leads to the forgetting of God.

A church is the only thing of its sort on this earth. There are no kinsfolk to churches. They belong to the immortality of man, while all things substellar belong to the temporality of man. They die as man was thought to die before The Deathless came and wrought havoc with death. In the passion for utility, for modernity forsooth, for social rooms and serving rooms and the most modern Sunday school appliances, we have been led far and away from the sublimity which a church really is, and must remain if so be it shall retain its shining hold upon the life of the

world. Utilitarian church architecture forgets central things—not matters of minutia, but a heart thing. A church is a reminder of man and a reminder of God and a reminder of both of them in the same breath; not man one time and God another time, but to think of both simultaneously and always so, as we think of summer and greenery, as we think of motherhood and tenderness, as we think of darkness and dew. As far as a church building can be seen it should remind him who sees it of his God.

Wherever a spire springs skyward the observer knows a church is set. The spire is a finger pointing to our rendezvous of eternity. Our homeland is the sky, where dwells the Master of Eternity at whose behest we mortals make our quest into the infinite. If in a spirit of materialistic fault-finding some one should call this other-worldliness, we do not argue, but rejoice. We know that the church is built on the ground, but is not from the ground. It is from the skies and to the skies. It climbs skyward because thence it came and thither it aspires. Like a man, the church sets foot upon the ground, but walks out into the sky. He walks the ground: he inhales the sky. Man takes to the sky like the mountains and the birds. Those who think of him as a terrene thing lack grasp of his personality and immensity—both of his soul and his body. Man is not "of the earth, earthy," in the way users of that phrase often intend it. Man has a spire to his soul. When strange Thoreau said, "Time is the stream I go fishing in" —what did that curious recluse stumble toward save that man was larger than time and more lasting, and could use it as an appanage of his soul? And quite certainly time is larger than earth. The roots of life are in the earth like the roots of pines, and—like the pines too—life crests in the sky against the day-spring and the star-drip and the soothing voices of the wandering winds. We must compute man's entirety. He is cubic. Height is his third and sublime dimension and is least negligible of all his proportions.

A Christian church symbolizes man in this immense entirety. A church house is a parable of man, likewise a parable of God. The homely holding to the ground, the glorious holding with the sky—this is man. Earth is a shifting sand-bar on the wild ways

of the sea. The sky is the ageless durability. On it is no hint of age or withering. Young as that far-off first morning when the sky arched blue, so the sky abides. The shifting years have lumbered along under its wide expanse, but have left no fleck of dust from its worn sandals along its fair highways. There it towers, domed in immitigable majesty, fair as the blue flower which somewhere God grows to wear above his heart, and new—always new—and misty with mystery and mercy. Mountains lessen in height, and the valleys are slowly wasting into the sea, while no wash of rain nor pressure of years diminishes the stature of the sky. The sky is to the world what the soul is to the body. Man builds skyscrapers for business, but does not eventuate them in a spire. Their utility is of the earth, worthy, unambiguous. It traffics in time: man traffics in eternity. There lies the difference; and it is an immeasurable difference and utterly sublime, and holds all of man as it holds all for man. It is the mute oratory of the soul. There should be no hesitation in being able to discover what a church is not—as there should be no hesitation in being able to discover what a church is. It is not a refectory nor a debating chamber—though it has place and room for both. Its supremacy and primacy should speak unambiguous as a daydawn. I know railroad stations with noble campaniles, but never one with a spire. Utility knows its limitations and has an innate modesty which we do well to fathom. The early men of prayer and faith and love who built cathedrals built them cruciform, after the instrument on which the Saviour died. That was the ground plan. Then rose the roof, with vast vault like an immature sky, and that, in turn, leaped Godward as the blue into which the same Saviour leaped on wings of light on that far-away and yet near-at-hand day when he swept up into glory behind the glory where we shall some good day abide with him. The spire points to this acclivity as to mutely admonish, "Thither haste ye."

Nothing in beautiful England is so engaging and captivating as the sight of church tower and spire before you behold aught else in the approaching city. All else a city possesses shrivels in loveliness as compared with the severe and holy control a cathedral takes, as by divine right, of the city where it builds its walls

against the sky. I cannot speak the effect these cathedral bulks have on my spirit, but all about is made holy ground, and all the sky and twilight or noon seem to be taken in hand as by the angel of the Lord. And the same is true of the hamlet or country-side where through the greenery the village church tower stands, sentinel of God, to keep safe through the night to dawn the "little town of Bethlehem," where it resides and presides. It haunts a body, soul and sight, as nothing else I encounter in all England has power to do. Not all England's history and storied ways can crowd the soul with wonder and dream like the church. The cathedral in Stratford-on-Avon lords it over the world of quiet water and sloping downs and storied Kenilworth and bastioned Warwick Castle so that—aside from the crystal genius who once was there and now is everywhere—the cathedral where his dust is stayed mounts on high to say that spirit cannot dim nor die.

Approaching the cathedral cities of England is a royal visitation. What kings have been there does not invade with its trivial impertinence. That the Spirit of God has been there of old and resides is the kingly feature that grips the hands of the soul; and man has still a Friend where God resides. A cathedral comes across the spirit like daydawn across the hills. One yearns for the apocalypse of those cathedral towers and spires growing high and holy in the foreground as, in spirit or body, or both, approach is made to those old homes of prayer, where what may be said in a half dream is that "here prayer was wont to be made." We do not, with hesitant step and word, consider that here men are wont to die and from these holy altars men are wont to be buried. What we do get impression of is that here men and women take their boat to the far shore where deathless morning waits to shine across the sky with eventual glory. It is the cathedral we come to see, and it is the cathedral we do see ere we see the community where it is built. The inspiration of this bit of ground that will not be satisfied until it invades the high places of the sky meets us across approaching fens or river meadows where the waters meet. It is a spiritual ecstasy to make this encounter, and all other recollections are unfit intruders. God is in that place.

Consider these cathedrals of England, how they make their

climb heavenward. In this catalogue is given the main impression one gets from the approach. It can be modified by another direction of approach, but this gets at the high fact that all of these houses of God and man are aspiration-bound, and build them into the heavens whose prophets they all are: Canterbury has three main towers, each capped at each corner with spires. York has one vast, unshakable tower and another lesser tower capped with spires—though the lesser tower is vast in itself, but, related, is less majestic. Oxford Cathedral's main feature seen afar is its spire. Exeter has tower capped with spires accompanied with many lesser spires. Salisbury has lordly spire. Bristol has tower with spires. Gloucester has tower capped with spires. Hereford has two spires and tower; Saint Paul's, a vast dome and spire; Westminster Abbey has double, exulting, haunting towers; Truro has three spires.

What thrills the heart of a traveler nearing Canterbury is the proud uplift of its towers, springing not only far above the city roofs, but far above its own roof, and the four corners of the towers capped with spires.

I doubt if anything man has built can exceed the dignity and impressiveness of Durham Cathedral as seen from Framwell Gate bridge. The cathedral seems climbing the hill with sturdy, fearless feet, the immense single tower almost looking level-eyed on the summit of the hill and the double tower building a mass of majesty which makes the soul mute. As seen from the railway station more of the cathedral is visible, and there roof and towers tremendously dominate the scene and put the city into Lilliputian shadow. To have viewed this scene is to have climbed a high hill of prayer. The view from beautiful Elvet Bridge, where the huge tower is seen over the house roofs climbing the hill as if on their way to church, could do no other than hush the spirit to reverence and prayer. Great Durham!

Lichfield has its spires. From the one side seems one heavenly spire which claims the sky, and from another side two equal spires salute the sky with the one spire standing back and silent, as looking on its sister spires, and all the spires meekly say, "We climb to God." Peterborough has one tower and many

spires, as seen from the front, and each somehow lost in the other. Saint Albans has as a massive main feature one great tower to watch for morning to dawn. The spires are incidental. Wells Cathedral has one huge and engaging tower climbing from the center of the building like some lordly ascending flame, and at the four corners, like lesser flames, are spires aspiring yet a little above the huge bulk of sacred flame. Worcester Cathedral has spires at all corners of the sacred fane, and these are crescendoed by a massive main tower impressive beyond the telling. Not a nobler spire can be conceived than that of Chichester Cathedral. It soars aloft like an angel. As a body walks up Eastgate Street, Chester, the spire of the Cathedral leaps from the ground at the street end and seems all there is except the sky. One sees no church: he only sees the spire—sweet sight and memorable! Ripon Cathedral crowds on the sight like the bulk of great hills. Roof and towers seem almost on a level, and all give such a sense of mass and age and enduringness as one seldom can encounter aside from the mountains. And what a sight the Cathedral of Ely is from the fens—high-climbing majesty with a tip of a spire flashing at lesser height like the very spirit of religion. Gloucester Cathedral from the paddock impresses the observer as all tower, huge as a cathedral where the multitudes might worship God. What impresses most at Hereford is the tower. Winchester Cathedral has a strong tower looking like the Rock of Ages. And then great Lincoln Cathedral seen by moonlight, where the three equal towers own the sky-landscape and appear built of solid moonlight! See that once and bear the sweet and blessed memory into eternity. It is all rapture.

A church spire affects me as nothing else in architecture has the grace to do. It overshadows my heart, my imagination, my life. It has already passed into the chief poetry of landscape. Whoever has learned to love Birket Foster's illustrations as I have will recall how continuously the church tower and spire invade his landscapes. As the great Turner was wont to flash on high his cathedral through his Turnerian landscape as his "Rivers of France" so often do, so Birket Foster hangs the star of his church spire above a stretch of heath or hill or woodland. A scene going

sylvan-wise no one knows whither is almost certain to have a spire on its distance touching into mellow poetry the world of human hearts which cluster about a little church.

I have noted the effect of cattle on a landscape as I have traversed the thousands on thousands of miles of this Land of my Love and have found them gifting the scene with quiet as no other animals do—and have found my mind in quest of their secret. They have in them a rest, a rumination, unknown to others, yet is that not all the history of why they infect a scene as sheep nor horses can do. They are an appanage of home. Cattle mean folks and house and the evening. Wherever they pastured they incline to wend their way homeward at night by zigzag paths, as rooks from their far foraging by daylight row with black oars their black barges across the sunset sky into their rookery until they seem the world's good-night to the sunset. Cattle with zigzag path of following feet and with the tinkle of the cowbell take their slow but certain path homeward when the shadows lengthen and the gloaming nears. Cattle are knit into the human story. Their deep though unseeing eyes have mutely watched our earthly dwellings. Not knowing that they do, they feel humanity. And where they feed or lie ruminating the human interest of them distills upon the scene. They quiet the landscape. They hush the babbling of the stream. It tends to be still water because of them. Wherever they pasture or lie at rest at panting noon they suggest the invisible inhabitants at whose gates they will lie down at night and await the dawn. There is something haunting and half pathetic to note, what I have often noted, how the cattle will, if they may not reach the near neighborhood of the house which they count home, at least gather and sleep at the nearest point thereto they may approach. I have seen this so often as I have driven long distances through the dark. They want human companionship, and their presence does not disturb the slumbers even of such as lightly sleep.

In some way like this, and different from this, a church steeple is such a homely, human thing, and the spire such a lovely and blessed thing. Old-World cathedrals stand strong as a mountain in the midst of city squalor and wrangle of petty trade and

barter and stridency of voices, and calmly sweep upward into the ineffable sky where stars take their shining but momentous way. The cathedral is God's house even as it is man's house. They own it together. It is man's house and it is God's house too. It invades the city with the presence of God and suggests and inspires and imposes his presence on the God's Acre lying near. For God's Acre is in the Cathedral's shadow. God is the God of men. He is a lonesome God without folks. He is a happy God with folks.

It is well to catch the heaven-breath of the church, little or large. Life clusters about its base and eternal life clusters about its spire. Those little churches of England, which nestle into the landscape like a babe on the breast, all connote worship and praise and help and rest, and the nearness of God to man and the nearness and access of man to God. There is no other thought so high. To them the pathways lead across many a stile and field and beside many a gentle brook and in the shadow of many a hedgerow spilled full of skylark's ecstasy. All the pathways converge to the little mossgrown church and, having reached that haven, rest. The church is so little, yet so large. Lake Windermere is not so compelling to one's memory as the little Wordsworth church, a wee bit housie where nature-poet Wordsworth bowed his head in prayer. Not a vast cathedral, with the shadow of its tower thrown in the haunting river, impresses me more nor gives more the sense of the great God. A least church with its tiny spire or tower has all the mystery of human trust and longing. and God to be had for the asking. Birket Foster loves the meadow, the sheep field and the sheep fold, the blithe water, the cottage rose-embowered, the goodman at the stile or porch, the hay making, the sundown, the lonely river, the boats waiting for the fishermen and the tide, the lone fisherman in the lonely boat on the darkening water, and all places of human love and longing and rejoicing and grieving; and there the church is set. He loves to place it there. In that sweet domestic scene, so human and so sturdy and so tender, the church spire roots like a climbing pine, but roots in the earth of the human instincts and social solidarity which must climb to God or be desolate, like a rack of wind-blown clouds over a great water. A church spire has its spiritual appeal which was

bound to catch a poet-painter like Birket Foster. He has not misadventured in his art. His artist genius rings clear as a church bell among the starry spaces of a summer night. I have adduced this artist because his hands painted the poetry of things and folks, and because more continuously and more certainly than anyone I know Birket Foster has felt this phase of landscape and has let it bloom like a flower where he passed. I authenticate my mood by him although I need not his authentication. It stands in its own right. I will trust my own soul in these heavenly matters. They require no certificate of character.

At the writing of this essay the writer is a dweller in an apartment six floors up. This altitude gives a view, at the east end, of a huge cathedral, lovelier seen afar and aloft than on the ground and near at hand. Thus seen a lordly dome springs on high and two spires controvert man's mortality. As the night falls it is restful to the spirit to sit and consider the spectacle of praise and prayer. The calm of the place seems to hush the tempest of the surging city, though the dome does not move my spirit as a spire—even the domes of Saint Peter's at Rome and Saint Paul's in London. I am melted in spirit by the spire. There is spaciousness in a dome, but for me it does not touch the soul as the climb of the tower or the spring skyward of a spire. That, of course, is a matter of individual feeling and has no logic, any more than a kiss or a sigh or a prayer. From the other end of our sky dwelling we see one tower and two spires. They haunt me with a holy haunting which is the very presence of poetry. I watch for them at the pale gray of morning, at the white light of noon, in smoky skies with dim-seen landscape, in the rush and riot of sunset splendors, and in the palpitant moments which rush past as the day kisses the world good-by. I fear I spend more time than is allotted a busy man in considering these prepossessions to prayer. They look mutely down on the city, yet not as despising it, but weeping over it, praying for it, dreaming the dreams a city should dream for itself, but is a little remiss in dreaming, or, deeper, totally remiss in dreaming. As I look at them from a distance and from their levels they seem strangely alone in their aspiration, loving the city below and dwelling above,

and their holding as with hot hands of love and longing the hurly-burly, careless, sinful city toward the breast of God. It is a goodly sight of which I never tire. It rests me when I am weary and chimes to me though no bell rings from their silent chambers. And from one window, on a hilltop which ends the scene, is a spire—one, just one, and that one enough. Skyscrapers are on that hill, and the city lying beneath is packed with habitations and voices of to-day. That one solitary yet unlonely spire submerges them all. It is so airy, so ethereal, so built by the hands of prayer. It so spurts like the lift of some celestial frontier, is so rapt and away like a saint in ecstasy with God that it does with me as it will. I sit and watch it. I stand and watch it. I watch it when morning rises behind it (for the spire is in the east), and the morning mantles it with flame, with the glorious crimson of sunrise: I watch it when noon catches its breath from its long climb up the sky: I watch it mid-afternoon when the sun-rays slant, like long-flight arrows shot by a strong flying angel of the Lord: I watch it when day staggers like a wounded soldier and falters into its fatal slumber: I watch it when the stars begin to peer from the heavenly doorways: watch it, and sometimes fall asleep with its minstrelsy of heaven harping in my heart and wake to look from the window and thank God it is still there.

In Long Island is a little Methodist church which for spire loveliness and unspoken call to God is worth traveling from sea to sea to glance upon but once; to look up, and then, seeing, wear the white wonder of the pointing finger of God away in the heart forever. The day I saw it there was a gray sea mist pattering now and then in rain. The east wind was blowing. A friend whose heart was lonely by the going of the wife of his love before him to the city of God was taking me about. The east wind of tears was blowing on his heart and eyes. We were on the way to the sea to hear the Atlantic billows beat against the sands and behold the sea intrude through gray-brown sea marshes on the land. Thus as we spoke of holy and of heavenly things, and lands where partings do not kiss blind lips nor voices choke with grief, this church spire swam into our sky as if an angel came. It fairly took my breath, so swift an apparition it was and heavenly. The

church was diminutive and meek in a little town but blooming with the alacrity and delight of a flower skyward, toward the land of which my friend and I had been discoursing. The church spire pointed exultant as the angel spake, clad in white raiment, sitting on the stone he had rolled from the sepulcher of God, crying like a trumpet, "He is arisen, He is not here, not here, arisen, arisen," and his voice was like the chiming of inimitable bells. Ah! little spire hard by the sea, you shall stand preeminent in the foreground of my heart what time I weep and sorely need to pray.

In Providence, Rhode Island, the long-ago worshipers, followers of Roger Williams, built a meetinghouse of wood and built a thing of dream, pure dream. Such as think themselves to know, and who love such things and may speak with some authority, count this place of prayer the most perfect bit of ecclesiastical architecture in America. Maybe so. I will not argue with them. I could not dispute it. It seems as if it rightfully might be that. I should wish it might be, as a tribute to the pure artistry of those early American worshipers of God in a church out from the control of state. The building is pure white, as of unblemished marble, and seems as avid as a bird to spring into the sky, with its high white visionary spire, a creature of pure light, holding on high to there meditate on heavenly things.

Once I was a pastor of Independence Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church in Kansas City, Missouri. The building is pure and courageous Gothic. The portal is a-bloom with lilies, the Easter lilies of the Lord, as if it were one lily bloom, to invite the Christ walking on the street to come in and tarry there till his weary feet were rested a little. The main spire is a glorious spring toward God. It is most visible of all that city holds, standing higher, seeing farther. How I used to love it, watching it in the dark up against the background of stars and a thing of kinship with the risings of the sun. I was its minister—nay, rather did it minister to me. The lightning smote it thrice, pressed its kiss of fire upon its outstretched wings. No matter, sunrise kissed it too, and glorious morning and sunset skies, and it shined aloft like Ithuriel's spear.

In Baltimore are two spires of special significance to a wistful spirit. One, on Mount Vernon Place Methodist Episcopal Church, which but for the spire of the First Presbyterian Church would have been imperial. It has its calm and cloud against the sky. The other spire balms the spirit. From a hospital I saw it best and first—from a hospital where pain was prevalent and death was busy. There I saw the spire spring—and against a sunset sky—and was filled with transfiguration. O! it was glorious and effectual, like a tryst with God.

Hennepin Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church in Minneapolis, Minnesota, springs from its central roof with never a thing anywhere in the architecture to detract from it; a single spire for which no words can offer incense. It seems slight as a child's finger, frail as a moonbeam, but will prove lasting as the world and haunting as a hymn sung by martyrs about to press the lips of death. You must see it for your heart's delight and be requited for your quest.

In Washington, the capital city of the Land of Dreams, is a spire of the Metropolitan Memorial Methodist Episcopal Church. It is set near the Capitol, with its great dome and its magnificent bulk. It is in fair stone's throw of that noblest obelisk in the whole world, Washington Monument. It is neighbor to many buildings of the government which challenge admiration for their simple and noble proportions. It is hard by the Library of Congress, that housing-place of a nation's literature and rendezvous of the students of our hemisphere. In such surroundings what should a church do but cower in ineffectual humiliation? It has what none of these massive edifices of legislation, knowledge, administration possess: it has a spire. That church house is an explanation of the existence of all these. The Church of God begot this American scene and civilization. The church is the sweet, diminutive mother of these sturdy sons. America is a Christian civilization or it is no civilization at all. And this church sends up its spire at once alluring, unique, and majestic. How my heart thrills to it as to a mountain peak at morning! It inspires the scene. The dome of the Capitol hangs aloft, fixed, finished, but the spire seeks a flight into the sky and the flight just

begun. It is transcendent. No terminus, just a lift of wing for a far flight begun and the end of the flight behind all the stars into that morning which breaks but never sets. The spire's flight of aspiration is over to where God stays.

I know a village tree-embowered. It has a railroad station, a grocery store, a blacksmith shop, a post office, and a grange hall. I think a half dozen would make an abundant count of the houses. And a church is there, and across the street the manse. You may never see the church, as the train tarries in the station or passes puffingly through the town. But a spire tops the town. I look forward to seeing it as I gaze at a flight of doves white-breasted, white-winged, swift of flight against the fury of a gale. Such a modest spire among the trees, yet so haunting, so ministrant, so silent yet singingly vocal in its evangel. "Here we pray, we mortal folk, trust in God, love him, and listen to and heed the preacher's words, and repent us of our sins, and trust in God for our salvation, and make our slow sure way to the Better Land," so says the spire. I pass by many a brave metropolis overgrown with cares and business success with a casual glance and forget the name and the features of the city; but a hurried travel-glance on this holy hortation of this little spire in this little town, springing above the treetops as to invite the trees to cast their passing incense to the winds in love of the Christ who planted the trees of the field and prayed beneath their shadows. Many cities I pass through and forget. This little town of the White Spire I shall not forget while I live. To my own soul I have christened it "The Village of the Spire." Stars, shed starlight softly, lest ye disturb its holy meditation on the things of God. My Village of the Spire, good night! Sweet dreams and good night, a hushed and hallowed good night.

A single spire colors an entire field of land and sky as a sunrise does, flooding all below and far up and back behind things with the pure white flame of the spire not kindled on the ground. It is spilled through the sky, not from it, and from a sun which is hidden from our eyes, yet, unseen, empties glory on the clouds. This shining light reports God to us, sets God down on us like a heaven of heavens.

And a spire at night. How shall I explicate that mystery of spirit when starlight or moonlight inverts its urn and spills all its magical luminosity out on the dark, turning it into an enchanted land? The church spire soars to meet that mystical light as if it were itself a shaft of light—yet not falling down from the sky but leaping ecstatically into heaven; and earth becomes in it a luminary in its own right, lifting itself on high as a shaft of shadowy glory. One fears that the flight of a night moth might shatter it. Howbeit not the shock of an earthquake nor the crash of worlds can dissipate that insinuative glory. A thing of earth it is and a thing of heaven.

And I ruminate seeing a spire sweep past which I see from the rushing train. A flash like a sea gull's wing, with a blue sky above and blue below, and a church spire to record that there behind was a valley where the weary rested, and by day and night the parents of little children prayed that, waking or sleeping, their children might be the Lord's, and where God was no stranger to those village folks, but came their way and tarried at their house and in it. A rush of a train, a flash of white spire; and I heard a multitude of angels sing, and my face was fanned by the perfumed breath of angel wings set blowing on my heart.

I know a little village scarcely bigger than a bunch of hollyhocks, and a spire is there. And though I have seen it times now counting into hundreds I watch for it like weary ones watch for morning, or as I watch for a face I love. I would travel that way with no other reason than to catch my passing glance of that spirit of inspiration and the voice of that visible prayer. The village, the spire said, was God's. The village wants God, and the spire made that affirmation visible and audible. I hear their choir chanting with subdued voice, and I feel the village heart singing "My Father and my God." This is a kindly thing, a tenderly human thing, an earthly-heavenly thing. For our God is a homely yet heavenly Father for homely folks. He never passes our little interests by, assiduous as he is in orbiting the stars. He nestles us on his breast and fondles those that be motherless and hushes the weary and the sick among us to slumber with his balm

and energizes our activities with the inflow of his energy. "Human the church is and divine": and so are we. So saith the spire.

And in the dusk to walk a country road whose only lamp is stars, and on a road whose dust is lately laid by the kindly passing of a shower, and while the flush slowly and surely falters from the sky how sweet it is in surprise to come upon the spire of a country church standing unlonely in its loneliness, passing lordly in its solitude and simplicity! Where are the country folk who worship here? I see afar a kindly lit lamp which soon blows out, for they are weary and seek rest. But the church spire seems to keep watch, as to say, "I will be your watchman," and through the crickets' chir and those insistent and delicious voices of the night I seem to hear, "The Lord bless thee and keep thee, the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee and give thee peace." It is the spire whispering. The Lord who tucks the birdie's head beneath its wing and bids it be unafraid is here. Birds are they whose nest is the heart of God. I will dream on this country road, and while I dream in the presence of the church spire I will pray.

I watch for the spires, that is the sum of it. I set them down among my beatitudes. On some dreamy evening when my slow heart pulse ticks out the closing minutes of my life's little day upon the ground I feel assured that I shall see with dimming eyes, in that dimming dusk, a church spire climbing out of my evening dusk against the background of the dull night sky and pointing like a smile of God to that fair city where I shall have my certain welcome from Him whose name the church spire half whispered and half sang to me in voice of love through all my yearning years and shall chime to me, a pilgrim welcome home.

In one of the divine pictures of the great Turner there rises a white church tower high above the heights of the city there, and high above the actual height of that cathedral tower as seen by the eyes of casual travelers, but not as seen by the eyes of that astonishing artist. It stands very high, and white as a sheaf of light, "like the finger of God," to use that haunting phrase that slipped from the lips of him who knew more about God than all men that have ever lived. "Is not this the finger of God?" said he. That shaft of light dominates the scene and flings as by compul-

sion all about it into diminutive shadow. This picture is a parable of every cathedral and every little church anywhere. It is light and leading, and shines away the shadows and lets in the Light of Lights eternal.

A spire softens the landscape, gives it an Inness effect, soothes the scene, shuts out the glare, and in its place brings a purple dusk where meditation may fold its hands and courage knit up its "raveled sleave of care" (Thank you, Will Shakespeare!) and God comes softly, not as the Great Intruder, but as the best Friend life ever knows; and his touch on the heart is the beatitude of our time and our eternity.

And then, the music! The church towers and spires are nests of melody. The heavenly songs sing from these uplands in the skies. No one can catch a word cunning enough in beauty to contain or even suggest the minstrelsy of bells. No church should be without them. The angels who sang that sweet night in the skies were the forerunners of the church bells of the whole Christian world. The cunning poetry of that singing episode of the gospel caught the heart of the lovers of the Christ, and they saw that there should be aloft the singing in the night and day. In cathedral and church are instruments of music. There the organ holds forth like the instrumentation of the sea: there sits the dreamer of the keys. Music becometh God's house. That is a truism of the faith once delivered to the saints. Where Christ is there is melody. "Making melody in your heart unto God," said the radiant apostle, knowing full well that when the music is there it drips down on all the rooms of life. We have the melody. We have caught the song. No silence is possible when once the Everlasting Melody has caught us by the hand and by the heart. The logic of this beautiful obsession, this transcendent occupation, must work itself out. There is no stopping it. How well we know that, if we watch the procession of those poets who have had the Minstrel make their heart his home! So in the church are the choir, and the organ, and the trumpet, and all such things of lip or finger which swing out into the air the vibrant ecstasies of the heart. A church is a house of the heart; and what things become a heart become a church. Love becomes

the heart and song springs out of love as rainbows out of rain and dayspring out of the arisen sun. A singing heart and a singing church are what the chiming bells declare. So when a body sees a church spire there is the mute sense of minstrelsy and all high hope that flowers in song.

Waiting for a train in a village as night was coming on, and walking to and fro to catch the air upon my face, I marked near the railroad a little church, small to the dimension of minuteness, and it had been invisible to me but for the finger of a spire. Whoever had built the spire had scant skill in the doing of it. It was a lamentable architectural achievement, while as a spiritual attitude and expression it cleansed my thought and fancy, and hallowed my spirit, and took me by the hand and led me to prayer. I knew it was a church, that little edifice. I knew that there hungry hearts prayed, that there on sunny and cloudy days, in days of storm and wild blowing of the wind and swirling of snows, people trudged to the house of rest and the house of God, and that on days blest with sunshine and fragrant with summer and the ripening of the wheat thither came blithely man and woman and little children with many quips of laughter and dancing feet. They all came to the house of God. I saw all that and felt it more than by seeing it with my physical eyes. Indeed, I did not need to see it physically, for the church house and the church spire wrought upon my spirit so that for the moment I needed physical sight no more than did the great blind Milton. And as the day darkened, and the darkness deepened and the night lights began to blaze indoors and out, the steeple spoke: the bell began to ring. Truly it was a bell which could have taken no credit for its voice. It was a pitiful falsetto. Music was a thing of which it could not in any veracity have been accused. All this I knew. I am not quite color-blind to melody. I love the dulcet note of bird voices in mating time, and mother voices singing babes to sleep at twilight, and great congregations in the swell and ecstasy of sacred hymnody. No, I am not quite inexpert myself in melody—having not sung lustily myself and so having listened while others sang. Yet to my spirituality that trivial bell in its trivial misshapen steeple, ringing out in unmelodious

tones across the little town, discoursed great music like the swelling sea. It rang out the tune called "God with us," I, myself, ringing with unmelodious voice but from a heart at love with him and his mankind and mine. To my ears the inconsequent ringing of the bell set all the bells in my spirit ringing and all the holy tunes were on my lips which my words cannot express. Hearts that know the holy Christ, in reverent singing, though by lips and voices which cannot express what their hearts know, to me far surpass all the melody of trained voices with all finesse of harmony. The heart has a sweeter hymn book than any voice may hope to express. Any mother singing to her child, any man humming to himself some heavenly air because his heart has learned a hymn, moves me as all your Carusos with their operatic sound and fury are incompetent to do. O, little church, in little hamlet, with your funny little steeple and its ridiculously untuned bell, you seem sonorous to me, like the dream-call of great winds in great pines, only you enunciate the words the pines cannot form their lips to. Through you I hear the angels singing and the sons of God.

So many things I hear and heed not. They leave no impress on my larger self. They do not even make a raindrop print on the dry dust of my spirit. So many voices I hear and wish them hushed, and when they become mute I make my praises. Not so with the sacred chimes of this untuned bell in its hint of a steeple. Not so. It was trying to chant the call to prayer and the invitation to hurried folk, who must some time die, to come and wait upon the Lord. Ah! no thunder in the bleak skies, nor up-climb of great mountains, has known to do with my spirit what this church bell in its trivial tower has done. And now, far away from that scene and falling darkness, it all comes back to me: the little timorous bell and its little spire, in its little town and with its unknown folk, I class it among the great minstrels within my soul.

What a beautiful thing it is to install chimes in a church tower in the name of some man or some woman who when alive made music in the world by being and seeing and doing things which overbear people's doubts and fears and waverings and turn

their lives into heavenly chiming. I should love to have a church tower or church steeple and a carillon of bells named after me. That seems to me the very radiancy of ministry; that is "to make undying music in the world," and being dead yet to speak, and being voiceless yet to sing. It is to make undying music in the world in a roomier fashion than George Eliot intended when she penned that fine line. The carillon, which through the years and centuries of years in dusk or day, in stress or storm, in sea mist, in the witless wind, on the wide moor, where prairies stretch away to meet the skies, in remote valleys where the cattle sleep, by silent flowing rivers or by the adventurous sea to hail the ships that pass their headlands, wherever they ring, all who go that way know that the Lord is calling, and the carillons are the songsters of the heavenlies and singing, "This way lieth peace."

Often have I in some strange or familiar vicinity, when birds were calling their last good-night with sleepy voices and children's voices were growing mute, when the dusk hushed all to hear the starlight speak and listen to the footfall of the dew, there when the voices of the world would be a sure intrusion, often have I heard the calling of a mellow bell across the approaching dark. I could have heard the footfall of the dew and the eloquence of stars; and the church bells did not disturb nor intrude on that sacred silence. They melted into the mood of the coming night. The whisper of the Lord became by them the more articulate. They gently push all holy suggestions through the open or half-open door of the spirit. They bathe the landscape in a celestial comfort. They break upon the heart a box of ointment of spikenard, very precious, whose odors fill every room of the heart. On such a landscape, strange in every feature or very familiar so I could wander through the dark and not go astray, when the church bell lifts its hallowed voice I feel restfully at home. I am not far from my own hearth but wandering dreamfully toward it.

I know a little town embowered in trees, haunted by the happiest memories of my life, where I have often gone loiteringly beyond the habitations so as to be out of sight, but not out of sound, when the church bell should awaken from its slumber of

the day and give its angel music to the dark. The fathomless peace of the deep-throated music eclipses the peace of the stars and the solemn arch of the sky. I walk as about to invade eternity. I have a friend. He now lives with God behind the morning, in a deeper morning. If any suggest that I should say I had a friend I must denominate his suggestion a blind saying. I have a friend just as when he was fellow traveler with me among the mountains where we used to go and wander among mountaintops and stars with vagrant delight. A dear friend of my friend and me wrote, "At eleven o'clock Saturday night our dear friend was not, for God took him. He went away in his sleep," and then this friend signed himself, "Faithfully yours, in hope of life everlasting," then appended: "They rest from their labors." How shall I account such a friend as stepping into the past tense of my heart? He is, I am, and we live. I have my feet, he has his wings, and we journey in the same direction, with the same light upon the path. It is such talk the church bells make across the landscape of the dusk. I feel the unity and persistency and permanency of life, and the nearness of the far and the neighborliness of my immortal life; and life mortal and life eternal shake hands in the church spire. When the bell sings out earth and heaven are but one landscape, and across it all shines the amazing radiancy of the smile of God. *Haec fabula docet:* Let every church have a spire, and every spire a bell!

Ring on, ye gold-throat bells, and bathe the quiet sky with minstrelsy and billow across God's Acre, where the happy dead in the Lord rest from their labors and their works do follow them —aye, and precede them. Poe's "Bells" are clamorous discords compared with the hush-melody of church bells which from church spires distills like dew upon the dusk and through the dusk upon the heart. Sing on, O holy chimes, nor silence ye till Time shall make its adieu and Eternity shall come in with its ringing of the bells of heaven.

William A. Quayle

THE LAW OF OBEDIENCE

Obedience is the art of living by the will of another; the benediction of guidance by a wisdom not your own. All forms of life are capable of this art and are, therefore, the subjects of its benefits. There is a universal ability to be guided by a wisdom not one's own. All Mr. Burbank's achievements rest on this simple fact. He selects the mate of flower with flower and fruit with fruit; for their accidental mating he substitutes his knowledge. A knowledge the plant can never have directs it at the very springs of life. Under his guidance they live according to a wisdom they can never comprehend, much less possess. It is worth noting that to get the blessing they do not have to understand; only to respond.

The history of domestication we shall never write. All the tame creatures we know, the turkey excepted, had been bridled long before man began to record his achievements. Horse and dog, cow and cat, sheep and goat, hen and dove had all yielded to the intelligence of man before man was intelligent enough to tell how he did it. While we do not know the history of the coming of these creatures into a state of subjection, we do know the ground on which that subjection rests. It is grounded in this simple fact: every living creature may be guided by a wisdom not its own.

We have all seen the team of oxen turn when the driver called "Gee." Now, in some countries "Gee" means "Turn to the right," in other countries, "Turn to the left." The thing to notice is that the beast knows to turn. The sound conveys the wish of an intelligence that is not in the brain of the ox, and the beast moves according to the driver's will. You may have noted that sometimes the team goes where it does not wish to. There is not only a directing but a driving wisdom. The world of the ox is not the only realm where there is a compulsion that is more than directing.

If we use "lines," we direct the horse in the same way. I

have known a horse that was directed without line or bridle. The movement of the driver's hand was all that was needed. The horse was saved the irksomeness of line and bridle by his disposition to obey. His "yoke is easy" and his "burden is light," not because there is an absence of task or a lightness of load, but because there is an absence of contesting disposition. Where *my* disposition fits *his* will there is no size to a task.

We have all watched children debate, "Shall I do as they wish me?" A few days ago, to show me how the baby was growing, a father said, "What does doggie say?" I saw the child's eye brighten with intelligence and then dull into dogged decision. Had the child said, "I know what doggie says, but I am not going to tell," the contest between the wisdom above and the life below would not have been more sharply defined.

Man is no exception to this law of life. He may be consciously directed by a Will he comprehends and yet does not understand. He may "turn to the right" without knowing where it will lead him, when he wishes to turn to the wrong. Man is just as wise in such action as the ox that turns and knows not the destination. To deny to man the act and fact of such directing wisdom is to make him less than the beast of the field or the flowers that grow. To exclude man from the operation of this universal ability makes the life of a dog more august than that of the most intellectual human being that ever lived.

In the realm of experience there is no room for debate about this simple fact. We have all been on both sides of it. We have sometimes been obedient, and sometimes rebelled against a wisdom we recognized to be more than our own. It would be utterly impossible either to "take" or "leave" advice were it not for this simple ability of animal life.

When we ask ourselves, "Why should we obey the Higher Reason?" we have before us one of the most interesting facts of life. It is obedience that makes it possible for us to live better than we are. The commands that we give to children are the expression of a reason, which reason the child cannot understand. A child is directed by your judgment because he cannot know "why" he should do as directed. You never make a child understand

"why" he should go to school; you do make him understand that he must. The years that a boy will ask "why" he must go to bed early is proof he has never been told. You have used the words to him, but the idea has never gripped his mind in any way to carry the reason and reach his volition. The benefit of "Early to bed" must reach him through his obedience, not his understanding. If your dog is "after" a hedgehog and you call him back, you save him from a mouthful of "quills" not because he understands, but because he obeys. His obedience lifts his life, his experience, beyond his understanding.

It is this exaltation of the reason that makes God seem impersonal. That we should have a "word," a "command," a "law" in the place of an idea may lead us to think that there is no idea behind the command. So the silly notion that we must obey because God wants his own way. God could not command without a reason, and the reason is the soul of the command; we hear the command, but fail to see the reason. The exaltation of God removes his thought from us, but it does not remove us from his thoughtful direction. His command is the descent of his love from the realm our judgment cannot know and our obedience lifts us to the realm of his will. Obedience is the most rational action of the human soul.

This fact makes it the path to larger life. Why is a dog more intelligent than an ox? Recall that the dog is with his master much more than is the ox. His service, the chance to obey, is far more varied with the dog than with the ox; and much more of the dog's life comes under the direction of the master's will. We tell a dog to lie down, we let the ox please itself. This fact is responsible for the higher intelligence of the more intelligent creatures. If for centuries the opportunity had been reversed, the sagacity had been transferred. The attainment is more nearly the measure of opportunity than the standard of capacity. .

Note also that that dog is more intelligent whose actions have most completely come under the direction of the human will. The more subservient the lesser intellect becomes the more intelligent it grows. Obedience is the universal path to improvement. When you have introduced the dog to another set of wishes you thereby

improve the species. Suppose the dog knows only to come when you bid him. Now take him with you hunting and soon he learns what you wish and "points." By your direction, and his obedience, native intelligence has been added to his kind. This law is true in human life, in all life. The obedient child has the better chance because he *is* better. The race that obeys more "laws" has the larger life. The race that has come most completely under the direction of the "law" of God is the forward race. It is that simple fact that puts it forward. The race that can best obey is the best race. The upward push in all life is along the path of obedience to higher wisdom. The more completely the creature obeys, the larger the creature life becomes. "To obey *is* better" than worship. Adoration is no substitute for obedience.

Obedience is grounded in relationship; animals and children make quick recognition of this fact. Pick out some child on the street and tell him, in commanding voice, "Do this!" and see what response you will get. Speak to some stray dog thus: "Come here!" and notice how he will run away. Let the father, or master, repeat your commands, then note the difference in response. The difference in relationship is the reason for the different responses. Children do not do things because things are right; they answer to the assertion of a relationship. Dogs do not debate the ethics of what you command, they respond to their relationship. If we could learn the same lesson, we should live much better, and we might then leave the result with God. When we obey God's commands the outcome rests on him. But, in all fairness, we cannot hold him accountable for the world's life until the world has learned to obey him.

The reverse side of this relationship God is not slack concerning. His insistence that we shall be guided by his wisdom, do his will, is grounded in the fact that we are his. He offers to us all he has because the relationship demands it. He is bound to give to us his advice because we belong to him. It is not possible for God to act as though we were what we are not—strangers to him. He cannot be false to us because we are disobedient to him. To the farmer the horse is a utility; to the father the child is an

opportunity. When we use children in the realm of utility we sin against eternity. We know the difference between a farmer and a breeder. The farmer uses the animal, the breeder improves it. God is not a farmer seeking to improve his kingdom at our expense. God is a Father; he does not seek to "glorify" himself by using us, but, rather, seeks to "glorify" us at eternal cost to himself.

It is because God would impart himself that he insists we do his will. His will is grounded in our good. It is because his will is better for us than our own will ever could be that he insists we do his will. He is incapable of willing anything that would not be good for his children, and he can have no will apart from his creatures. His "law" is not the outgoing of an "Imperious Will," but the expression of an Infinite Love. You insist that your child shall go to school, not because you would have your own way, but because you would not have your child miss what the school will give. Parental "law" is the expression of parental love.

Let us ask ourselves what would happen in Mr. Burbank's garden if the flowers should refuse his directing wisdom. The first loss would be the forfeiture of his guidance—a self-inflicted bereavement. His wisdom would exist, but apart from their experience. For this loss nothing else could compensate. The attainment they would forfeit, in one brief season, a thousand toilsome generations would not equal. Apart from result you could not punish flowers.

What would happen in dogdom if dogs decided they would do as they wished and would no longer remain under the guidance of man? You might whip dogs, but the whipping would not be a circumstance beside the loss of man's direction. Hell is a paradise beside what it stands for. The immediate result would be to stop the onward going of the dog. We should get over the pain of being punished, but punishment is a worse thing than pain. It stops the onward going. Nothing worse could happen to the race, or to you. You may beat the world, bleed the world, doom the world, damn the world, but as long as it moves under His guidance the heavens are bright above it and the future glows with hope.

Suppose you begin with the dog's disobeying with regard to the last thing you would teach him. Now, the real loss is that the dog fails to come into that relationship to his master that his obedience would have brought him. The appalling losses that come to the world are not the things discarded, but the loss of the things it fails to grasp. The damnability of disobedience is that it is a step backward, even though you have not taken that step in either direction. Step by step you follow your dog, as he disobeys in one thing after another, and at the end you will have no dog: not that he will be dead; that would be a catastrophe; you will have a wolf, and what he is will be his crime: also his punishment. The only thing between the dog of to-day and the savage thing from which he came is his active obedience.

What happens when a child refuses to obey? He becomes a product lacking the higher wisdom in his make-up. Every child has the right to be the product of the wisdom of the ages. Self-made men are about the worst product we can have, because we have the opportunity of being God-made men. The Incarnation is a gospel as well as a Christ.

We must obediently move forward. Justice must take the place of charity. Ethics must supplant honesty. Honor must become a thing of holy relationship, not a matter of legal definition. Instead of doing what "we feel like doing" we must find the task and swallow it in achievement. There must be no gulf between the need and the effort. We must put the light of personal standards into all social intercourse and Christianize international life. The need is God's command to do it. We must, if need be, fight, that fighting shall not be the last resort. We must bury the law of the jungle in the higher attainment of manhood and put moral precepts in the place of force. The opportunity is the command. Of the world it is now true: "If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land."

THE INCARNATION—TO-DAY

FRANKLY accepting the incarnation as the supreme fact in history, what does it imply for the life of to-day? The old implications abide, but what of the new? This is a question which must always be modern, and must be asked in every pulpit in every new year of every new age. It is as inexhaustible as life itself. It was asked yesterday and the answer had no hint of elements which to-day are the most patent and inescapable of all. It will be asked to-morrow, and the next century will doubtless marvel at our blindness. Abstractly the implications of the incarnation are the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. Concretely they are new, and greater in every generation. What, then, are some of the things which the mind of this day more clearly than any other day sees implied in that mystic union of two worlds in Christ, very God and very man?

I. First may be mentioned the discovery of a democratic God. The governments of men have been democratized never from the top down, but always from the bottom up. The discovery of the real democracy of the divine government of the world is made, not by theological or doctrinal interpretations handed down from the schools, but by the inescapable logic of human rights and relations carried up and applied to God's dealings with men. In a wholly autocratic age God may safely be, indeed is quite sure to be thought, an autocrat. But in a supremely democratic age he, like any human king, retains a reputation autocratic at the peril of his throne—so far as loyal human faith and worship are concerned. The Presbyterian layman of whom Bishop McConnell tells, hearing in convention the doctrine of election explained and defended by the doctors, voiced perfectly the forces from which not even God can escape when he arose and declared, "It will never do." Asked why, he said, "Because the people won't stand for it." Thus up to the very throne of God goes every principle that vindicates itself with men.

In the thinking of ages past the doctrine of incarnation had

the practical effect, in the thought and feeling of the multitude, of placing God at a long remove from human life instead of making him one with life. The idea of mediation left God in his celestial and majestic seclusion sending the divine-human Mediator to the lost world of folks who must deal with their human kings, and hence of course the King of kings, by mediation. The aristocracy of the civilization they knew reversed the very deepest meaning of the incarnation. The democracy of to-day gives the incarnation its first real chance in history to enforce its ineffable and liberating logic upon the heart and mind of the whole world. The brother who asserted that God is not only the greatest but the one real Democrat of the world was, whether reverently or not, yet accurately striking straight into the heart of a truth which would have seemed not short of blasphemy to the generation of our great-grandfathers and any age beyond. But this age of eager and aspiring human hope leaps to that meaning and conception of the incarnate God.

If Christ is God at all, revealing himself to the world, then the logic of a democracy that stops not short of God is inescapable. The God who chooses to enter the human world through the birth pangs of motherhood, makes choice of stable instead of palace, sends announcing angels not to Cæsar but to shepherds, plays in the streets of a squalid village with crowds of laughing children, pushes a plane like any common carpenter, moves by choice in the day of his power among the simple peasantry, walks hot and dusty roads in summer days to reach the beds of pain among the humble poor, chooses fisher folk to blend their names and destinies with his forevermore, looks upon the least of these as his own and very life, makes our attitude to these the norm of his approval and the test of our identity with him, who consents to die with thieves—a death more humble far than was his lowly birth—if that kind of Christ is God, or any revelation of God, then God is not only tired of kings but has no liking for the imagery that makes him King of kings in any autocratic sense. If the incarnation as we know its most valid implication is for to-day, then the figures of speech long used to convey the God idea are subject to some revision. Celestial thrones, majesties unapproachable, the

Miltonic awe and pomp and vast formality which in the common thought have graced the courts of heaven vanish like chill obscuring mists in the flaming sunlight of the incarnation. These had no incongruity for times when all human thinking sprang from the subconsciousness of royalty and the right of kings to rule without giving reason why. The pitiful and pathetic effort to reach God at countless tawdry altars through the human "mother of God," who it was hoped was near enough and human enough to care enough to listen to the human cry, is the mighty and unconscious protest of the heart of humanity against a view of God which every implication of the incarnation declares to be a travesty, libelous, and absurd; a view of God for which Protestantism only less than Catholicism is responsible for maintaining. If Jesus is a revelation, then there is no throne apart, distant, and unapproachable—indeed, no throne at all except the humble and contrite heart. The imperial imagery of the Old Testament was inevitable in an age when human society was organized imperialism and human thought steeped in terms of kings. But therein is no more infallible proof that kinship, after any earthly similitude, is the attribute of God than that human slavery is the will of God. The verbal revelation of the Scripture nowhere expressly repudiates either, and often tacitly supports both. But the *vital* revelation by the incarnation as surely spells the doom of the autocratic God as it insures the liberation of enslaved humanity. It has cost the blood of millions to purge our civilization of that lingering lie the "divine right" of kings, but that blood strangely mingles with the blood of Calvary to wash from the thought of the world the image of an autocratic God. It is no accident that Jesus, in a wholly imperialistic age, never speaks of God as King save in a single instance of contrast with the kings of Israel, while very many times in the four Gospels he speaks of God as Father. Nor does he speak of himself as King except in purely parabolic form, parables in which he eliminates from the content of that familiar term the last vestige of imperialism; once, indeed, in reply to Pilate's question, when explanation was plainly hopeless and where the meaning in the thought of Jesus was the very converse of the thought of Pilate.

The kingdom of God, a term already familiar in his day, and which the mind of his age interpreted autocratically, he fills with a meaning so supremely democratic that only the childlike and "the least of these" can ever hope to enter, much less to sit at his right hand and his left where only the servants of the world shall sit. We do not forget the need of reverence, and the service to that end which the images of imperialism have rendered to the mind of former generations, but the vocabulary of autocracy does not move the mind of this day to reverence. Authority is no longer best symbolized by might, nor reverence inspired by crowns and scepters; divinity can never again be safely pictured by thrones and royalty. For the mind of this day other words and symbols must be chosen to express the mind of God and make clear his attitude toward men. The traditional Christian has little difficulty with the outgrown symbols, but the vast human world of folks about us, whom it is ours to win, have not shared our interpreting experience. Brotherhood, righteousness, justice, love, service, the right to live—these to-day, far more than emblems of imperialism, command the homage, the reverence of the race. These are becoming the final authority. It was for these that the young manhood of the world put their games and their ambitions away and went to their death with a rag-time song or a genial oath. For these they gave the last full measure of devotion. But these are supremely democratic, social, human. Jesus always made these, and seldom his power, his chief credentials. And the God who receives the love and homage of this age must be the divine personification and perfection of these and in these alone claim the loyalties of man. The meaning of the incarnation is supremely a God like that. The prayers and hymns and rituals that present God as jealous of his glory, watchful of his kingly rights, are the last to which this age will listen. The first line of a very noble hymn declares:

> "The Son of God goes forth to war,
> A kingly crown to gain."

He does no such thing, and the spiritual significance which we, the initiated, are supposed to read into it is no justification for it in the mind of an age whose ruling passion is for directness and

reality. "He made himself of no reputation, and took upon himself the form of a servant," is the simple truth of the matter, and only that truth of the incarnation meets the need of an age which did go forth to war—not to gain, but to deliver the world from kingly crowns and bloodstained banners.

It was that humility of human service which has exalted his name above every name—that at his name every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in the earth, and things under the earth, and every tongue should confess that he is Lord, to the glory of God the Father. And it is that which, more than all theology, philosophy, or logic, will vindicate the right of God, whom he thus interprets, to claim the love and reverent worship of the world to-day. Impressions are vastly more potent than arguments, figures of speech more convincing than logic, to the big world of common life and thinking which we must win to God. The incarnation warrants a religious vocabulary for worship and for prophecy purged of every term and figure which needs translating into the thought terms of the day in which we live, and filled with images and symbols that move the heart with awe because God is divinely-humanly near and not because he is so majestically far away. Thus only can we really make him King of kings. Thus only can we bring the world of to-day to sing with fervent and abandoned joy, "Crown him Lord of all." Thus only can his majesty and wisdom, his authority and power, awe the heart of the world to-day to accept the sacrament of an obedience which gathers up every capacity and purpose of life, and lays them, in a luxury of devotion, at his feet.

II. A second insistence of this age, deeply implied by the incarnation, is the value of human life. Just as the world has dismissed the conception of the autocratic God as without justification in a world where God's highest Revelation walked with sandaled feet that never pressed the portals of a palace, so the simple human life he loved, and in which he chose to become incarnate, has risen to claim its dignity and worth and finds in that incarnation its chiefest hope and vindication. Herod slew the innocents of his day to protect the sacred rights of royalty and there was scarce a protest, as there was no redress; for what

was human life when royalty was imperiled? But the One he failed to find would one day shatter the throne the royal murderer would preserve, and lift far above the thrones of earth the humble life despised of kings. And to-day to pause and listen is to hear, not the pompous tread of royalty, but the thunderous hopeful marching of millions of earth's humble burden-bearers marching to the halls where the world's laws are made. Life, just life, simple life of humble folks, has a new evaluation. The right to live and, living, have the chance to bring life to its best, to expand God-given powers to their full measure and then enjoy their full fruition, to lift the crushing weight of drudgery that scarce made possible a scanty living until it becomes the instrument of a happy, generous life, to honor and to nourish those sacred impulses, hungers, hopes that spring eternal in every normal heart and out of which life's worth and beauty flow—these are the world-old dreams that now have assurances of reality.

And all these hopes of all the years are written in rich words of promise in that greatest charter of the liberties of man—the story of the incarnation. If human life is worth enough to become the inseparable counterpart and complement of God, in an incarnation that is no passing thing of three and thirty years ending at the cross, but an eternal miracle which alone can give the cross its power and glory; if the life of man is worthy the extremest measure of an infinite love to save it from eternal alienation from its Maker, then the waste of human life by anyone, in any way, for any reason, anywhere, is the sin unspeakable, if not unpardonable. In the light of the incarnation the exploiting of life in industries that end in bank accounts, or liberty bonds, or even in "benevolence," becomes a thing for which no vocabulary is sufficient. When God was still an autocrat in the thinking of the world, children, and their parents too, could be fed to the Moloch of human greed without fear of earthly retribution. But when the democracy of God is being expressed under every sky, in every land, and his eternal union with humanity is being given its fuller meaning everywhere, woe to king or corporation, to magnate or to man, who dares forget the priceless value of the human life to whom he pays the wage or who serves his need.

When Lord Roberts was watching with the Kaiser the perfect maneuvers of the German army in close formation, he said to the royal cut-throat, "But you would not send them into battle in that formation?" "O, yes," said the Kaiser; "we have plenty of them." The inevitable end of a man or a regime who could say that in this day has come. But when Foch saw that by ignoring pleas for armistice he could in two weeks more crush the German army to abject surrender on the soil of Germany, and was by scores implored to do so, he replied, "No; it would cost thousands of our men, and now that we can have all we have fought for I do not dare to waste a single life." That kind of civilization will be alive when the Kaiser's name is trampled into the dust of forgotten centuries. The hydra-headed monster that now debauches in the world whose name is sometimes Bolsheviki, sometimes I.W.W., and sometimes anarchy, is the logical and inevitable outcome of and reaction to the despotism of Czars and Kaisers who think of human life as means and not as end. We have no words in which to express our contempt for the treachery and selfishness of every form of Bolshevism, or our pity for its abysmal blindness and ignorance, or our fear that it may yet lay its vicious, dripping claws upon the helm of our ship of state and drive it crashing upon the rocks, or our hope that exportation to their own congenial Utopia awaits all those of that desperate ilk who betray their identity by treacherous disloyalty to our sacred institution of ordered liberty. And yet no fair mind can refuse to note that up out of that world of desperation, cursed by moral and social darkness, blighted by class hatred and selfishness more abandoned than ever characterized the order they oppose, comes ever and anon the unmistakable cry of human hope to which the incarnate God listens with attentive ear. It is often the unconscious cry for redemption, a prayer for a chance to live, for a freedom that will make life at last and at least worth while, for a fellowship that will lift the ban of isolation, for a sympathy and an understanding that will make hardship and toil a boon and not a bludgeon. We are in gravest danger just now of losing our sympathy with the whole God-inspired movement for social uplift, the voice of Christ in the soul of the least of these, the very logic

of the incarnation we preach, because of the contemptibly brutal spirit and method of some of the present totally undemocratic manifestations of the social hope. To do that is to insure the increase of its blind desperation. The heart from which that world cry comes is not always a Godless and atheistic vacuum. It often, very often, centers its hope in the very incarnation we hold sacred, and draws from that high source its power to carry on in the face of every difficulty and discouragement. Listen to this near-poetry from the world of the red flag. Its title is "Jesus Our Comrade and Our Brother":

"He was a vagabond, poor and low,
Among the hills where the olives grow,
With the waters of Galilee below—
Our Comrade and our Brother.

"He told the Truth, the Life, the Way,
He shunned the respectable of his day,
He chose the harlots rather than they—
O where was such another?

"Love was the only path he blazed;
Love was the only flag he raised;
Love was the only God he praised—
Our Comrade and our Brother.

"And he had nowhere to lay his head;
He was numbered with the outcast dead;
And yet his burden was light, he said;
Never was such another!

"We stand where the ancient lowly fell,
Voicing the same old rebel yell;
We'll fight our way through earth and hell,
Grasping the Comrade Hand,

"Till all the powers of a master's world
Down to the bottomless pit are hurled
And the blood-red banner of Love, unfurled,
Floats over every land."

Error in the full interpretation of the spirit and aim of Christ? Yes, but more insight than error. Insight that the Church of Christ, in this day of an upheaving social order, will ignore at her peril. She is the instrument of incarnation, and over social chaos

she must brood with a pity as infinite as his till she can bring forth order in a brotherhood of man that will realize for all the promise of the incarnation. That will come. The church is sent to bring it. If the church does not—still it will come. Not the Bolshevic brotherhood which levels life, like a steam roller upon broken stones, but which lifts each to his full chance like children in a well-ordered home. Not the brotherhood which cynically says, "I am as good as anybody else," but the brotherhood which urges every privileged soul to say, "Every man is entitled to a chance as good as mine."

III. But the incarnation implies the cross for life as surely as it exalts the value of life. Indeed, life's worth and its sacrifice are inseparable. He grasped not and held his equality with God, but exchanged it for the likeness of man and took the form of a servant. His divine measure of human values alone could justify that. Incarnation led to the cross; not alone the one on Calvary but others, more painful, of which that is but a symbol. In the knowledge of the priceless value of the life he would redeem he endured the cross. Wherever one life or one order seeks to identify itself with a lower, with the redemptive motive, the cross is inescapable. The incarnation is not the signal that that suffering is finished. It is the sign that it is just begun. That the meaning of his incarnation is *eternal* identity with humanity is at last dawning upon the church and the world. Despite etymology his incarnation was nothing if it was not vastly more than God in a human body. It was union with a human personality. The union of his spirit with the soul of man was the supreme redemptive act; without this the death of a human body on the cross would have been worthless in the redemptive process. Only the most childish and primitive thought of incarnation can relieve him of suffering and sacrifice when the sacred form he glorified grew still upon the cross. As keenly as he ever suffered then he suffers still. His identity with human life is not mere history, but present fact. His sacrifice is as constant as human need and sin. And the only way his suffering can be effective to its divine end is by human spirits filling up that which is lacking. That law is as absolute for nations as for individuals. The spectacle

of a brood of so-called lawmakers mouthing their protests against a war-preventing League of Nations *because* it may involve this nation in the mandatory task of helping some backward people into a civilized maturity, or lead us beyond our sacred harbors to share with other nations the task of preserving liberty and right to peoples not so strong as we, is as nauseating an exhibition of the bottomless ignorance of the only way in which a democracy may ever attain true liberty and moral supremacy as is the method Prussianism took to find a place in the sun. Both are consummate national selfishness. There is only one way for America to secure or deserve a name above every national name. It is exactly as His name was lifted above every name: by taking the form of a servant. All the real moral supremacy the stars and stripes have in the world to-day has been bought by that price. The microscopic spirit that would hide our national light behind a noisy patriotism and a loud-tongued independence, makes a pitiful spectacle beside the wounded doughboy who said, when told that he must "go west," "It doesn't matter; my living wouldn't win this war." Not to keep his life, but to win the war was the thing he cared for. Or of the poilu who wrote to his mother just before zero at Verdun, "Don't grieve for me, mother. The beauty of life is far more than life itself," and laid himself down, crucified, beneath one of 400,000 crosses around Verdun. Or 4,000 Oxford boys putting their games away when the bugle sounded war, of whom 400 have come back shattered and broken and singing. Here appears the glory of our common life, seen in unbelievable beauty in this war, where millions of the simple and unlettered, without rank or title, rose in hours of death and peril to sublimest heights of self-devotion and, as has been noted by many, feeling their sacrifice to be mystically connected with His. One wounded artilleryman speaks of these lads he saw die as human Christs offering their lives anew for the world. It is a common thing to see written on the little crosses in France, "Greater love hath no man than this." Never since that was first said has it been so easy as to-day for the world to understand the incarnation. Never did it seem to belong so normally and inevitably to the life of man as in these days of world crucifixion.

The metaphysical incarnation was never less troubled about; the actual incarnation was never so natural and to be expected. Never has the church, this body of Christ, so felt the thrill of it. A new and mighty life is aflame in her heart. At last the Christ in the least of these throughout the world is incarnating himself in his body, the church, and with a daring she has not known since a little company turned from the Mount of Ascension to win the world she is identifying herself with the needs of humanity, willing to pay the inevitable price of the new incarnation. The Centenary does not commemorate a century, it gathers up in its vast meaning all the centuries that have been, and makes its pledge to all the centuries to be. The sacrifice involved is no hundred million dollars. This is the very slightest cost the church will bear. Without the shedding of blood, the daily surrender of life, there is no remission and no redeeming incarnation. A soldier writes from France: "It's the chance of being always happy that I dread most after this war. There's a terrible corpulence about happiness. To strive and keep on striving—that is what I want for the world when war is ended, and to have to pay with sacrifice for each advance. It was only on the cross that Christ became flesh."

IV. And here we find ourselves standing upon the threshold of the Holy of holies. The most solemn wonderful thing about the incarnation is the measure in which God calls the life of man to share it and perpetuate it. When the Son of God so identified himself with the son of Mary that never again by either God or man can they be thought of apart, he did that which in a very real sense was no more a finished historic fact than a perpetual principle and process, no more an end achieved than the beginning of an end desired; not a memory, but a hope; a precious possession of the race, but as truly a thrilling challenge to the race. Over the altar of the chapel of our Boston Seminary, where they daily worship who are training for the ministry in this great day, is a noble figure of Christ looking down upon those who yearn to carry his message to the uttermost parts of the earth, and he is saying, "As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you." It is vastly more than figurative. The emphasis is upon "even

so." It is the one great law of any redeeming ministry in any age. For the law of human redemption does not change. Its most fundamental element is revelation. There can be no real revelation of God without incarnation. As the Son of God appropriates the human son of Mary that the revelation of God to humanity may be perfect, so must the incarnate Christ appropriate the life, the whole life, physical, mental, and moral, of anyone who would become a redemptive revelation to the world. He never waits until his incarnation in our human life may be perfect. He presses into any part of personality that may be open and fills it full of God, even though the thought of God may be far from the life into which he has found his way. The writer has many times, in the months at the front, felt as Moses must have felt when he saw the burning bush—seeing men in hours of suffering and danger revealing traits of character marvelously like Jesus Christ; as patient, as unselfish; dying as bravely as he did on the cross, all for duty and for others. Some of the same men might be swearing blithely, or joking gamely, but the measure of incarnation was so great as to make one minister remove his hat, as Moses removed his shoes, and pray for forgiveness for being so little worthy to serve life that could be so much like Jesus Christ and not even know it.

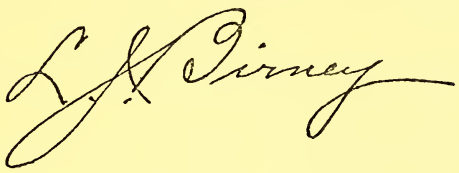
A thoughtful soldier wrote home to his father out of the thick of it: "I am trying to see things as they are with the inevitable God shining through. Here at the front God is everywhere apparent—but not the cathedral God I had imagined; not the majestic God with sublime uplifted eyes which know nothing of finite terror. The God of the Front has brave eyes which have suffered; his mouth is a human mouth which has known the pain of parting kisses; his hands are roughened and burnt and bloody; there is a droop of agony in his shoulders and the hint of a valiant jest in his splendid bearing of defiance. He is one of us. He is us entirely. He is no longer remote and eternal. For us he has again become flesh—he is our comrade; he is the man upon our left hand and our right hand who goes into battle with us; he is our dead. We cannot escape him. Nowadays I cannot think of the past Christ wandering through Galilæan lilies in a woman's

robes. It is his manly death, his white and timeless body on the cross that I remember."

O preacher man, in the light of a paragraph like that, in the light of the countless and nameless Calvaries that inspired it, what a task is ours! What a new and blinding glory shines from our transfigured calling! What a call of God we hear, almost frightful in its accent of commandment and appeal, coming up from the heart of that humanity in which he is striving, struggling, still to become incarnate! Over human life he broods with the deathless yearning of the upper room, "I in you, ye in me; that we may become perfect in one." To that dizzy height his call is in our ears in this new day of ministry. Well may it frighten us, for it means not less than incarnation for any prophet who craves the power to become a revelation. Here for us is the implication of the incarnation from which there is no escape except by the ignominy of failure. Not by wordy wisdom, not by periods of eloquence, will he ever be revealed to men. Not by teaching scientific, accurate, not by theology faultless and orthodox, will the world ever understand and love him. Not by organization perfect, and efficiency modern, will humanity ever catch the spirit of his life and be wooed to loyalty. Not by making endless books nor yet by busy breathless serving will the wonder of his truth ever win its way to supremacy in the hearts of men. There is just one way: by incarnation. Christ is not a theory, he is a life. There is but one thing that can ever interpret and transmute life, and that is life. The law that required the incarnation of the perfect God in the perfect man as truly requires the incarnation of the perfect Christ in the imperfect man, and to the same ends: revelation of God and redemption of man. And of all men to whom that law appeals, to the ministering prophet it comes with most poignant and commanding power. To preach Christ in any redeeming measure, he must incarnate Christ in his human measure. The final interpretation of Christ's teachings is the life he lived. The final interpretation of the Christ the prophet preaches is the Christ the prophet lives. From that law there is no escape. And to make it effective he enters the same identity with human need, and suffering, and sin, and blind-

ness, through the form of a servant, as did his Lord. If he is any incarnation of his Master, then for him, as for his Lord, there is no escape from the cross. The two experiences are forever one in him as they are one in Christ.

It is a day of myriad methods, daring drives, busy bureaus, countless committees, perpetual printing, and all these we ought to do; but the prophet who does them all, and does them well, may still fail at the vital throbbing heart of his exalted task. "As my Father hath sent me, *even so* send I you," to be, up to the measure of redeemed humanity, incarnation and revelation.



HARD SAYINGS OF THE MASTER

Much is said and written of the difficulties of the Bible and Christian dogma. The modern man (we are told) can no longer be expected to regard as divine a book which, for him, teems with historical errors and incredible stories of miracles; nor will he longer bear the intolerable yoke of ecclesiastical dogma. But the ethical teaching of Jesus—this he will readily accept. The dogma is an offense to many earnest men, an unnecessary barrier to fellowship. Let it therefore be set aside, and let us be united on the basis of the ethics of Jesus.

In all this there is, I hold, a twofold illusion. In the first place, we cannot accept the ethics of Jesus as authoritative and final without acknowledging the uniqueness of his relation to the eternal world-order. He who is the Arbiter of right for all men, in all times and places, can be nothing less than the essential Word, for whom and by whom all things were made and in whom all things consist. I do not contend that the traditional dogma must remain intact; I am only pointing out that *some* dogma concerning the person and place of Christ is inevitable, if we are sincere in the acknowledgment of the finality of his ethical teaching. In the second place, it is a gross error to assume that men generally are ready to accept the ethics of Jesus.

The religious crisis of our day is doubtless a crisis in dogma, but it is even more decidedly a crisis in ethics. The war has shown us that. Yet not the war only; the course of events since the armistice has given us a bitter and sobering realization of the fact. The disciples of Jesus know that there is but one supremely great war. It is the age-long conflict between the world-spirit and the Spirit of Christ. We owe a certain debt of gratitude to Friedrich Nietzsche. Abhorrent as is his philosophy of life, we should be thankful for the amazing boldness and frankness of his attack upon Christianity. He does not spend his strength in trying to destroy the dogmatic tradition, but strikes directly at the Christian view of life and its meaning. With all the evil

he has done he has rendered us a service in forcing us to see clearly where to strike. Many before him had set aside much that is essential in the ethics of Jesus, but they generally made no open attack upon Christianity. The moral philosophy of a Rousseau or a Goethe is clearly not Christian, yet these men never thought of waging a direct war upon Christianity. A very real opposition was there, but no open, perhaps no conscious, warfare. Nietzsche, however, saw very clearly that between his philosophy of life and the teaching of Jesus there could be no compromise. He did not content himself by lopping off some offensive branches of dogma, he sought to demolish Christianity root and branch. He knew that Jesus himself had demanded a discipleship without reservation and had said, "He that is not with me is against me." For Nietzsche this signified a compelling challenge. Either for or against! And he boldly espoused the cause of Antichrist. What other men had done covertly, or even half unconsciously, he did with unmatched boldness. To many Christians there is something terrifying in Nietzsche's attack. Yet surely an open warfare is best. We are grateful to him for his clarifying frankness.

Multitudes of people seem to accept the Christian creed, bow the head at the name of Jesus, call him Lord, prophesy in his name, yet do nôt do his works nor even seriously reckon with his commandments. They *seem* to accept the Christian creed, I have said. It is not so in reality; for doctrine and deed are really inseparable in Christianity. No abstract dogmas have any validity for faith—nothing that is to be merely believed but not wrought into practice. There is nothing Christian in affirming what Jesus *is*—and stopping there. To hold the Christian creed is to have a life-relation to Jesus Christ. That is no Christian dogma which is *mere* dogma.

I am firmly persuaded that dogma has a necessary function in the life of the church. It need not be in every instance a dogma fixed in writing. Some communions have no written creed. There is, however, no Christian communion without a body of principles for which it consciously stands. Such a body of principles is the creed or dogma of a given church. The function of dogma is not (as the Roman and Greek churches falsely hold)

to prescribe what *must* be believed in order to obtain salvation, but to show what actually *is* believed in the church. Dogma is a declaration of principles. But its function is not merely to inform; it serves a practical interest. Dogma implies a program of action. The modern watchword, "an undogmatic Christianity," is futile. A common understanding without official formulation —this, I grant, is quite conceivable, perhaps altogether desirable; only, that is not an undogmatic Christianity. The modern anti-dogmatic movement has a twofold cause. In the first place, dogma has been greatly abused in that it has been forced upon people and its acceptance has been called faith. In the second place, the powerful subjective and agnostic tendency of our age has led to a widespread doubt whether there is such a thing as certainty in the realm of religion, and, if nothing is sure, there is no place for dogma. But the disciples of Jesus are sure that he speaks the truth and himself *is* the truth. Evangelical Christians, however, are persuaded that no dogma can ever perfectly express that truth. There never can be a final formulation of the faith; the creed must develop along with the life and experience of the church.

Our age decries dogma, either from the standpoint of agnosticism or because the old formulas are inadequate for our time. Yet in every quarter we see marked signs of a deep longing for some basis for an effectual, practical Christian union. In other words, we want a simple, comprehensive dogma, a clear and convincing utterance about which Christians everywhere can rally. This does not imply that we should repudiate the old creeds. For substance of doctrine the ecumenical creeds and the evangelical confessions of faith express the everlasting truth of the gospel; but they do not express the truth adequately for our time. The new dogma which we require may or may not be a *rewritten* dogma. My contention is only this: Whether with or without written formulas, the disciples of Jesus must find a way to worship and work together with a common purpose. The idea of the creed must be so enlarged as to include and emphasize the ethics of Jesus. *Dogma must be ethicized.*

The supreme religious question of the hour is whether those

who bear the name Christian are willing to take Jesus Christ not merely as Redeemer but also as Lord. Not until we give the ethics of Jesus their rightful place shall we be able rightly to know and declare what Christianity is. There is, of course, no such thing as a Christianity that is merely ethical. On the other hand, a merely dogmatic Christianity is pure hypocrisy.

The real difficulties of the Bible do not lie in the account of creation, the story of the Flood, the miracle of the sun standing still at the command of Joshua, the feeding of the five thousand, and the reports of the appearances of the risen Lord. The real difficulties lie in what the Master demands of his disciples personally. Jesus demands unconditional discipleship. If one will be his disciple, he must leave everything behind, must bear his cross daily, must put his hand to the plow and never look back, must hate even his own life. He must forego revenge, must return good for evil, must freely forgive. He must seek not to lord it over others but to serve. These are "hard sayings." They are not welcome in the ears of the natural man. When these and many other like sayings of Jesus were first uttered they came to his hearers, even to the most pious among them, not only with a startling freshness but with a painful shock. The children of this world scorned such teaching then, and they scorn it even yet. The broader aspects of the program of Jesus have always had an inviting look. The kingdom of heaven is at hand; the poor shall have the gospel preached to them; the broken-hearted shall be healed; the captives and the oppressed shall be set at liberty—all this has a joyful sound. But—who is fit for the kingdom? Who will first count the cost and then gladly pay it? There have ever been many who, hearing the word, seemed to receive it gladly, but, when persecutions arose, stumbled and turned back. Even the best of disciples are tempted to forsake the Master and flee when the shadow of the coming cross begins to fall upon them. Yet we know that just here lies the heart of Christian discipleship: the disciple must drink the cup that the Master drinks; the disciple shall be as his Lord; we are his friends if we do whatsoever he commands us. "Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things that I say?"

The Master's sayings are indeed not easy. There is life and peace and joy in them when we have inwardly appropriated and honestly applied them. In the end we find that his yoke is easy and his burden light. Still, that burden is the cross, and never yet was the cross acceptable to the fleshly mind. At the first the demands Jesus makes of would-be disciples seem abhorrent, and even impossible. Yet those who are of the truth and really listen to his call are inwardly laid hold on and held fast. "Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life." Who can explain this all-but-compelling fascination of the Master? This which millions have felt and none can explain has found a striking expression in these lines from a contemporary Roman Catholic poet:[1]

"Go, bitter Christ, grim Christ! haul if thou wilt
Thy bloody cross to thine own bleak Calvary!
When did I bid thee suffer for my guilt
To bind intolerable chains on me?
I loathe thy sacrifice; I am sick of thee.

"I am battered and broken and weary of heart,
I will not listen to talk of heroic things,
But be content to play some simple part,
Freed from preposterous imaginings.
Men were not made to walk as priests and kings.

"O King, O Captain, wasted, wan with scourging,
Strong beyond speech and wonderful with woe,
Whither, relentless, wilt thou still be urging
Thy maimed and halt that have not strength to go?
Peace, peace—I follow. Why must we love thee so?"

In two respects are the sayings of the Master hard: they are repugnant both to the will and to the understanding of the natural man. Jesus seems to demand the impossible and to affirm the irrational. Superficially regarded, there are many aspects of the teaching of Jesus that seem to be in perfect accord with the best thought of the children of this world. When men hear from Jesus such words as "truth," "love," "mercy," and "eternal life" their consciences respond and they call him "Good Master." And when they behold his works of mercy and power they are moved

[1] Dorothy Leigh Sayres, in Catholic Tales and Christian Songs.

to wonder—they may even offer to make him King. But when they discover what discipleship to Jesus really means they go away indignant, or sorrowful, and in the end they crucify him. It was so in the days of his flesh. It is so to-day. The offense of the cross has not ceased.

One would find it richly rewarding to make a systematic study of the "hard sayings" of Jesus. For our present purpose the examination of a few cardinal sayings must suffice.

Is entrance into the kingdom of heaven easy? The gate is strait and the way is narrow. One must repent and become as a little child. One must deny oneself and take up the cross. Is all this easy? If self-denial were no more than denying things to oneself, even the natural man could do it. But the complete submission of self to the will of God—with men this is impossible, but all things are possible with God. And true repentance, an inward change of our way of thinking—is that easy? But the thought of the kingdom of heaven—surely this is attractive to the natural man? Yes, if we might but order it according to our own fancy. But in the kingdom of heaven it is not we who reign but God; his will, not ours, is done. Jesus was put to death because he insistently preached the coming of *God's* kingdom and called upon those to repent who were seeking to usurp the kingdom. In our day there are many who tell us that the kingdom of heaven is wholly man's affair, that it is only an ideal social order. Men have taken up with the ideas of liberty, equality, fraternity, and claim to be working them out into an ideal social order. When they shall have succeeded, then the kingdom of heaven will have come. Thus they preach a kingdom without a King. But Jesus knew God; he knew him as Father, and he recognized the brotherhood of man in him. According to Jesus, men could live as brethren only as they recognized the truth and the meaning of the Fatherhood of God. Nothing can be surer than that for Jesus the kingdom of God was an intensely personal relation: God's personal rule in the hearts of men and so also in the social order. Jesus really made the Father known to the disciples; he prayed that they might keep the name thus given; he taught his disciples to pray that that name be hallowed. But

the name of God is desecrated when we use it merely as an ornamental touch in our designation of a "kingdom" which we really hold to be a merely human affair.

Theologians and philosophers have not a little to say concerning the question of the absolute religion. Is there, and can there be, an absolute or final religion? Can Christianity claim to be such? Jesus discusses no speculative problem, but with a sublime certitude he requires the unconditional devotion of his disciples. This is the absolute religion for the individual and therefore also for the race. No abstractions, no generalizations here, only an absolute and unconditional personal demand. Whoever would be his disciple must hate all else, even his own life. As a rule, men are willing enough to be religious if this "interest" can find a place alongside of other interests. And they are quite ready to call themselves Christians—in the sense, of course, that they acknowledge Jesus to be on the whole the best guide in the art of living, the highest and best of the world's great teachers. There are, to be sure, points in which they cannot find themselves in agreement with the teaching of Jesus. A writer like Friedrich Paulsen, for example, though professing a zealous interest in Christianity, finds the ethics of Jesus seriously faulty in certain respects. But Jesus will recognize nothing but unconditional discipleship. The eclectic disciple is for him no disciple at all. He was not, like Socrates, the chief among a group of inquirers; he spoke with authority; he knew God. If he had claimed finality for a teaching that was based on human observation or research, the claim would be an offense to all reasonable men. But he came not to teach the science of this world, but to reveal the Father. "I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me." If his claim is true, here is finality indeed. For, while in our knowledge of God there should be perpetual progress, there can be nothing *beyond* the personal revelation of the Father. If Jesus had asked for a blind, unknowing obedience, an unconditional following would have involved nothing less than the sacrifice of individual conscience and personal responsibility. But Jesus has promised that those who follow him shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light

of life. "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." The claims of Jesus are unparalleled, but so are his promises. Because he can fulfill the promises he can make the claims. The promises are immensely attractive, but it is not easy—with the worldly-minded it is impossible—to pay the price. The beatitudes of Jesus are not the beatitudes of the children of this world. Several of them stand in direct opposition to the judgments of men. Blessed are the meek, the mourners, and those that are persecuted for righteousness' sake—the world does not believe it, and cannot. It all seems impossible and irrational. The world's abhorrence of these doctrines is generally concealed behind words concerning the "lofty, if impracticable precepts of Jesus," or "Jesus, the unworldly idealist." Nietzsche, however, is one enemy of the gospel that has come out into the open. He is unwearied in expressing his scorn of what he terms the servility of Christian ethics. Not the meek, not the peacemaker is blessed. Humility should be branded as a vice, the vice of weak and servile souls. But let us not fail to note that Nietzsche is saying with shocking boldness just what the world has always believed.

Jesus requires his disciples to forgive, and that without limit. Never vindictive, always eager to overcome evil with good, always rejoicing in the reestablishment of righteous personal relations—this is the character of the true child of God. Is this easy, is it even at all possible for the children of this world? But the disciple of Christ is in the school wherein he must learn to live as brother with all the Father's children. The company of Jesus's disciples is the fellowship of those who are forgiven and themselves in turn forgive.

A rich youth came to Jesus eagerly desiring to know what good thing he might practice in order to obtain the kingdom of heaven. He was no hypocrite, certainly not in the usual sense of the word. His desire was perfectly sincere. But Jesus can use no disciple who is entangled by the things of this world. He longed to win the youth, but he does not make the conditions easy. Neither did he make them one whit harder for this youth than for every disciple. All who will be his disciples must forsake all things. The form in which one's devotion shall manifest itself

may differ enormously. It is hardly to be doubted that Jesus wants disciples who hold and control much wealth. Such men the world describes as rich. But if these men have really come to an understanding with the Master, they know that they have nothing which they may call their own. Jesus has not two standards of devotion for his followers. There are no "counsels of perfection" for those who would gain the heights of sainthood while the ordinary man is permitted to live a life of self-indulgence. Certainly, the triumph of grace in the case of the man who is "rich" and yet is free is very great. "With men it is impossible, but not with God: for with God all things are possible."

Who is truly great? The great ones among the children of this world are those who lord it over others. "But it is not so among you: but whosoever would become great among you, shall be your minister; and whosoever would be first among you, shall be servant of all. For the Son of man also came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many." Does the world believe this? Men generally pass it by as a beautiful sentiment, too lofty for human nature; but some frankly scorn it as inculcating servile weakness. What is success? The answer of Jesus is summed up in the cross. But often the Master set forth in unmistakable language the great truth that the sacrificial life is the only real life. "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it: but whosoever will lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it." "Except a grain of wheat fall into the earth and die, it abideth by itself alone; but if it die, it beareth much fruit." Does the world believe this? It is harder to accept than all the merely intellectual dogmas that were ever uttered in the history of the church. It was not easy even for Jesus's first disciples. When the Master for the first time openly foretold his passion, Peter began to rebuke him: "Be it far from thee, Lord: this shall never be unto thee." But the Lord answered: "Get thee behind me, Satan: thou art a stumbling-block unto me; for thou mindest not the things of God, but the things of men." The world has ever worshiped power and success. So long as Jesus, the wonder-worker, seemed to have a world-conquering power the people

were ready to make him king. But at the last he seemed stripped of all semblance of power and men scorned him. The crown of thorns and the scepter and the purple robe—how all-too-human this mockery! As Jesus stood before Pilate he seemed to the procurator a harmless visionary. "Your own people have delivered you up to me; what have you done?" Jesus answers: "My kingdom is not of this world: if it were of this world, then would my servants fight, but now is my kingdom not from hence." No soldiers, no "force" behind him, and yet talking about his kingdom! "Art thou a king nevertheless?" "It is as you say; for I am a king." That word "nevertheless" is a mighty word for faith. Pilate boasted of his power; he had the legions of Rome behind him. "You should have no power at all except as my Father grants it. No man takes my life from me; I lay it down of myself. I have authority to lay it down and I have authority to take it again." And when he had been raised from the dead he could well declare: "All power is given me in heaven and on earth." The cross is the way of power, the way to success.

When Jesus appeared, the whole Jewish nation was eager to behold the promised Messiah, but it was a Messiah after their own mind that they wanted. God's Anointed they wickedly crucified. The god of this world had blinded their eyes. The same world-spirit seduces the multitudes in our own day. We are inexcusable if we fail to see the contrast between the popular conceptions of the Christian life and the teachings in the Sermon on the Mount. This teaching, Paul Wernle has well said, "ought really to produce an impression of entire novelty among us at the present day." That the demands of the Master are too hard for the children of this world ought not to be a matter of the least doubt. But we ourselves, we that have called ourselves by his name—do we find his sayings too hard? He openly declares that we shall drink of his cup, that we shall have our cross to bear with him; but then he promises that we shall sit down with him in his kingdom.

J. R. VanPelt.

THROUGH CASA GUIDI WINDOWS TO-DAY

As I roamed alone one day in Florence my thought had "inner lights" and made me heedless of the jostling crowd, the musical Italian voices, the ancient landmarks, and even of the direction my vagrant steps were taking. I was meditating on the wonders of the Pitti Palace, marveling that human hand could be so skilled, and finite mind so attuned to the Infinite, as to make possible such interpretations of truth through color and line, palette and pencil. Suddenly I was startled back to consciousness by a familiar name set in a tablet on a house wall. The inscription was in Italian and proved to mean:

HERE WROTE AND DIED
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING
who in her woman's heart united the wisdom
of a sage and the eloquence of a poet. With
her golden verse she linked Italy to England.
Florence gratefully places this memorial
A. D. 1861

So this was Casa Guidi, and there were the Casa Guidi windows, and there the little balcony where in her declining days Italy's friend was led by her tender husband! Yes, there was the dreary entrance to which Robert Browning took his unconscious way, reading the square yellow book which he found in a book-stall and did not finish until he reached the doorway, "where the black begins with the first stone slab of the staircase cold." And so my thoughts turned from painters to poets and I recalled that Lowell too lived some time in Casa Guidi, and wrote of "the balcony Mabel used to play on and the windows we used to look out of so long ago."

In 1848 Mrs. Browning wrote: "We have planted ourselves in the Guidi Palace, in the favorite suite of the last Count (his arms are on the floor of my bedroom). Though we have six beautiful rooms and a kitchen, three of them quite palace rooms, and opening on a terrace, and though such furniture as comes by slow degrees into them is antique, and is worthy of its place,

we yet shall have saved money by the end of the year. A stone's throw it is too from the Pitti, and really, in my present mind, I would hardly exchange with the Grand Duke himself. We have no spectators in windows, just the gray wall of a church, called Santa Felice, for good omen." This is where the Brownings spent their singularly felicitous married life and where Elizabeth Barrett Browning died in 1861. Here their son was born, here they wrote, and here they graciously entertained the coterie of English and American friends who made this home immortal in their writings. George Hillard, in 1848, wrote: "A happier home and a more perfect union than theirs is not easy to imagine." Hawthorne describes his visits there and speaks of Mrs. Browning as "a good and kind fairy, sweetly disposed toward the human race, yet only remotely akin to it."

Among the friends of those days were the Storys, the Trollopes, Mrs. Jamieson, Margaret Fuller and her Italian husband, Count d'Ossoli, Charlotte Cushman, George Eliot and Mr. Lewes. (Mary Ann Evans, or George Eliot, made her first draft for Romola in these days at Villa Trollope.) Frederick Tennyson, brother of Alfred, was a favorite guest at Casa Guidi. The fourteen years in Casa Guidi were not all given up to entertaining charming friends, soothing irascible Landors, nor to discussions of occultist mediums. They were days of tender joy in each other's love and presence, days of remolding into the heart and life of Italy, of intimate acquaintance with her transcendent art and pathetic history, and finally, of intensest interest in her struggles for freedom. They loved Italy, not as strangers and foreigners, but as their own. "Open my heart," says Browning. "and you will find graven there ITALY," while Mrs. Browning fairly poured out her soul in behalf of the loved land of her adoption. Evidently, she "came to the kingdom for such a time as this." She did for Italian liberty what Harriet Beecher Stowe did for Negro liberty. She fired men with a noble patriotism, roused them to hope and achievement. A dead apathy had settled over Italy, a lethargy worse than defeat, a belief that resignation was the only cure for their ills. "Pazienza" was their piteous comfort to each other. The church was the cool, cynical,

and skeptical enemy of hope, but was itself elaborate, comfortable, and despotic under Pio Nono.

Napoleon, with his vainglorious ambitions, probably taught Europe a lesson and rendered Italy a real service by proving that the existing order could be changed; and then Garibaldi, with his red-shirted legions; Mazzini, with his impassioned appeals; Cavour, with his farsighted statesmanship, arose on the horizon and the impossible became the actual. In 1861 Italian liberty and unity were proclaimed at Turin, and Victor Emanuele II declared king. The great Cavour died the same year. His death hastened the death of Mrs. Browning, who had made common cause with these liberators. Pity it is that she could not have lived until the historic "Venti Settembre," 1871, when her dreams for Italy were realized in the passing of the Garibaldian troops over the breach in the Roman wall into the last stronghold of the papacy. She died in the full confidence that the Italian people would come to their own, but their hopeless apathy distressed her. She says:

> "But we who cannot slumber as thou dost,
> We thinkers, who have thought for thee and failed,
> We hopers, who have hoped for thee and lost."

Her great national poem, "Casa Guidi Windows," voices these hopes and calls upon Italy and the world to make them true. She finds her theme in the words of a little child that went "'neath Casa Guidi windows" singing "O bella libertà! O bella!" Three years later she concluded the poem with the confident words:

> "The hope and omen were not, haply, wrong!
> Poets are soothsayers still, like those of old
> Who studied flights of doves."

Her prophecies seemed little likely of fulfillment when the poem was published, in 1851, and even later, at the time of her death; but with undaunted hope she said, "The future of Italy shall not be disinherited."

A literary critic wrote in 1904 of "Casa Guidi Windows": "The politics of the poem have ceased to interest, but it will live by reason of its sincerity and enthusiasm and its beautiful de-

scription of Florence, its art treasures and its surroundings." Strangely enough, the "politics of the poem" have for us a newer and deeper meaning than ever before. Her theme is universal and fundamental, and is on the lips of all the world to-day. How singularly apropos of our times reads this appeal in behalf of "Libertà, O bella!" The poem breathes democracy and scorn of potentate in church or state. She addresses a people whose national consciousness and spirit had long reposed with their historic dead. Scions of the world's greatest conquerors and rulers, descendants of its greatest builders and lawmakers, offspring of artists, philosophers, and poets, the Italians were content to hark back to the days of their past, when to be able to say "Romanus sum" was to be guaranteed prestige and protection in all the world. But Rome had fallen victim to her own material greatness and the luxurious vices which conquest had brought. As old Cato had said, "Captive Greece captured her captors bold." Internal corruption and self-indulgence made her the easy prey of the despoiling barbarians. Whatever initiative or spirit survived the ensuing "Dark Ages" was all but extinguished by sectional strife and papal domination. Now and then there had arisen a man like Dante, who had burned life out in the vain effort to rouse his people from their deadening resignation to fate. Mrs. Browning presents the strange spectacle of a foreigner loving the Italians as her own, shaming them out of their lethargy, and calling them to their great inheritance. If ever a poem breathed courage, patriotism, individualism, democracy, it is this one. Recalling with appreciation Italy's historic dead, she says:

> "Alas, this Italy has too long swept
> Heroic ashes up for hourglass sand."
>
> . . .
>
> "Never say 'No more'
> To Italy's life! Her memories undismayed
> Still argue 'evermore'; her graves implore
> Her future to be strong, and not afraid;
> Her very statues send their looks before."

She does not deny the dead their full meed of reverence, but

urges Italy to remember that "past is past," and "we do not serve the dead." We must not

> "Stand still, a-strewing violets all the while,"

but should

> "Bring the plough
> And draw new furrows 'neath the healthy morn
> And plant the great Hereafter in this Now."

She expresses scorn of cowardice, pity for "a bondsman shivering at a Jesuit's foot," "not like to stand a freedman at a despot's." She delights in the spirit of the martyred Savonaróla, who defied the pope for conscience' sake and dared to say to the dying tyrant of Florence who sought his blessing:

> "Loose Florence, or God will not loose thy soul."

She recalls when a king stood uncovered before the "sovran grace" of a Virgin of Cimabue's and

> "A reverent people shouted to behold
> The picture, not the king."

She recounts great Angelo's defiance of the Medici and his refusal to complete the family mausoleum because Florence's free people and republican institutions had been trampled upon by Alessandro de' Medici. What tourist has not stood wonderingly before those great figures trying almost to work their souls out of the confining marble and free their faces from the veil that covers them? Strozzi wrote upon the figure called "Night":

> "'Tis Night in deepest slumber; all can see
> She sleeps (for Angelo divine did give
> This stone a soul) and, since she sleeps, must live.
> You doubt it? Wake her; she will speak to thee."

But Angelo, in bitterness of heart, replied on the unfinished stone:

> "Ah glad I am to sleep in stone while woe
> And dire disgrace rage unreprovèd near—
> A happy chance to neither see nor hear;
> So wake me not; when passing, whisper low."

Mrs. Browning's prophetic comment is:

> "Michael's Night and Day
> And Dawn and Twilight wait, in marble scorn,

Like dogs upon a dunghill, couched on clay
From whence the Medicean stamp's outworn,
The final putting off of all such sway
By all such hands, and freeing of the unborn
In Florence *and the great world outside Florence.*"

By such examples chosen from their Gallery of Fame she hopes to stir the Italian spirit of democracy and rouse the people to throw off their political shackles. She gazed in "exulting love" from Casa Guidi windows at a procession winding up to the Pitti Palace, after having been granted a "civic guard":

"To thank their Grand-duke who, not quite of course,
Had graciously permitted, at their call,
The citizens to use their civic force
To guard their civic homes. So, one and all,
The Tuscan cities streamed up to the source
Of this new good at Florence, taking it
As good so far, presageful of more good—
The first torch of Italian freedom."

She describes the happy, gay parade, banners, insignia, and the thousand windows which had cast

"A ripple of silks in blue and scarlet down"

as the Magistracy passed, the Lawyers, and the Priesthood, the Artists, the Trades:

"and after came
The People—flag and sign, and rights as good—
And very loud the shout was for that same
Motto, 'Il Popolo!' Il Popolo—
The word means dukedom, empire, majesty,
And kings in such an hour might read it so."

"I think," said the poet, "that day had noble use among God's days." But, alas! the spirit of freedom which found voice that day was soon crushed and the Grand-duke's oath "henceforth stands among the oaths of perjurers."

But where did the people meet that day before taking their way to the Pitti in quest of their sovereign rights? Not in the Loggia, with its famous statue of Gorgon slayer, or of Brutus, deposer of tyrants and "Rome's sublimest homicide," for whom the artist "could find no model stuff . . . in all Florence, where he found the gods and gladiators thick enough."

"Nor there; the people chose still holier ground:
The people who are simple, blind and rough
Know their own angels, after looking round.
Whom chose they then? Where met they? on the stone
Called Dante's."

Thus in their hour of high purpose and spirit they recognize as their natural leader Dante, who "loved his Florence well" and spent his life in exile because of his efforts for her freedom. But "Dante sits in heaven," and the people have no shepherd, no teacher. With aching heart the poet sings:

"We want thee, O unfound
And sovran teacher! If thy beard be gray
Or black, we bid thee rise up from the ground
And speak the word God giveth thee to say,
Inspiring into all this people round
Instead of passion, thought.

"Rise up, teacher! Here's
A crowd to make a nation! Best begin
By making each a man, till all be peers
Of earth's true patriots and pure martyrs in
Knowing and daring."

The pope may not be that teacher. He is not in greater favor now.

"At best and hopefulest
He's pope; we want a man! His heart beats warm,
But, like the prince enchanted to the waist,
He sits in stone and hardens by a charm
Into the marble of his throne high-placed.
Mild benediction moves his saintly arm.
So, good! but what we want's a perfect man,
Complete and all alive: half travertine
Half suits our need, and ill subserves our plan."

No, "a pope must hold by popes a little." He must serve "the interests of the church";

"must resent
Each man's particular conscience, and repress
Inquiry, meditation, argument,
As tyrants faction. Also, he must not
Love truth too dangerously."

So Mrs. Browning's Italy must be freed from the domination of ecclesiasticism and must find its leader elsewhere:

"And if a common man achieved it? Well."

. . .

"This country saving is a glorious thing."

. . .

"Whatever man shall grasp this oriflamme,
Whatever man (last peasant or first pope
Seeking to free his country) shall appear,
Teach, lead, strike fire into the masses, fill
These empty bladders with fine air, insphere
These wills into a unity of will
And make of Italy a nation—dear
And blessed be that man!"

But no teacher appears, no Dante, no Petrarch, no Ariosto, to bring the people to national liberty, not by "popular passion,"

"But popular conscience, which may covenant
For what it knows. Concede without a blush
To grant the 'civic guard' is not to grant
The civic spirit, living and awake."

She calls upon England to

"Announce law
By freedom; exalt chivalry by peace;
Instruct how clear, calm eyes can overawe,
And how pure hands, stretched simply to release
A bond slave, will not need a sword to draw
To be held dreadful."

But there is no response, no recourse except to force, no appeal but that to arms. And so gentle, spirituelle Mrs. Browning becomes a recruiting officer:

Ye bring swords,
My Tuscans? Ay, if wanted in this haze,
Bring swords; but first bring souls—bring thoughts
and words
Unrusted by a tear of yesterday's,
Yet awful by its wrong—and cut these cords
And mow this green, lush falseness to the roots,
And shut the mouth of hell beneath the swathe.

. . .

"Better means freer. A land's brotherhood
Is most puissant: men, upon the whole,
Are what they can be—nations, what they would.

"Will, therefore, to be strong, thou Italy!
Will to be noble! Austrian Metternich
Can fix no yoke unless the neck agree;
And thine is like the lion's when the thick

Dews shudder from it, and no man would be
The stroker of his mane, much less would prick
His nostril with a reed. When nations roar
Like lions who shall tame them, and defraud
Of the due pasture by the river shore?"

(Fiume by the sea?)

"Roar, therefore; shake your dewlaps dry abroad:
The amphitheater with open door
Leads back upon the benches who applaud
The last spear-thruster."

She calls upon the other nations, England, France, and the Great New World, to pay their debt of centuries to artists, poets, philosophers, and builders, and "swell the Italian banner just unfurled."

"Had ye curled
The laurel for your thousand artists' brows
If these Italian hands had planted none?
Can any sit down idle in the house
Nor hear appeals from Buonarroti's stone
And Raffael's canvas, rousing and to rouse?
Where's Poussin's master? Gallic Avignon
Bred Laura. . . .

"And even the New World, the receptacle
Of freemen, may send glad men, as it ought,
To greet Vespucci Amerigo's door,
While England claims, by trump of poetry,
Verona, Venice, the Ravenna-shore,
And dearer holds John Milton's Fiesole
Than Langland's Malvern with the stars in flower."

Emerson says that not even poets understand all they write. Perhaps Mrs. Browning did not; yet she believed herself a true vates, or seer. How she would have rejoiced in the spirit of her Tuscans in the world war as they fought for "Il Popolo" of every land, and how truly did she foresee this time in which we live!—

"No more Jew nor Greek then, taunting
Nor taunted;—no more England nor France!
But one confederate brotherhood planting
One flag only to mark the advance,
Onward and upward, of all humanity,

"For civilization perfected
Is fully developed Christianity."

(From Italy and the World.)

Let us hope she is still the inspired vates when she sings:

"Earth shall bless you, O noble emenders
On egotist nations. Ye shall lead
The plough of the world and sow new splendors
Into the furrow of things for seed,
Ever the richer for what ye have given."

With all honor to the gallant nation, we add these suggestive and timely words of Italy's great friend, who foresaw the part her adopted land ought to take in the "session of nations":

"And when, in the session
Of nations, the separate language is heard,
Each shall aspire, in sublime indiscretion,
To help with a thought or inspire with a word
Less her own than her rival's honor

"Each Christian nation shall take upon her
The law of the Christian man in vast;
The crown of the getter shall fall to the donor,
And last shall be first while first shall be last,
And to love best shall still be to reign unsurpassed."

We in America who love Italy, her art, her historic and literary landmarks, and her life of to-day, have scanned the papers in fear lest new perils should come to bella Italia. The voices of the wedded poets seemed almost to call from "Casa Guidi Windows,"

"Help! lands of Europe; for if Austria fight,
The drums will bar your slumber."

Our slumber was disturbed by Austrian drums, but we sped with help and saw Mrs. Browning's prophecy come true in these words wired last summer by Secretary Baker to the Roman Legion in America:

"Before long, I hope, units of our army will be placed shoulder to shoulder with the troops of Italy who are holding the Piave front, and the victory eventually to be won will be a common one for the men of Italy and of America and will be for the free men of all the world." May Italy not lose sight of this larger aim in the pursuit of personal ends.

Evelyn Riley Nicholson.

THE FUTURE OF THE BALKANS

One would need to be both prophet and poet to describe fittingly the changes that have taken place in the world in the last five years. No citizen, country, or cause but has been caught in the swirl of events and has been purified as by fire or seared as by some diabolic acid. There are new leaders, new constitutions, new nations.

Five years ago there were nine grand "puissances," as the French has it—nine great powers. Three of them—Russia, Austria, and Turkey—have completely collapsed. Germany and Bulgaria have been beaten to their knees and are in bonds for fifty years to treaties, taxes, and alien armies of occupation. France and Italy, maimed, and bleeding at every pore, stagger backward from the abysm of death, and only Britain, Japan, and America remain capable of commanding the peace of the world. Draw a line at the battle front across Europe from the North Sea to the Adriatic and believe me that to the east of that line there are hundreds of millions of people who have been wrenched from their ancient altars of obedience, the necessities of mere existence are scarce and precariously supplied, the homes have lost children and fathers, lands and boundaries are undefined, property is a jumble, government is inefficient, suspicion is rife, and no man is able to look ahead three weeks. The peoples left behind by the decomposition of Austria, Russia, and Turkey, the three powers bearing on the Balkan question, are untrained politically, and either incapable or deficient in the powers of self-government. They are utterly destitute of the tools and engineries of restoration and will need to be nursed toward economic and political independence. As General Jan Smuts has said, "Europe is being liquidated."

Serbia is in such a welter of need and confusion as to appall the observer. It was to Serbia that the ultimatum was sent following the death of the Hapsburg crown prince. The captain who was supposed to have been an accomplice in the crime, and whose surrender was demanded, is a solid, sensible-looking man, now a

colonel. It was quite an event to lunch with him at the home of the Prefect of Jetovo. His home and the village from which he came were utterly destroyed. But all the cities and towns are vast rubbish heaps; only the Turk quarters and the cities where the Turks largely predominate remain intact. Shells, exploded and unexploded, lie about everywhere, helmets by the hundreds lie along the railroad tracks and streets. Up the Vardar valley the railroad engines that could not be sent into Austria or Bulgaria were thrown into the river, and their huge frames show as the trains pass. The land was really denuded of trees before this war, as the Turks levied taxes on trees, and the simple folks, not knowing their value, cut them down rather than pay taxes on them, but the orchards and vineyards have been cut. Even the mulberry trees, basis of the thriving silk industry, have been cut down and in many places fires to destroy their roots were started. Only a few villages far up the mountains' sides were able to drive away their cattle and flocks. The villages themselves are almost uninhabitable by reason of typhus. There have been no schools in Serbia for seven years, and there are no children under five years old, or very few. O Serbia! thy rivers and their valleys! thy cities and thy sons! thy villages and thy capital, thy women and thy little ones! From Belgrade to the land of Thessaly what the Germans did to a small part of Belgium and France in all thy wide borders the Bulgars did to thee! "Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide," and Serbia became the doormat under the heels of oppression rather than dwell in the tents of autocracy.

The situation in Roumania parallels that in Serbia, though the oil wells and the more settled and productive land make the actuality a little better there. The Austrians and Bulgars went into Roumania and took everything—railroad equipment, cattle, sheep, furniture, tools, and clothing, as well as all foodstuffs and forage. The Roumanian march into Austria was to retake immense quantities of their booty and carry it back home with them. One of the complaints against their allies is that they would not allow them to retrieve their own rolling stock, cattle, and household goods. Then the Roumanian army was always kept

together in Roumania, and this served to protect them, and, moreover, they signed a peace in Bucharest that left the destruction of some cities unaccomplished.

Greece has been a vast gainer by the struggle. The territories north and east of Salonica were swept by war, but by reason of its proximity to the sea its restoration is easier, and it is less difficult to revive its industries, but Greece has become rich by the millions of money expended by the allied powers within her borders. Greece stood apart from the struggle, expanded her trade, and the Greek cities have made greater advance in the five years than would have been possible in fifty under ordinary conditions.

Bulgaria, of course, is intact. Like Germany, she played the Hun, but when the 120,000 Serbs, trained by the French in Africa, broke their lines at Gradska they crumpled up like the Germans after the Argonne breach of their lines by the American doughboys, and ran up the white flag. French, English, Italian, Serb, and Roumanian stood the gaff and came back again. The Bulgars showed yellow at their first reverse, called loudly for reenforcements, and, these being impossible, they signed an armistice. It was all up with the Germans from that day. Marshal Foch, Sir Douglas Haig, and General Pershing all knew it. Every American private knew it, and the German high command asked for terms.

The roots of our lives go far back into past centuries, and one cannot settle for himself his attitude of mind without trying to get some steps in the processes by which things became. After the Turks had captured Constantinople, in 1453, to go back no farther, like an irresistible river they flowed west. They swept Galicia, Thessaly, and Macedonia, and beat the ancient Serbian kingdom on the Kossova plain and appeared under the walls of Vienna. Long prior to that Egypt, North Africa, and southern Spain had yielded to the strange babble, "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet." With a decadent church dragging her white wings in the dust, the papacy, an elective royal house, the Lollards and Hussites yet unborn, it looked to the eye of philosophy and history that the crescent, and not the

cross, would be the religion of after times. But God shot himself across the currents of the accursed and dolorous ages. The Germans of Austria and Brandenburg stopped him. Ukrainians, Serbs, Greeks, Bulgars, and Roumanians, differing only in the amount of Tartar admixture to their blood—and the purest of all these is the Serbs—fell under the sway of the Turk. By choosing the young men from their armies and incorporating them into their Janizaries they kept the lands in subjection. Their enormities of taxation, their seductive treatment of women, and the peculiar Mohammedan policies of temperance and tithing enabled them to survive.

All over the Balkans—and the Balkans include practically all of lower Austria, in addition to Serbia, Greece, Bulgaria, and Roumania—there was a ferment and long centuries of yearning like that so traceable among the Poles and Czechs. Russia, herself Slavic like the Balkans, always counted herself the protector of these Christian peoples against the Turks. When the war between the Russians and the Turks ended, in 1878, and the Russians would have had the Turks out of Europe, the English stopped her at the gates of Adrianople; but Serbia, Bulgaria, Roumania, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Montenegro, and a possible Albania all appeared on the map. If you will look at it, as shown on the maps after the Treaty of Berlin, you will see the physical geography of it: Serbia, Bulgaria, Roumania, Montenegro—all Balkan, all mountainous, lacking cohesion, yearning for independence—neighbors to Austria and Turkey, who, with less force but larger unity, were still able to dominate them.

Bulgaria has been a problem since its quasi-independence was recognized. There is no outlet to the sea. This was equally true for Serbia. The Bulgar was hemmed in by the Roumanians, the Greeks, the Serbs, the Magyars, and the Turks. Any enlargements that the Bulgar might be able to make in territory would be at the expense of his neighbors. With a Tartar soul, incapable of knowing that one could grow by friendship as well as by war, he turned his diplomacy from manufacture and agriculture to arms and enlargement by aggression. It was a world in which every man had his hand against his neighbor—and on a sword.

It is as plain as anything human can be that the just solution of the problem is, not to find an outlet to the sea for each one of these small principalities, but to combine them into a great Balkan federation. This has been the unconscious trend of events. The Greeks and the Serbs were the first to get together as allies; the Greeks driven to it by trade, the Serbs by having in their temperaments less of the Tartar and more of the Slav and German. Austria precipitated the final drive toward anarchy or cohesion when, in 1908, she took Bosnia and Herzegovina. By the Treaty of Berlin these two states had been left under the sovereignty of Turkey, but with a mandate by Austria for maintaining order. But the Hapsburgs could not resist the temptation of a Russia weakened by its war with Japan and so she grabbed them. It was on this occasion that the German ex-Kaiser showed the nervous autocrat that he was by crediting to himself the terror that warned Russia away while he stood "alongside of Austria with his shining sword." From that hour, though it might be delayed by providence or hurried by events, the Balkan war and the Great War were written on the stars.

The rise of Venizelos, in the opinion of many the greatest of the diplomats, who sat at the peace table second only to President Wilson, Clémenceau, and Lloyd George, and the big man of the Balkans, was the potential beginning of a Balkan alliance. His far-seeing plans, his contempt for Christian princelings, and his fine democracy brought about the first cohesion of Serbia, Greece, and Bulgaria. United they won the war. The Bulgars beat the Turks, captured Adrianople, and the environs of Constantinople fell into their hands. The Bulgars raced for Salonica, but the Greeks beat them there by a few kilometers, and they refused to be satisfied with Kavala, so the second Balkan war broke out. The Bulgars fought both the Serbs and Greeks and the Turks slipped back into Adrianople. United Serbia and Greece won the second Balkan war. There is no use in saying now what the Bulgars deserved, what the Serbs promised, or how grasping the Greeks are. Macedonia and Thessaly were the prizes. They fell to the two nations who were united, and they were lost to the Bulgars, who stood alone.

National impulse must be judged not only by the virility of the commonalty, but by the type of leaders they permit to carry forward their affairs and to fix the national attitude. Judged by this standard, the Serbs, democratic, with a royal family unrelated to the Hohenzollerns, rank first among the Balkan powers. At the point of choosing allies the Bulgars nodded. Good guessing is still a proof of sagacity. The devil himself has guessed wrong many times. The Germans made a terrible mistake in premising that Ireland, England, India, and South Africa would revolt against Britain while France was overrun, and that the Germans in America would keep the United States out of the war. The Germans guessed wrong. So did the Turk. So did the Bulgar. But these royal guessers, except the Turks, were really predetermined in their occult determinings by their German blood and intermarriage with the Hohenzollerns. Both the Turks and the Serbs decided their policies independent of ruling families. The Turks had a choice, and they chose wrong. The Serbs, true to their national impulses, held in abeyance for six hundred years, looking to their kindred strain, the Czechs, Slovenes, and Poles, showed themselves far-visioned, with faces toward the morning, and chose rather death with honor and their allies than life with their ravishers, the Austrians and Bulgars. The Jugo-Slav regiments, made up almost entirely of Americans, either by birth or naturalization, will be an eternal reminder of the consanguinity between the United States and Serbia.

The self-determination of small nationalities, one of the "fourteen points," is defensible only as the scale of intelligence is high, and is objectionable in the face of ignorance and as the judgment may not be educated so as to rise against prejudice. The Irish question is neither more nor less than the self-determination of a nationality. It may be looked upon as the folly of irreconcilable factions or as the twentieth-century revival of religious prejudice. Contiguous as Ireland is to England, with peoples of a common blood, cemented by a parliamentary act of union to the empire, and with a powerful minority determined to maintain imperial relationships, it is, at any rate, an exception to any known statute for such cases made and provided. The

Senate seems to me to have made a great break with public opinion when it proceeded to indorse the hearing for an Irish republic before the Peace Conference. The case is altogether different with the Jugo-Slavs, the Czechs, and Poles. We all accept the right of self-determination, but even that profound truth can be pressed too far. The other extreme is that which is described in the days of the Judges: "Every man did that which was right in his own eyes." Now, federation would not controvert this right of the small nationality—at any rate, not more so than in the case of any one of the American States, or in the case of any one of the British dependencies—but if the principle of self-determination as enunciated by President Wilson would require Ireland to be separated from Britain, or the Philippines to be made independent of America, or would not permit the federation of the Balkans, then the principle would be applied in inconsiderate fashion. In the first place, if these Balkan peoples could be federated or united, Constantinople would by right belong to them. Roumania, Bulgaria, and Greece each want Constantinople, but, separated and divided as they are, no one of them could be intrusted with it. Combine these three powers, make Constantinople the common capital for each and the great city of the near East, and you have settled one of the great conundrums of the Peace Conference. America could then accept the mandate from the Peace Conference for its control. Constantinople was seriously considered as the capital for the League of Nations. It is one of the oldest cities on the planet, perhaps second only to Damascus. It is contiguous to the moral and political lines of demarcation between Christianity and Mohammedanism; it dominates the unsettled problems of the war, and when you have reconciled the Balkans to what is in effect a joint occupation of Constantinople, and given them a western outlet through Fiume, you have ended that "cock pit" of Europe. Then it would settle the trouble about Macedonia. Serbs and Bulgars want it. Serbia now has it, and ought to keep and must keep it and will keep it. Then there is Thessaly. If we must have division, it belongs to Greece. Then there is the Villayet of Adrianople. That should belong to the Bulgars; but outside of Bulgaria, in the present

state of world public opinion, a man would lose his life or be cast into prison for uttering such a sentiment. The Bulgars lost all real claim to it when they guessed wrong. But the questions of what is to become of Macedonia, Thessaly, the Villayet of Adrianople, the ways to the sea for Bulgaria and Serbia, and who will occupy Constantinople would all be settled by a great federation of the Balkans.

There are two difficulties in the adoption of this program, both of them serious in the present state of world opinion. They should not be determinative. The first is the pardoning of Bulgaria and her admission to the Balkan League. Bulgaria would need to be taken in as an equal partner. In a way, Bulgaria's case for admission to the Balkan Federation parallels the case of Germany for admission to the League of Nations. The Allies are pardoning Greece. Constantine surrendered the Greek army at Kavala to the Bulgars and never lifted his hand when the Germans struck the Serbs, though he had a treaty offensive and defensive with Serbia. But Venizelos was ready with a revolution. Greece came late to the side of the Allies, and from the talk in Athens and in the East and from the demands of the Greeks at Versailles one might be led to think that the Greeks won the war for the Allies. The final end for a multiplicity of troubles would be to combine the Balkans, but the problem is what to do now. Justice calls; mercy stands with averted face. Indeed, it is not yet safe to talk of mercy. The Balkans should be one great republic and the Turks should be abolished. Let Bulgaria help rebuild Serbia and Macedonia; for my part, I would let Greece also help rebuild Serbia. The test is now upon our Christian civilization. We have the old teaching of the book of Jonah, which relates how when the Ninevites repented at the preaching of Jonah and turned from their evil ways Jehovah did not destroy the city. The Almighty treats men as they *are* and not as they *were;* and now, with the peace treaty signed and ratified, would it not be wise, while we demand guarantees for the future conduct and subordination of the Central Powers, to trust them to do justice, and love mercy, and walk humbly before the League of Nations?

The other objection to this federation of the Balkan states is Italy. It was the Italians who kept the Serbs from the Adriatic in the first and second Balkan wars. You that have been to Fiume or Trieste know the situation: the Italians are thickly settled along the seacoast, and in the city of Fiume fifty-four per cent of the inhabitants are Italians, but just outside of the city gates it is all Jugo-Slav. The same is true back of Trieste. The Italian moderates have always understood the situation, and have never dared to back Orlando and Sonnino in their demand that the Adriatic should become an Italian lake and that Fiume should belong to Italy. The London Treaty, made by and between Britain, France, and Italy, started the trouble, not only in the Balkans, but confirmed it in Anatolia, over the Bosphorus from Constantinople. Fiume, and for that matter all of the eastern coast of the Adriatic, belongs to Jugo-Slavia, the republic of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes. If the question of Bulgaria could be passed (and time only can work this miracle of forgiveness), there loom up the great federated states of the Balkans—which Italy does not want for a neighbor. Italy and Greece have peculiar ideas of their own leadership and dream of national limits that no outsider could approve. But Greece is in the Balkans and Italy is related to the western powers. Italy is disturbed by the thought of a great Balkan power that would have outlet to the sea and juxtaposition to Constantinople. This combination in the Balkans ought to come, and will come, either at the end of another war, when the Bulgars are crushed (and, indeed, this might happen to Italy), or before another war, when the scars have had some little chance to heal.

But it is in ourselves, and not in our stars, that we are estranged. Any final barrier against this federation must come from the Balkan states themselves. The prejudice against the Jews in Roumania may move that state to "reservations" for their treatment of them before federation. The greed of the Greek mercantile and shipping interests, almost as difficult to placate as the royalty caste, may serve to keep Greece aloof. Then, too, the struggle in Jugo-Slavia between the republicans and the royalists may need to be fought out rather than settled by the

ballot. The amicable solution would be greatly speeded up if America would consent to take the mandate for Constantinople and Armenia. The confidence in America, the reverence and obedience to our wishes all over the Balkans, is almost pathetic, at least to those who know that our beloved land is not wholly altruistic at all times. "Freedom from entangling alliances" did not keep America out of the Great War, and it is apparent that some continued formulas and organizations must be devised to keep the peace of the world. Nothing would go farther to stabilize the Balkans and secure serious consideration of the possible losses and gains by another war than to have Constantinople under American mandate. The Turks, Balkan powers, Britain, and France all wish it. The Ebert government in Germany, midway between the old military caste and the Bolsheviki, whom in Germany they call Sparticides, hopes for it. That the Balkans should federate and America take the mandate for Constantinople are not inseparable measures, but the latter would greatly hasten the former. This fusing of the Balkans—apart from Greece, with almost common blood and language—with Constantinople as its capital, under American mandate till the real union was cemented, would mean the real passing of the Turk, and assurance of the final triumph of Christianity over Mohammedanism. Then, too, we will have settled the question of Constantinople itself. What eager eyes have looked upon this ancient city, oldest, next to Damascus, of all the cities on the planet! What greedy hands have stretched out to possess it! Since Constantine adopted it as the capital of his Eastern Empire, Constantinople has been of the West but not in it, and she has been a Mohammedan city but not in the East. Her position, always anomalous, always potential, would for the first time since Constantine be natural, relative, and impregnable.

Edwin A. Schell.

"WESLEY THE ANGLICAN"

An Appeal to the Logic of Fact and Practice

In The Christian Work, New York, of August 9, 1919, edited by Dr. F. Lynch, there appears the "Weekly Letter" by Observer (Dr. Lynch) in which he reviews the recent book by the late Rev. David Baines Griffiths, on Wesley the Anglican, in which some statements are made by Dr. Lynch which ought not to pass unanswered. The purpose of this contribution is not to deal at large with the book in question but with some assertions made by the editor of the journal. In the letter in question Dr. Lynch says that he read the proofs and also that he wrote an introduction to the book, as he happened to be in London at the time of its publication. The book has now reached the Macmillans at New York, and we are informed that it has attracted wide attention in England and will doubtless be read by many in America.

Dr. Lynch in his review of the book speaks of

> the story of Wesley's life-long allegiance to the Church of England in which he had been born—and in which he died.

Again in the same review he says:

> It will be a surprise to many to find how loyal an Anglican Wesley was to the end: how he considered himself a High Churchman, how he always looked with some little scorn upon dissenters, and how he resisted the attempts to separate the Methodist societies from the Anglican Church. The severance from the Church of the Methodist societies was in Wesley's eyes a deplorable thing.

At this late date to have such statements spread so widely through an influential weekly like The Christian Work presents a challenge to those who have had access to the fullest and most reliable literature on the subject discussed, and we are thoroughly convinced that the Methodist Church of England and America, and wherever that church has obtained a footing, has its answer to the statements we have quoted from the editorial in question—an answer based on the irrefutable facts which marked

the life of Wesley from say, the year 1740 to the year of his death, 1791. It is to these facts our appeal is made. A mere formal denial of the assertions of the editor is not sufficient, hence the fuller reply in the following pages.

It is just a little singular that up to fifty or sixty years ago churchmen themselves took a very different ground from that occupied by many Episcopal clergymen to-day and by the editor of The Christian Work; for they agreed almost without exception, as Dr. Rigg, the Nestor of Wesleyan Methodism for forty years, in his book The Churchmanship of John Wesley and in his High Anglicanism, has conclusively proved, that Wesley throughout his career was a "schismatic," and no other than a dissenter, whatever else he might fancy himself to be.

A second consideration, which also is not a little significant and one frequently overlooked by zealous ministers of the Anglican Church, is the fact that Wesley during his ministerial life of over fifty years was almost, if not quite, repudiated and denounced without measure by archbishops, bishops, and the rank and file of the clergy wherever he went. He was practically shut out of every church of the establishment, and in many quarters was about the best-abused man in the British Isles. How to explain the changed attitude of our Anglican friends and this marked revolution of opinion and estimate is a task which we do not undertake to discharge. If the Methodist movement, instead of becoming one of the greatest religious forces in the world of to-day, had tumbled into weakness and shapeless confusion, it is a question if the verdict of fifty years ago would have been changed. We think it unfair, if not absurd, to regard John Wesley as a perfect character, incapable of inconsistency, imperfection, or mistake. This he never claimed; in fact, he was not slow to confess of certain things he once believed that he had lived to see that they were erroneous and was ashamed of them. John Wesley's churchmanship is, we think, to be determined not so much by what he said, for it is readily conceded that he said many things concerning this question of his relation to the national establishment which stand in striking contrast to his practice and plans extending over more than half

a century. Our contention is that the verdict on the point in dispute must be rendered not so much by any sermon he preached or note or notes that appear in his journals from time to time, but by his strong, steady, determined defiance and opposition to all ecclesiastical authority and control when that control in any way interfered with his cherished schemes, practices, and work. The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, in a memorable open letter addressed to Canon Hammond in 1899, in reply to some of the canon's deliverances touching Wesley and the church, said: "Until you learn to distinguish between what Wesley *said* in sentimental moments and what he DID at the great crises of his public life his career can only mystify you. Whatever the saintly and illustrious Wesley said out of love to the Anglican Church, he deliberately paved the way for everything that has happened since. Everything has been gradually evolved of what, under the compulsion of Christ, Wesley did. Please give attention, not to words, but to the acts of that modern apostle." For the sake of clearness and brevity we simply summarize the points of divergence from the polity and order of the English Church for which John Wesley was responsible, and which he never for a moment desired to cancel or remove.

1. Though never ordained to the rank or office of a bishop, in the Church-of-England sense of that term, John Wesley claimed that he was a bishop nevertheless. His words are: "I firmly believe I am a 'scriptural episkopos,' as much as any in England or in Europe." What would be thought of the church relationship of any ordinary clergyman within the Anglican communion who claimed, and persisted in the claim, that he was as truly a bishop as the dignitary who wears the robes and exercises the prerogatives which in the Church of England distinguish the office named? The position of such a claimant would soon become perplexing, irritating, if not intolerable.

2. But John Wesley not only asserted that he was a bishop in the New-Testament meaning of that word, but again and again he performed the functions of a bishop by ordaining men to administer the sacraments and fulfill the other duties pertaining to the ministerial office; and this he did repeatedly, without him-

self ever having episcopal ordination. He ordained Dr. Thomas Coke to be general superintendent, or bishop, over the Methodist societies of America, apart from the Church of England; and when these societies, in General Conference assembled, erected themselves into a distinct and separate church, John Wesley sanctions the deed, "fully believing that the Methodist Episcopal Church of America is as truly a New-Testament church as the apostolic churches at Philippi and Thessalonica." He also ordained numerous presbyters for Scotland and the West Indies; and in 1789 the demand from his own people in England became so urgent that he could no longer refuse, so his prudential reasons for delaying were set aside and he accordingly ordained some seventeen to the full work of the Christian ministry in England. Would not any one of those ordinations to-day place the ordinary and unauthorized clergyman who would dare to arrogate to himself the functions of a bishop, and in the most public manner exercise those functions, outside the pale of the church in a very short time? The Fillingham case in 1906 furnishes a concrete case of what such assumption of episcopal prerogatives involves. The Rev. Mr. Fillingham, vicar of Hexton, Herts, England, ordained a minister in defiance of his bishop's prohibition. For this offense proceedings were immediately taken against him in the Court of Arches, he being charged with "purporting to ordain a priest without being a bishop himself; with preaching outside his own cure of souls without authority of the bishop of the diocese, and with contumacy or disobedience to the lawful commands of the bishop." Those who are familiar with the case will remember that Mr. Fillingham ordained a Mr. White as "a presbyter in the Church of God" in order that he might minister to Christian people in Southend who objected to the ritualistic practices of an incumbent of the town. The Dean of Arches condemned Mr. Fillingham, but the sentence was deferred for two weeks that he might confess and regret his fault and promise not to repeat it. If he failed to do this, he was to be deprived of his benefice and condemned to pay costs. He escaped the extreme penalty by ample confession of his offense and a promise of good be-

havior in future. In view of the confession and promise the court reduced the penalty to two years' suspension from office and benefice, Mr. Fillingham having still to pay the costs of the trial. In view of this case and Mr. Wesley's repeated ordinations, and his defiance of the bishops in other directions, we fear that the venerable founder of Methodism acted "irregularly." His "loyalty" to the mother church was certainly a very doubtful quantity, and we are at a loss to understand, with these facts before us, the effusive affection of modern High Churchmen for one whom they would to-day suspend and expel with like ceremony if he dared *even for once* to arrogate to himself such functions without the necessary authority. And we wonder still more that a nonconformist would claim that Mr. Wesley was faithful in his allegiance to the Established Church to the end of his days. The facts are solidly against any such conclusion.

3. Charles Wesley and Lord Mansfield, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, both maintained that John Wesley separated from the Church of England when he ordained preachers to administer the sacraments apart from the church. The Bampton Lecturer who was contemporary with John Wesley and George Whitefield stated in one of his lectures that John Wesley and Whitefield were separatists from the Church of England.

4. It is also important in this discussion to bear in mind that the statement that John Wesley continued to be a High Churchman in his prime and old age is one of the most absurd delusions that ever took possession of the ecclesiastical mind. Dr. Rigg, in his Life of Wesley, has proved with mathematical completeness that Wesley, when his convictions were fully and finally matured, had no more sympathy with what is known as High Churchism than the late C. H. Spurgeon of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, London, or the late Dr. Parker of the City Temple. Wesley's repudiation of the doctrine of "apostolic succession" is so strong that we quote his own words: "For the uninterrupted succession I know to be a fable which no man ever did or can prove."

5. He utterly repudiated the High Church theory of "consecrated" churches and ground, regarding it as a mere relic of

Romish superstition. In reference to this he writes, "I never wished that any bishop should consecrate any chapel or burying ground of mine. Indeed, I should not dare to suffer it, as I am clearly persuaded the thing is wrong in itself, being not authorized either by any law of God or by any law of the land. In consequence of which I conceive that either the clerk or the sexton may as well consecrate the church or the churchyard as the bishop."

6. Wesley organized congregations and ministered to them himself and through his preachers (during church hours), contrary to church laws.

7. Wesley had his preachers licensed under the Act for the Protection of Dissenting Ministers. This act was passed in the reign of William and Mary for exempting from certain penalties their Majesties' Protestant subjects dissenting from the Church of England. Charles Wesley, who ought to be a good authority, wrote Grimshaw in 1760: "Our preachers are mostly licensed and so are dissenting ministers. They took out their licenses as Protestant Dissenters." Grimshaw replied: "The Methodists are no longer members of the Church of England. They are as real a body of dissenters from her as the Presbyterians, Baptists, Quakers, or any body of independents."

8. In 1741 Wesley called out lay preachers, whose duties were to preach and visit, a departure which served to show how impassable was the chasm that now separated his practice from the minute ecclesiastical scrupulosity of his Oxford days.

9. Wesley published a Methodist prayer book which included even an ordination service; and in 1784 he formed the doctrinal bases of the Methodist Church in the United States. The Thirty-nine Articles were reduced by him to twenty-five. Surely the founder of Methodism was taking important steps in the development of the new movement, and his master hand was distinctly and decisively planning for a separate and independent church.

10. It is an indisputable fact that the Methodist societies never had any *organic or official* connection with the national church, and from the very beginning of the movement neither

Mr. Wesley nor his preachers ever acted under the authority or control of any authority of that church. It is a matter which admits of no discussion that the direction and control of the Established Church authorities were openly and for a long series of years disobeyed by Wesley and by those who were called into permanent association with him. Neither Mr. Wesley nor his preachers, nor the immense and ever-growing organization which they were instrumental in bringing into existence, shared in any of the emoluments with which the State Church is so largely endowed.

11. Mr. Wesley went from one parish and diocese to another preaching and forming societies, and he did this against the express prohibition of the archbishops and clergy. The Archbishop of Canterbury on one occasion wrote to Mr. Wesley, and after a brief attack upon the work he was doing the archbishop thus concludes: "Sir, you have no business here. You are not commissioned to preach in this diocese. Therefore I advise you to go hence." To this episcopal rebuke Mr. Wesley replied in strong and defiant words, claiming that he was a priest of the church universal and that his work was not limited to any locality, thus asserting his particular consciousness of the truth of the inscription on his memorial tablet in Westminster Abbey, "The world is my parish." How would our High-Church friends regard the churchmanship of any of their clergy who would dare defy, and that for a period reaching over half a century, the rebukes and prohibitions of the highest authorities of the church? The question of Mr. Wesley's loyal allegiance to the establishment fares very ill in the presence of actions which no one can deny.

12. Mr. Wesley not only formed societies in the prohibited parishes but he regarded those societies as true New-Testament churches. In his Journal, dated August 26, 1789, we find the following record:

> I met the Society at Redruth and explained the rise and nature of Methodism; and still aver that I have never heard or read of, either in ancient or modern history, any other church which builds on so broad a foundation as the Methodists do; which requires of its members no conformity either in opinions or modes of worship, but barely the one thing, to fear God and work righteousness.

For many years Wesley was convinced that Methodism was no mere association of Christian societies, but a New-Testament church in the fullest sense of that word.

13. Mr. Wesley in 1788 admitted that a kind of separation had already taken place, and that it would inevitably spread, though, as he thought, by slow degrees. For that separation Wesley himself was responsible, and it is folly to look elsewhere for the directing and separating hand.

14. Wesley deeded all the places of worship, and all the property of which he became possessed as the legal head of the Methodist body in England, to the Conference to hold for the Methodists, perfectly independent and outside of the Church of England, which had no jurisdiction, either civil or ecclesiastical, over them.

15. Wesley secured an Act of Parliament by which all the rights and privileges of the Methodist Community in England were secured to it as an independent church in the New-Testament sense, and John Wesley intended it should continue so; for he said, after the acts became a statute of the realm, "It is a foundation likely to stand as long as the sun and moon endure." In this "Deed of Declaration" enrolled in the High Court of Chancery in 1784 for the express purpose of securing the legal status of Methodism, and its perpetuation as an independent religious organization and church, we have the wedge which made the separation final and complete. Unfailing loyalty to a providential mission rather than to any church of his earlier days led Mr. Wesley by successive and decisive steps into a new and permanent religious communion, and one by one the strands of the cord which had bound him to the national church were severed by his own hand, until it is a task of no little magnitude to show in what respects the honored leader in the great revival can be regarded as within the pale of a church whose authorities he had disobeyed and defied, and whose regulations and rules he had consciously and deliberately set aside for over forty years. The true appeal, as we take it, must be to facts and practices of a long ministerial lifetime, which distinguished John Wesley's illustrious career, when the question of his loyalty to the Es-

tablished Church comes up for consideration, and not to any particular sermon which he preached either in England or in Ireland, or the world-parish which he claimed as the legitimate sphere of his consecrated toil.

16. Dr. Rigg, than whom a greater authority on this matter cannot be found, in his Churchmanship of John Wesley has stated his conclusions in the following words: "Looking at the whole evidence, it appears to be undeniable that, so far as respects the separate development of Methodism, Wesley not only pointed but paved the way to all that has since been done, and that the utmost divergence of Methodism from the Church of England at this day is but the prolongation of a line, the beginning of which was traced by Wesley's own hand. It is idle to attempt to purge Wesley of the sin of schism in order to cast the guilt upon his followers. Wesley himself led his people into the course which they have consistently pursued."

In conclusion we have only to say that, in view of the facts presented in this contribution, all of which can be substantiated by indisputable evidence, we find a conclusive answer to those who are continually reminding Methodist people that, after all, John Wesley was a loyal churchman and so continued to his dying day. The invitations frequently issued by the clergy of the Anglican Communion to Methodists in this and other lands, to "come back" to the fold from which they are said to have wandered, are, to say the least, not a little amusing. As the facts get more and more before the people that invitation, very often backed by the assertion that the founder of Methodism remained a loyal son of the mother church until the day of his death, becomes increasingly interesting if it does not border on the absurd. The absorption of the largest section of Protestant Christianity in the world to-day by a much smaller body would be an experiment so portentous and perilous that the putting of new wine into old bottles would be an operation comparatively safe and insignificant compared therewith.

William Harrison.

WOMAN AND THE MINISTRY

When General Conference meets next spring it will be forty years since Dr. Anna Howard Shaw was refused the privilege of preaching in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

These forty years have wrought many changes, but none more revolutionary than that in the position of woman. Since the whole attitude toward woman is now so different, it seems well to reexamine the arguments that have thus far kept her out of the ministry and see if they will stand in the twentieth century. This seems especially important, as the matter will probably be raised again at the coming General Conference.

I. Mental Inferiority. It used to be generally held that women lacked the mental breadth and depth necessary to understand and present the great themes that must be dealt with in the pulpit. When institutions of learning opened their doors only to men this may have seemed true, but since a single generation of liberally educated women have served in the world's work we hear no more of this argument, and the days of the Great War settled the last lingering doubt. Woodrow Wilson in a message to Congress speaks of the women's "instant intelligence quickening every task that they touched; their capacity for organization and cooperation, their aptitude at tasks to which they had never before set their hands." Lloyd George writes especially of their work in administrative offices, states his belief that without their remarkable service Great Britain and the Allies would have failed in the spring of 1918, and thinks "the authors of the war could not have foreseen that one of its effects would be to give woman a commanding position and influence in the public affairs of the world." With such testimony as this on every hand, and with the evidence of administrative ability shown by the great woman's missionary societies, it seems unnecessary to refute an argument founded on the once universal belief in woman's mental inferiority.

II. Physical Disability. As woman was supposed to lack the mental gifts, so she was believed to lack the physical

strength for the strain of ministerial life. But now numbers of women have spent many continuous years in the most strenuous kind of preaching, the evangelistic. Deaconesses, in all kinds of weather, have walked innumerable miles and climbed innumerable steps in pastoral visiting. Recently a superintendent from a mountainous region was presenting to a body of seminary students the opportunities of his district. He told of a deaconess who had traveled great distances and opened up charges that he thought would now support a man pastor. Probably the deaconess would then go farther west and continue her sheltered feminine activity! In view of the difficult tasks accomplished by women for the church, both at home and abroad, in the last half century physical weakness can hardly be held longer as a round for excluding them from the ministry.

III. The Appeal to Scripture. Forty years ago the teaching of the Scriptures was considered an insuperable obstacle to woman's preaching. The Presbyterian General Assembly stated the case for other churches as well as its own when it declared: "Let not the inspired prohibition of the great apostle be violated. To teach and to exhort or to lead in prayer in public and promiscuous assemblies is clearly forbidden to women in the holy oracles." Greater enlightenment has robbed of their force the two paragraphs supposed to prohibit women's preaching. The historical method applied to the first Corinthian Epistle sets Paul's commands to women in the light of the amazing ignorance and immorality of women in notorious Corinth. The abandonment of the proof-text method permits a survey of the whole field that makes it almost certain that women preached in the early church. In his Pentecostal sermon Peter declared that sons and daughters, servants and handmaidens should prophesy. Luke records in the book of Acts that four daughters of Philip did prophesy. Paul cautioned the women to wear their head-covering when they prayed and prophesied, and Paul defined prophesying as "speaking unto men to edification, exhortation, and comfort"! If that isn't preaching, it is what preaching ought to be.

The fathers were at least consistent in their adherence to Paul's commands, and no woman's voice was permitted to speak or

pray in their assemblies, but to-day, if these prohibitions prove anything, they prove too much. Paul says, "Let your women keep silence in the church." But that would mean that their voices no longer be heard in Epworth League, Christian Endeavor, or the midweek meeting, and that no pulpit be open for their missionary and humanitarian appeals. The Epistle to Timothy says, "I suffer not a woman to teach." A rigorous application of this would work considerable hardship in the public schools, and might make it difficult to properly man our Sunday schools. Yet these two scriptures formed the chief ground of woman's exclusion from the ministry. If modern churches refuse to take them literally in all things else, they can hardly maintain the ancient objection to woman's preaching because of them.

IV. Woman's Sphere. There remains one objection to woman in the pulpit, and it is perhaps the only one that still has weight with thoughtful people. It is the plea that woman's preaching is a violation of nature, since she is designed for the life in the home.

It is very true that every genuine woman would find in exalted love and motherhood the most satisfying expression of her womanhood. In an ideal world this would be the lot of all, but this is hardly an ideal world. Frequent wars thin the ranks of men, requiring polygamy if all women fulfill the function of motherhood. A large percentage of the men remaining are morally and physical unfit for fatherhood; enlightened women will not sin against the race by marrying them. So there are of necessity many women who are not mothers, and must seek other vocations, while multitudes of women who are mothers are forced into the industrial world to support themselves and their children. This is not a new thing in history. Women have always borne their share of the world's industrial burden. But when denied educational opportunities only menial tasks were open to them. Men did not get excited when women scrubbed their office floors and washed their soiled clothes for a livelihood. It seems to be only when they approach the more desirable and remunerative tasks that lively fears of the disruption of the home are entertained. And perhaps preaching is not essentially inimical to

motherhood. Catherine Booth, a great preacher, bore eight children who were infatuated with the ministry. Her eldest daughter, Mrs. Booth-Clibborn, with her sister, organized the Salvation Army in France, preached all her life, and is the mother of ten children, part of whom are preaching now. On the foreign field the church requests the missionary's wife to hire servants so that she may give herself to educational and administrative service, saying it cannot afford to have trained women in these needy fields and not utilize them. Many women in India and China have found motherhood not inconsistent with a real ministry.

This whole argument from nature loses much of its weight when we remember that it is the same time-worn word of woman's sphere that so long deprived her of educational opportunity and political justice. It never kept her from the factories nor other hard and ill-paid labor, but for centuries it closed to her the more desirable vocations. Shall the church cling to this argument when in all other fields it has been cast aside as obsolete? In its larger program for the years ahead it is confidently including great numbers of woman workers. Consistency would seem to demand that either, for the sake of the home, the church exclude women from all special lines of its service, or, if it continue to plead with its daughters to do definite religious work, then that it remove all artificial restrictions and let them enter any field their ability may open to them. This would seem almost imperative in view of the new feminine psychology. Girls with the ballot in one hand and a college diploma in the other, with economic independence and strong convictions of justice and democracy, are not to be dealt with as were the women of days gone by. If in the future the church attracts the strongest women to its service, it will have to reckon with the new conditions, for other agencies are offering means of contact with needy humanity. Every profession but the ministry is open to them, and this discrimination against them will not be overlooked by the most thoughtful women.

V. Women and the Social Gospel. The social aspects of the message of Jesus make a strong appeal to the hearts of women. An amazing amount of social reform has been brought about since women have had some part in municipal and educational affairs.

The loss on this line that the church has sustained through its resolute closing of the ministry to women is beyond estimate. Many do not know that Frances Willard's real call was to preach. In her book Woman in the Pulpit she writes these words: "But even my dear old mother church, the Methodist, did not call women to her altars. I was too timid to go without a call; and so it came about that, while my unconstrained preference would long ago have led me to the pastorate, I have failed of it, and am perhaps writing out all the more earnestly for this reason thoughts long familiar to my mind." A minister reading that said, "Miss Willard did a far greater work than if she had been in the pulpit." But is that true? If she and her coworkers had been able to incorporate as an integral part of church work the reform and humanitarian movements that they so largely originated, who can say how much farther along both the church and social reforms would be to-day? The church is just now awakening to its loss in allowing certain great social impulses, born of the Christian spirit, to crystallize in secular movements which are indifferent, sometimes hostile, to formulated Christianity. Very much social service fails through lack of spiritual vision, much religious effort fails through lack of practical human contact. It is quite probable that these two aspects of the gospel would not have become so estranged if the mother hearts of women had been given place in the ministry and councils of the church. For the masculine and feminine minds are ever complementary, and only the blended wisdom of the two can give symmetry and wholeness in home and church and state.

VI. Woman and Evangelism. The mystical element is very strong in women. Whatever the customs and laws, where there has been free, untrammeled operation of the Holy Spirit women have given gospel messages. When the Pentecostal baptism of the Spirit was still on the early church women prophesied. Alford declares prophecy to be "the utterance of our conscious intelligence informed by the Holy Spirit." In that revival of pure religion out of which grew the Society of Friends women preached as freely as men. Early Methodism had so much of the power of the Spirit that its women could not be restrained from preach-

ing, Susanna Wesley herself being guilty of expounding scripture. George Eliot would hardly have given us her portrait of Dinah without an historic basis. In 1791 John Wesley wrote to a woman preacher that she could not be silent when God commanded her to speak, "Yet, I would have you give as little offense as possible, and therefore I would advise you not to speak at any place where a preacher is speaking at the same time, lest you should draw away his hearers." History gives us the names of a number of these early Methodist women, among them the wife of John Fletcher, who gave the gospel message, but took care not to offend against the prejudice of their day. In the great revival of simple gospel preaching that created the Salvation Army women not only preached but were officially recognized as preachers, and multitudes of earth's wayward sons have been drawn back to God through the tender pleading of these earnest women. The "Battle Hymn of the Republic" was written by a woman preacher, as was that most helpful religious classic, The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life. When God has so clearly given his word through women it is doubtful if any ecclesiasticism is justified in hampering their activity. If women be given unhindered opportunity, the eagerness to bring souls to know God may go far toward bringing that religious awakening which is acknowledged to be the greatest need of the church and world to-day.

We close with another word from Miss Willard. She urges young women "who feel a call, as I once did, to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ," to seek admission to theological schools. She goes on to say, "And let me pleadingly beseech all Christian people who grieve over the world's great heartache to encourage every true and capable woman whose heart God has touched in her wistful purpose of entering upon that blessed gospel ministry through which her strong yet gentle words and work may help to heal that heartache, and to comfort the sinful and sad 'as one whom his mother comforteth.'"

M. Madeline Southard

CHRIST IN THE FRENCH ARMY

Religious Work Where Religion Was "Prohibited"

It will take a long time to answer the questions, What has taken place in the world? What has happened in France? and What is the standing of Christianity? Every little bit helps, hence the following testimony.

Those who have closely observed say it was God's war. Men saw life and heaven, France was never more religious, her cathedrals are filled, she is temperamentally disposed toward the evangelistic type of faith and gladly welcomes anything good which America has for her. Others say that it was man's affair, that men have lost their taste for religion, their "gesture" for the church and their regard for the "bullying" of the ministry; that America has made a bad impression upon France, and there is a great danger of arousing the resentment of the French people by any hasty or disguised exploitation of her people by either separate or united bodies of the church from the West, be they Protestant or non-Protestant. My general conviction about the whole result is stated in two poems. There have been two world-struggles between the champions of Militarism and Democracy, with Jesus the victor in both:

Christ Is Dead

A. D. 33

"Your Christ is dead,"
The Romans said.
Into the land of Galilee
His frightened, frail disciples fled.
But Cæsar's guard
Were sleeping hard;
Again along the Syrian sea
The Risen Christ his followers led.

A. D. 1918

"Your Christ is dead,"
The Prussians said.
"No more the man of Galilee
With regal steps the earth will tread."

But Kaiser's arms
No more alarms;
Again there rules, from sea to sea,
The Risen King of kings instead.

—Boston Transcript.

There was another "Coming of Christ," the symbolism suggested by Julia Ward Howe's hymn:

BORN ACROSS THE SEA

1

In a land of vines and lilies,
Near a sacred Syrian sea,
Where the caravans and armies
Came from Rome and Araby;
In the fields of ancient battles
Near the shore of Galilee,
"In the beauty of the lilies"
Christ was born across the sea.

2

In another land of lilies,
Near a war-beridden sea,
Noble nations came to guard
The crib of human liberty;
In the fields of modern battles
Millions died to make men free.
In the France of vines and lilies
Christ's reborn across the sea.

These convictions come from my general observation and a humble and constant participation in the life of the French Army. The recital and interpretation of my simple and common experience is surpassed by easily fifteen hundred other men. It will at least intimate one of America's most important ways of "associating" Christ to the French soldier, student, and civilian of all ages and both sexes.

It was because the American leaders saw the absolute need of physical fitness, mental efficiency, and a sane religious motive for winning the war that the Y. M. C. A., the only existing organization prepared to attempt this work, was subsidized and militarized. At the outset General Pershing told General Petain and others that the French army should have an American "Y"

man in every regiment. Result: formation of union between "Foyer du Soldat" and Y. M. C. A. by which a French director has as associate an American "Y" secretary. In this *union Franco-Américaine* a restriction was placed upon formal and public religious services and activities. I found my opportunity to help win the war in attempting to raise the physical and mental alertness of the young and middle-aged soldiers by use of distinctively American athletics, and in seeking to maintain and develop the morale of all, especially the old, by counteracting war fatigue, the subtleties of Socialism, etc., by means of the canteens, libraries, Americanization work, and various forms of distraction and social service. Aside from a little temporary service at the front among the American troops, my work took place in Fort du Vancia, an automobile school near Lyons, and then in the great Caserne La Part Dieu in the heart of the city.

The men at Vancia were the young, inapt auxiliary boys, likewise the wounded, and the middle-aged or old men, mostly auxiliary or wounded; to quote the words of several Frenchmen, "the military rubbish of France." At La Part Dieu seven thousand to ten thousand were going and coming all the time. It was the home and training grounds for young and old of four branches of the service: artillery, cuirassier (cavalry), train and automobile. At the outset I was challenged by the letters on my collar, which spelled to me "Your Motto Christian American." I had no conscious plan to teach or show Christianity by either a direct or indirect method; certainly I would not put myself upon a pedestal and label it "A Model Christian in the French Army." Here I am simply recalling some parts of my experience which might be interpreted as Christian influence, and represent, in imperfect miniature, the deeper impact of the American impression upon France.

A. Physical. "Pinard" is wine. How often my boys would put up their guard and say, "Can't be alert without plenty of pinard"! Up went my arms with, "No pinard in mine; try them." It always brought a laugh and a lesson. They noted my alertness and absence of fatigue, and they understood how America under prohibition would not be without fun and vigor.

They outsmoked the Americans, and the speed and the wind of the American who did not smoke, or allow them to smoke during the play, made a deep impression upon them. At the right time came a "sermon" on smoking, money, lungs, nerves.

Deeper was the impression when they realized that Christianity was not divorced from vigorous outdoor life, but was an essential part of it. Athletics, which among the best classes had the standing of our boxing years ago, was dignified. They saw that Christianity was not a thing of the sunless cloister or white-faced bookworm.

B. Social-Moral. They never ceased to wonder at the "eternal boy" in the Yanks, for he warmed up to every dog, cat, urchin, and grandmother in France. Deeper yet was the impression when that "big boy" became a "big brother," and his unselfish social service spoke louder than any sermons. Let no one think that *poilu* and officer did not know that it was done in the name of Christ and represented our idea of Christianity. It was hard for them to believe that the American army was there to fight against a common enemy. They were moved to the depths when they saw the finest types of American Christian men work for their national and personal welfare and happiness.

This was made more concrete in the practice of a genuine democracy. To work in an army where for centuries the sharpest distinctions were made between officers and men was a real test. It demanded that a secretary should be his biggest self, at every moment, without antagonizing the officers and without appearing to condescend to the men. The interest and cooperation, and finally the esteem and appreciation, of the real caliber of the American was obtained by his devotion to the *poilu's* needs and his untiring efforts to secure them for him. The officers were deeply impressed when they saw that we could meet them on their social and intellectual plane, and would likewise sweat and laugh, sing and play and argue with the humblest soldier.

The officers were even more impressed when they were made to realize that this Christian democracy was sincere, and not politic. I believe the bravest thing I did in France was to rebuke,

in the presence of both soldiers and higher officers, a young lieutenant who wantonly kicked a basket ball as though it were a football. Had I not done this, the greatest of Christian principles would have become a pretense and my influence would have been destroyed.

I discovered that, although all were within the walls, leading officers did not know personally or even the names of officers of equal rank when they passed daily. The discipline was not so rigid as to prevent this. And so the recognition of personality was carried a step further by recognition of the individual. I always made it my business to know the names of as many men as possible, and in France it is very difficult. "The shepherd calleth his sheep by name." Every new chauffeur meant to me another personal friend. No matter how rough he looked, when I dined downtown among the French officers he always sat opposite at my table. Gignon, Marius, and Jatsem will ever be vivid personalities to me. I am sure Christ was good on names and faces.

The effort to avoid artificial courtesy and to follow Christ's attitude toward men was made more conscious to me at the beginning of my work when a visitor, an Englishman with a French veneer, challenged the reasons for "submerging" my "educated and cultured" self among what he called "worthless, wine-drinking" fellows. I replied that, like Jesus, I tried to see the heroic and the best in them, and if he went among them he would find medals on their blouses or scars under them.

The Christian attitude is one of confidence and not suspicion. It became my privilege to build up a canteen organization which out of its modest profits paid, among many other things, to twenty-five soldiers and under-officers' salaries ranging from half a franc upward per day. A short while before I came away I was informed that stealing was going on, and was advised that women and civilians should be substituted. To me this was wrong in principle and practice. Jesus had stealing going on in his little organization. I would prefer to have a little stealing going on among my boys rather than that nothing be going on, or that outsiders be impressed upon them and do all the work.

I certainly had the cooperation and loyalty of all the men, and it was because I trusted them and put great confidence and large responsibilities upon them.

The emblem of the "Y" is a closed triangle. Its program made it possible for the American secretaries to keep in mind and put into practice the principles of a unified life; every act being a cross-section of the whole. To simply teach France baseball through a professional coach was not what Clémenceau had in mind when he told Davis, "Our direst need is for the help of your program of physical education to give vigor to our coming young men." One of the finest rewards of my work was after I had given a demonstration of volley and baseball to the officers' training schools for military physical instructors: a captain remarked that the thing which pleased him most was the ethical basis upon which I taught and played the game. I can recall three incidents. It was a critical moment, and a close score between the "Old Guard" against "The Enfants" in volley ball. Did one of the men touch the ball very slightly as it passed out of bounds? One side shouted "Yes," the other side "No." I walked over to the player in question; the crowd was breathless. I put the question to him. He looked me square in the face and said, "I touched it." I patted him on the back and said, "It is honorable," and after a few seconds of hush the spectators broke out in applause.

My work from the very beginning was so one of creating and organizing that I had time to only live Americanism rather than teach English. When I did speak English it was always with great care. They never heard even "Hello" from me. It was some time before I realized how common swearing and profanity were. And then the delicacy and the charm of the articulation of the profanity were so conspicuous that the words did not seem to be offensive. I worked against this by two methods. First, when playing, and not coaching. I showed them that their energy put into so much excited talk and argument should be put into the energy of play. Now and then I would hurl out, "Don't blame!" and "Play, don't talk!" and then proceeded to play like a demon and substitute with laughter every possible mood for

profanity. The other method was that of precept. One day a player near me swore. Quick as a flash, and while almost out of breath myself, I quickly said to him, "It is sacrilegious to use the name of our Saviour." The next minute I so bumped him that I gave him greater cause to be profane, but he said nothing. I believe he saw there was no direct connection between manliness and profanity.

When I became more proficient in the language their world of obscenity began to disclose itself to me. Without driving these men, and often the officers, away from me I would understand their French up to a certain point and then I became silent. When the matter of women came up I would draw a certain picture from my pocket, or if they were in my own room I would point to the ever-present framed one on the table, and the Greek word for "toujours" written on it, and I would answer "Une seulement," one only.

I remember twice when my wrath seemed justified. Any less aggressive attitude would have compromised me and destroyed my influence for personal purity as part of the Christian program. One day the man who took care of the shower baths showed me a platter which was to hold the tips. I never thought an artist could be so degraded as to conceive such an idea. The fellow will never forget what I said to him. My shame consisted in the fact that up to that time I had not impressed him in such a way as to forbid him daring to show it to me. On another occasion, while coaching from the third base line, a young fellow, a newcomer, who perhaps had taken and accepted liberties from American comrades elsewhere, lying on the ground behind me took the liberty of touching me in such a way before all the other men around that I was challenged at once to class myself with either vulgar or clean men. Quick as lightning I turned around and grabbed him by the throat. My good anger made a jargon of my poor French, but all around knew what I meant. He became white as a sheet and all the men quiet and serious. They saw that I had been insulted. At once I turned my attention to the game, and felt that a battle for Christian manhood had been won.

One of the great dangers of the war was the same which

Paul felt, namely, that while he was saving others he himself would fall away.

In watching my boys as spectators and participants in the games I saw that they were perhaps ignorant, and therefore neglectful, of the great principles for which they were fighting. They seemed to have little conception of side lines and would walk over the baseball diamond during play, and had a tendency to get near the pitcher's box as though it were a boxing ring. They did not seem able to witness a volley ball game unless they had their feet on the service lines. And so, time and time again, as the new men came, I would teach them that just as there were places for Germany, and France, and Alsace-Lorraine, so there were places for the players, for the spectators, and for the coachers. The man who violated these rules was a variety of Boche.

And after many days and months I became convinced of the supremacy of the muscle and the heart over the tongue as a preacher.

C. Religious. It was just as true that the secretaries in the American and foreign armies who saw no connection between their conduct and the "C" on their collar brought reproach upon Christ and the American conception of Christianity as that those who did see the connection were the living epistles among the soldiers. The *poilus* knew what the "C" meant, although often they would ask if it meant Catholic. Here, of course, was a permissible opportunity to declare the truth that was in Jesus. There were, however, constantly occasions when, without proselyting, it was possible to directly present and show our discipleship and loyalty to Christ. For example, my French Bible, which they saw on my desk, and my Testament, always with me, gave numberless points of contact. Early every Sunday morning my boys saw me go for my lone absence from them. It was to the little Methodist mission ten miles away. My reply to their first inquiries was that I was going to the "eglise." Upon one church "fête" day, as I passed the little Catholic church on an errand, I noticed groups of my boys, all dressed up, delaying their entrance. I had passed the door by about five yards when the thought came to me that I could not ignore what meant all that was religion,

Christ, and the church to the most of my boys. I retraced my steps and entered and worshiped in my own way. Many quickly followed me. I always attended thereafter whenever possible.

Conclusion. For the reason that so much of my work was pioneer in character there were hundreds of places where other men were doing a deeper and more thorough work.

Not only did the American Army as a whole, by the miracle of its presence in France, and by the idealism which sent it across, and the passion for a square deal which sent it over the top with the curse of righteous indignation, make upon all of Europe an impression which cannot be expressed except in the terms Christian democracy, but the more personal impact of the militarized and welfare organizations of men and women was nothing less than the army of Christ going about doing good. Although the cathedrals may have been filled, Christ had stepped out of the paintings and the tapestries, the lofts and the lecterns, and literally, through these practical men, was the big Brother who had his hand upon the shoulder of the *poilus,* and the big Sister who had her arm about suffering womanhood.

I cannot go into the details of my personal contact with the civilians and industrial workers, the students and the children. There was not a foyer in the more than a thousand which did not become a center of social service and Christian influence; and this not only while the soldiers were there, but after they left, for the mothers and civilians would not permit them to close. There was not a home in France or her colonies where the red triangle on the letter paper did not go. Those who went home will have to explain what it means. Not only will *poilu* and officer carry the memory of the men and the organization which worked for them; they will also carry the determination to have something like that in their own towns and villages. Not only has the "Y," which is known to the French as an interdenominational and also an intersectarian organization, a great hold on the French people, but the French people have a great hold upon it.

American Protestantism has come and is coming in greater strength. She is needed, and will be welcome in so far as she ministers to France's needs, fits into what is already there, and

follows those who understand and know France. The Catholics and Knights of Columbus are here. There is plenty of room in this predominantly Catholic country, but she will be challenged by the people to serve their interests rather than those of the church; she will be challenged by the kind of program the "Y" put over, and nothing less will be accepted. France has met the real American and she has met real Christianity, for

> "In the France of vines and lilies
> Christ's reborn across the sea."

And I am sure that France

> " . . . thanks God that he sent down
> A son whose hands were rough and brown."

Harry Webb Farrington

MARY MOFFAT LIVINGSTONE

(MA-ROBERT)

The life of Mary Moffat, wife of Robert Livingstone and known among the Africans as Ma-Robert, is entitled to a recognized place in the pages of missionary biography, which the Centenary affords fitting opportunity to supply.

Her father, Dr. Robert Moffat (1795-1883), went to South Africa for the London Missionary Society in 1816. After a year in Namaqua Land with the chief Afrikaner, whom he converted, he returned to Cape Town in 1819 and married Mary Smith (1795-1870), the daughter of a former employer. She was a remarkably versatile woman and most helpful to her husband. In 1820 Moffat left the Cape and spent more than a year at Griqua Town, where, on April 21, 1821, a daughter was born, to whom was given the mother's name, Mary. Shortly after this Moffat settled in Kuruman among the Bechuana tribes, southwest of Pretoria and northwest of what was later the Orange Free State. There he lived and had his missionary headquarters for fifty years. There his children were born, and from that place he made frequent journeys into adjoining territory extending as far north as the Matabele country. Findings of these journeys were communicated to the Royal Geographical Society, and later published in Missionary Scenes and Labors in South Africa.

Dr. Moffat's linguistic accomplishments were distinctive. Not only did he familiarize himself with the language of the people among whom he went, but he translated the entire Bible and The Pilgrim's Progress into Sechwana and taught the natives the great advantages of committing their language to writing. He was remarkably successful in converting the barbarous natives to the habits of civilized life. Faith, courage, and temperamental good humor enabled him to overcome a multitude of difficulties. The esteem in which he was held is attested by the reception accorded him when he concluded his African labors in 1870, and

by a testimonial of 5,000 pounds which he received. He died at Leigh on August 8, 1883.

There is reason to believe that Dr. Moffat was a determining influence in Livingstone's decision to go to Africa. When the young man fretted because of the restraints, resulting in part from the Opium War, which interfered with his going to China, Dr. Moffat wisely called attention to the great need of Africa. "I have sometimes seen, in the morning sun, the smoke of a thousand [African] villages where no missionary has ever been," said he. He pointed out the great opportunity at Kuruman. The evils of the slave trade were a topic of public discussion. The challenge of Africa was met by the intrepid spirit of the ardent young man. He went, bearing with him five hundred copies of Moffat's Sechwana New Testament, just from the press, and the civilized world has been thrilled by the story.

Mary Moffat first met Livingstone at Kuruman. She was sitting beside her mother in the wagon when Livingstone, his arm in bandages as the result of having been bitten by a lion, rode up. They soon formed an attachment and under a great almond tree at Kuruman plighted troth. In making announcement to his Directors Livingstone explained that he had carefully considered the bearing which this action might have on his missionary usefulness. A Christian woman he regarded as of inestimable worth in winning the women and children of such a center as he purposed developing at Mabotsa. Who could better meet the demands of such a situation than the daughter of an eminent missionary, already somewhat familiar with the field?

In due time the marriage was solemnized and she went with Livingstone to Mabotsa, where they set up a school and other forms of missionary activity. Mrs. Livingstone took the children's classes, while her husband had the medical, general educational, and pastoral work. They enjoyed their garden very much, yet when the jealous antipathy of another missionary, who had a part in starting the station, threatened to discredit the entire enterprise before the heathen, Mr. and Mrs. Livingstone gave up their house and garden at Mabotsa.

Toil and money had been expended on the Mabotsa home,

and it was with heavy hearts that the young couple turned to new fields, and forty miles distant, at Chonuane, among the Bechuanas, once more undertook the building of house and school and the gathering of people about them. Out of a salary of 100 pounds it was not easy to live and build a house every two years. A building grant of 30 pounds from the Directors to whom he applied was obtained with great difficulty. At Chonuane, Robert, their first child, was born. He must be considered responsible for the name by which the mother was thereafter known by the natives—Ma-Robert. This name became very popular throughout South Africa. In many parts of the country pickaninnies were shown to the missionary as Ma-Roberts, named for the missionary's wife. But the Livingstones were not comfortable at Chonuane because of the lack of rain, which was fatal to agriculture. Two years after their arrival there a new locality was selected—Kolobeng, forty miles to the north. When the advantages of this new location were explained to Chief Sechéle and the Bechuanas—the never-failing river and the opportunities for the digging of canals and irrigating the adjacent lands—they were convinced and the very next day the whole tribe joined in moving to Kolobeng. For the third time the building of a house had to be undertaken.

The conditions and routine of their work are described in Livingstone's letter of February 13, 1848, to Mr. Watt: "All our meetings are good compared to those we had at Mabotsa, and some of them admit of no comparison whatever. Ever since we moved we have been incessantly engaged in manual labor. We have endeavored, as far as possible, to carry on systematic instruction at the same time, but have felt it very hard pressure on our energies. . . . Our daily tasks are in the following sort or order: We get up as soon as we can, generally with the sun in summer, then have family worship, breakfast, and school; and as soon as these are over we begin the manual operations needed—sowing, plowing, smithy work, and every other sort of work by turns as required. My better half is employed all the morning in culinary or other work; and feeling pretty well tired by dinner-time we take about two hours' rest then; but more frequently,

without the respite I try to secure for myself, she goes off to hold infant-school, and this, I am happy to say, is very popular with the youngsters. She sometimes has eighty, but the average may be sixty. My manual labors are continued till about five o'clock. I then go into the town to give lessons and talk to anyone who may be disposed for it. As soon as the cows are milked we have a meeting, and this is followed by a prayer meeting in Sechéle's house, which brings me home about half-past eight and generally tired enough."

Kolobeng was their real home and the only permanent one they ever had. Looking back to this time in later years, while at Manyuema in 1870, Livingstone wrote: "I did not play with my little ones while I had them, and they soon sprang up in my absences and left me conscious that I had none to play with." The opportunity of being with his family and of retaining the affections and molding the characters of his children, which he missed, seems to have brought him a deep sense of loss. In 1850 Livingstone journeyed from Kolobeng to Lake Ngami with his family, where mother and father found a certain joy in the great fun which the children had "paidling" in what they regarded as their own lake. At that place two of the children were attacked with the fever. For this reason the family were compelled to leave the locality.

In 1851 a third and successful attempt was made to reach Sebituane, who lived some two hundred miles beyond Lake Ngami. Great anxiety was experienced because of the scarcity of water. The bed of the river Zouga was dry. On the journey one of the natives wasted the supply and only a little was available for the children. Of this situation Livingstone wrote in his Missionary Travels: "The idea of their perishing before our eyes was terrible; it would almost have been a relief to me to have been reproached with being the entire cause of the catastrophe, but not one syllable of upbraiding was uttered by their mother, though the tearful eye told the agony within. . . . No one knows the value of water till he is deprived of it." Mrs. Moffat, the mother, remonstrated against Livingstone and his wife's journeying with their children to remote points, because of the dangers involved and the seeming

impropriety of it, but such objections did not deter them. Implicit trust in the guiding and protecting care of the heavenly Father was the key to the courage that braved the uncertainties and dangers of that wilderness world. Mrs. Livingstone and the children were, truly enough, elements of weakness and cause for concern so far as their personal safety was concerned, but among the benighted African peoples they were also elements of strength, calculated to win the confidence and friendly interest of the people among whom they went. For them divine protection and the assurance of opportunity for the largest Christian usefulness were to be found in going forward, so there could be no thought of turning back. Livingstone's thoughts of being cut off were always associated with thoughts for his wife and children. "My blessing on my wife. May God comfort her," was his testamentary record. After leaving Cape Town the time that elapsed before Mrs. Livingstone saw her husband again was for her a period of deep anxiety. In Africa she was "queen of the wagon," of joyful spirit, and an inspiration to those associated with her, but in England she was among strangers, was broken in health, and without a home. Following are two stanzas of a poem of welcome which she prepared while waiting for him at Southampton, in the hope that they would never part again:

"A thousand thousand welcomes! how my heart is gushing o'er
With the love and joy and wonder thus to see your face once more!
How did I live without you these long, long years of woe?
It seems as if 'twould kill me to be parted from you now.

"You'll never part me, darling; there's a promise in your eye;
I may tend you while I'm living, you may watch me when I die;
And if death but kindly lead me to the blessed home on high,
What a hundred thousand welcomes will await you in the sky!
"MARY."

On December 15, 1856, the Royal Geographical Society held a special meeting to give formal welcome to Dr. Livingstone, and the Victoria, or Patron's, medal was presented, awarded in 1855 for his journey from the Cape to Linyanti and Loanda. At that time expression was given by those who had visited South Africa to appreciation of the generous hospitality and painstaking kind-

ness of Dr. and Mrs. Livingstone to those who came into the neighborhood of their home. Lord Shaftesbury spoke in complimentary terms of Mrs. Livingstone's influence upon the career of her husband and of her voluntary sacrifice for the advancement of civilization and the interests of Christianity.

In February, 1856, when plans were making for Livingstone's return to Africa, he wrote: "My wife, who has always been the main spoke in my wheel, will accompany me in this expedition, and will be most useful to me. She is familiar with the languages of South Africa. She is able to work. She is willing to endure, and she well knows that in that country one must put one's hand to everything. In the country to which I am about to proceed she knows that at the missionary's station the wife must be the maid-of-all-work within, while the husband must be the jack-of-all-trades without, and glad am I indeed that I am to be accompanied by my guardian angel." Mrs. Livingstone made her last journey to Africa in the winter of 1861-62. His clear call and duty she felt to be hers also, to the measure of her abilities, and she went to Africa with the same interested devotion to him and to their work that she would have felt had his field been an English parish. On January 30 H. M. S. Gorgon appeared off the coast at the mouth of the Kongone, one of the entrances to the Zambesi, with Mrs. Livingstone on board, and he went out in the Pioneer to meet her. There was on board also a steamer which had been ordered through his friend James Young for work on Lake Nyassa. It was a laborious task to convey the heavy sections of this steamer, named the Lady Nyassa, to its destination and fit together its several parts. The locality and the season were unhealthy, and while the party was delayed at Shupanga Mrs. Livingstone was seriously affected by the malarious conditions. On April the twenty-first she was taken ill, and on the twenty-seventh, in the Shupanga house, her spirit passed out. Her grave is at Shupanga, a beautiful spot on the bank where the river Shire flows into the Zambesi, near a large baobab tree, and is marked by a pile of bricks and a cross. While David Livingstone's body lies in Westminster Abbey Mary Moffat Livingstone's grave is in an African locality seldom

visited by any white man. This place should be suitably marked. Surely, the life of this devout woman—daughter of an eminent Scottish minister and African missionary, wife and helpmeet and homemaker of Africa's most noteworthy Christian missionary and explorer, mother of three sons and three daughters, teacher of the natives, a life given for Africa—is entitled to such recognition.

The death of Mrs. Livingstone was a great blow to her husband, who through the years had become increasingly fond of her. "It is the first heavy stroke I have suffered, and quite takes away my strength," he wrote in his journal. "My Mary, how often we have longed for a quiet home since you and I were cast adrift at Kolobeng! God pity the poor children, who were all tenderly attached to her; and I am left alone in the world by one whom I felt to be a part of myself. . . . In some other spot I may have looked at my own resting-place may be allotted. I have often wished that it might be in some far-off, still, deep forest, where I may sleep sweetly till the resurrection morn."

Mary Moffat Livingstone's educational opportunities were limited in some measure to parental teaching, and her opportunities in a barbarous country were circumscribed, but she possessed a remarkable degree of personal loyalty and was devoted to the common welfare. She was ready for any undertaking and prepared to face any sacrifice. It is evident that she grieved for her husband when he was absent, and naturally her sense of personal interest centered in her family. At times doubtless she and her mother took an attitude that made it difficult for Livingstone to carry out his plans, but this very consideration may have helped impel him to a task more specific and of more limited range and enabled him to devote himself to it with an ardor and assiduity that otherwise would not have been attained. It is a reasonable inference that Livingstone's ability to carry his heavy task was helped in no small measure by the affectionate devotion of his wife and family, and of this he was entirely worthy. The permanency of such influence is described by Saint Paul: "And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love."

Burdette B. Brown

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

THE ETHICS OF RIDICULE*

I

Among Rudyard Kipling's Plain Tales from the Hills is "The Conversion of Aurelian McGoggin"; well worth anybody's reading. Of it Kipling says, "This is not a tale exactly. It is a Tract; and I am immensely proud of it. Making a tract is a Feat." He is no more surprised at his tract than we at this discussion, which is neither tale nor tract; nor is it a feat to be proud of. It does not expect popularity; more likely, "I think by the feel my forehead bleeds." It risks being reckoned what Mr. Dooley said matrimony was considered in Admiral Dewey's case, "a penal offinse." The gentlest comment by the ruling majority will be, "Trite and trivial, much ado about nothing." Whatever its deficiencies it does not lack color.

Nor is it something written with desire or done with relish as was The Master of Ballantrae, when, at Saranac Lake, Louis Stevenson, out under the winter stars, feeling that to be the fit time and place, said to his engine, "Come, let us make a tale." Rather has this emission exuded under the slow, heavy pressure of long experience and observation. Its style of presenting subject and evidence is like that of the cinematograph, snapshots of raw facts flung upon the screen so plain that "the wayfaring man" and "he who runs" and other casual observers may read at a gallop; or, as Stendhal says, like a looking-glass dawdling along the road and reflecting roadside figures, actions, and events.

Our subject is not of the kind that grows in gardens, but rather of the prickly cactus variety. A proud bank president was overheard boasting of his father who was a minister: "My father was a thinker. He could take a subject and stand it up in the corner and take its clothes off and see clear through it." That

*This monograph completes a trilogy of tributes. To be the volunteer laureate first of Little Children, later of Valiant Sufferers, and now of the Persecuted, is not unbecoming even in a dignified Review.

is the kind of thinker needed to do justice to the present subject. In his absence, the subject must dree its weird as best it can. Its place in the ethics and the pathos of human life seems to us not unimportant.

At the outset we find ourselves once more "With the Children," possibly back in our own childhood, in contact with a side of child life which is not merry.

Little bright Gold-i-locks, from sitting on the front steps of a Philadelphia home, came into the house with hurt feelings, grieved face, eyes brimming, mouth drawn down, lips quivering on the verge of a sob.

"What's the matter?"

"Boys talled me names."

"What did they call you?"

"Talled me wed head."

"What did you say to them?"

"I said: 'Tonsider, boys. Tonsider.'"

Brutal boys! Adorable little gentlewoman!

She is type of a class—the Tormented; and those rude youngsters are types of a class—the Tormentors. Types, we say, for the sinister and senseless guying of the red-headed is identical in its animus with ridicule in general. One reason why a certain boy preferred girls was that they never jeered him.

As to the ethics of ridicule, two questions try the case: "How does it look?" "How does it feel?" Observation answers the first, only experience the second. Only the toad under the harrow knows exactly where each toothpoint goes and how deep it cuts. For observing ridicule in active operation, to see how it looks ethically, it is natural and convenient to begin with the treatment given to some class of victims that is most widely ridiculed. One such class is under everybody's eye. *"Semper, ubique et ab omnibus,"* that class catches it. To them every clime, from pole to equator, is inclement. It is always open season for hunting this game. Our study will nothing exaggerate nor set down aught in malice.

On the white marble steps of that red-brick house in the City of Brotherly Love was staged a momentary tragedy, minute but acute. No little suffering is caused to youngsters and oldsters by ridicule, which to childhood is a bewildering, sore surprise. The child can understand being petted or being punished, but persecu-

tion for no fault at all is unintelligible, so senseless, so unaccountably hostile, so dishonorable, that it confuses the whole rational and moral universe, making life a mystery and a misery.

The voice of the tormentor is from the beginning of time. In the beginning there were two boys, one bad. Doubtless Cain tormented Abel a lot, before, by perfectly natural evolution in wickedness, he made up his mind to kill him: poisonous bud, bursting into malignant flower: just as Paul Leicester Ford's athletic brother tormented the delicate, pale-faced little hunchback many years before he slew that nobler and brainier brother, so immeasurably superior to his ignoble and arrogant murderer. Nothing original in those Philadelphia bad boys excepting original sin. In ridiculing that little innocent, abloom like a flower on the front steps, and branding her as a brick-top, they were hoary and decrepit ancients of the earth. It has been the custom of the ages. Pagans more or less pious were doing that thousands of years before the Christian era. When the worthy Egyptians constructed their early religion and described their deities they represented Osiris, the god of goodness and life and light, as dark-haired and handsome, while Set, the spirit of evil, the god of darkness and death and wrong, was pictured as red-headed and ugly: a pointed intimation that the auburn-haired are children of the devil. So nearly unanimous are mankind, the world over and the ages through, in guying the auburn-haired that any temerarious individual who rises on the floor of his period with an appeal to the Court of Public Opinion on behalf of those who stand charged by the Grand Jury of the Majority with personal hideousness, whereby, it is alleged, they blotch the beauty conferred upon this earthly scene by the handsome presence of the Melanochroi (as Herbert Spencer and the dictionary name the dark-haired folk), who modestly assume themselves to be the ornaments of creation:—anyone, we say, who makes a gesture of protest or offers a plea for mercy toward the Xanthochroi (as science labels the blondes), can expect at best no better treatment than was given by the boy to his little sister. When she prayed, "O, Lord, give Johnnie a new heart so he won't torment me any more," he retorted with, "O, Lord, give Susie a new heart so she won't whine when I tease her." At worst, he may be hooted and chased out of court as presenting a ridiculously trivial grievance; perhaps be told that such as he and his clan

should be willing to suffer for the promotion of the more gleeful gayety of nations. But that the grievance is not trivial is shown by the fact that a semiscientific enumerator of "Life's Handicaps" specifies red hair as a serious disadvantage, red including all shades, from pale-gold yellow, or gamboge, to terra-cotta, crimson, damask, scarlet, or vermilion. It is made so entirely by ridicule from the blacks and browns.

For samples of this brand of ridicule no need to go hunting; the newspapers lay them on our breakfast tables. Conspicuous in this is one solar sheet which claims to shine for all. In its columns the Comic Spirit disports in cap and bells and motley at the expense of the bright-haired folk, as if red hair were creation's funniest joke. It lampoons them unmercifully, as if jealous of other effulgence than its own, and can no more let this luminous subject alone than any other moth can keep away from any other bright light. It boasts of having invented and made famous that absurd fiction of "the intriguing juxtaposition of the white horse and the red-haired girl." Forever in its columns goes gayly on the guying of the golden-haired. It rides its hobby gleefully in an everlasting merry-go-round. It frivols as hilariously as did Fibbertigibbet Dickon Sludge, the court jester, at the Earl of Leicester's banquets to Queen Elizabeth. Men in public life especially are counted fair game for such sportsmanship. With pencil and pad reporters look down on Congress from the reporters' gallery and one member is the "Sunset Senator," another the "Pink Chrysanthemum," or the "Scarlet Hibiscus" (it moves that he be made the national flower), another the "High-Colored Hollyhock of Kansas," another the "Aurora Borealis of the West," another is described as so dazzling that his fellow citizens have to wear smoked glasses when he is on the street, while another is brilliantly alliterated as the "Red-headed Rooster of the Rockies." This choragus of ridicule searches the dictionary for uncommon, baroque, bizarre, exotic words, and coins a few spurious adjectives of its own, with which to describe "pyrophoric and igniferous locks," iridescent, flamboyant, scintillant, fluorescent, rubescent, auroral, rufonsical, incandescent, conflagrational. Thus does this hardened sinner scin-till-late day after day. In one of its columns an apologist for slang and profanity declares it legitimate to use rough language on aggravating occasions, "especially if the person addressed is red-headed." In another

column an irritable æsthete, who airs his own pulchritude in Central Park, complains that the nurse-maids who trundle baby-carriages there are "the most horrific collection of human gargoyles to be found outside the realm of bad dreams," and what exasperates him most is that some of them are made super-hideous by having red hair. The horror of it gets on his nerves. Why need he go to the park at all? So tender an infant should be kept in an incubator. Other journals are guilty likewise. In one of them an impassioned orator is described by a scurrilous reporter- as a "roman candle, sputtering ravenous and red-headed words." Another is thus pointed at: "Yon peak of fire naturally vomits blazing brands from its volcanic dome of thought." When a Southern statesman cries aloud in anguish, "The whole nation seems plunging hellward," the congressional correspondent comments, "Strange effect of pigment upon the imagination; the bright bronze poll mistakes its own fiery glow for the upblazing of sulphurous and infernal flames." One mellifluous member of the Press Gang warbles this warning:

> "Beware of the man whose hair is so red
> He needs no candle to light him to bed."

Music-halls roar with laughter over a mock-pathetic tipsy ballad about a maiden in a pòorhouse whose "age it was red and her hair was nineteen."

One dark-haired poetaster, apparently a curate on his vacation, loitering along a leafy-arched woodland path, stoops to watch the rippling colors on a caterpillar's back crawling at his feet; and his fantastic fancy likens those slow-creeping colors to a procession of "red-headed rectors and black-and-brown-haired choristers" marching along a Gothic cathedral aisle, chanting vesper hymns. If this is a fling at the rectors, it is easy for them to counter on the curate's simile by remarking that it seems the red heads lead the procession.

One smart paragrapher scintillates thus: "A flame-haired actress is getting her crowning glory insured. What most of us need is a company that will insure us against the results of red-headedness in others." "It has been discovered," says one newspaper, "that the color of sandy hair is caused by an excess of sulphur in its composition. We once had a red-headed girl in this office, and we know now what caused the fireworks." Not

only do ribald sheets revel in ridicule, but supposed respectables sink to the level of it. One of Lippincott's Magazine stories characterizes a young girl as "a spiteful little red-haired beast." Even Saint Nicholas embellishes its young people's pages with this polite welcome accorded to gentle strangers by a certain community:

"Red, red hair and a small pug-nose,
Freckles on chin and cheek;
These belong to the little girl
Who moved to our street last week."

That street of hoodlums needs to have a school for manners opened by the mother of another little girl who said:

"An' don't make fun, my mamma says,
Of folks 'at's blind or lame,
Or got red hair or warts, unless
You want to be the same.
'Cause lots of times it happens so,
An' surely if you do,
You never, never, never know
What's going to happen you.
An' since she told me 'at, w'y nen
I never don't make fun again."

T. A. Daley tells of his New Office Boy:

"He's a modest little curly-headed fellow,
Whose age is scarcely greater than eleven,
The effulgence of his locks of tawny yellow
Is suggestive of a halo born of heaven.
We are smitten with his most uncommon beauty,
And we deem him far too perfect for this earth,
When he modestly reports himself for duty,
All unconscious of his transcendental worth.
O! the sweetness of his early morning greeting
In those first few days! How soft his boyish tones
As he handed me my letters in the morning,
With 'A lovely day! Good morning, Mr. Jones.'"

But his sweetness was as the early dew. He became so "pert and sassy" that the office had to discharge him; all due, of course, to the sulphur in his "tawny yellow locks." Even Maggie Benson, daughter of the Primate of the Anglican Church, product of the civility of a thousand years, dwelling in an archbishop's palace, took her fling at the Sandies in a letter to her brother Hugh, in 1904: "The kitten is a fright. She has been named Becky Sharp, because she has sandy hair, green eyes, and an absolutely brazen

character." Maggie leaves us wondering what constitutes brazen character in a cat. When Pet Marjorie, at the age of seven, described one of her lovers, the fair Philip, she regretted his too-sunny locks, which she called "his only fault."

Fiction often joins the abusive press. It is remarked that Charles Dickens had a habit of exaggerating out of all proportion some one marked feature of a character. If an extraordinary nose had been given to a man, Dickens described it at length and harped on it until the character became almost all nose. But to one of his characters, the unhappy Mr. Pumblechook, he gave, instead of one prominent feature, a cruel multiplicity of unfortunate peculiarities. Pumblechook is about the queerest-looking and homeliest of all Dickens's characters. He is described as "a large, hard-breathing, middle-aged man, with a mouth like a fish and dull, staring eyes, so that he looked as if he had been choked and had at that moment come to." And then, as if he had not made poor Pumblechook homely enough, dark-haired Charles Dickens plays the very dickens with the hapless victim of his literary ingenuity by topping off his ugliness with "sandy hair standing upright," which is the crowning outrage upon the defenseless because nonexistent Pumblechook, who, if he had existed, might have felt as did the little boy in the infant class when the teacher was asking the kiddies what they had to be thankful for. One small girl said, "My nice home"; one candid little innocent with a sweet face said, "My pretty curls." Homely little red-headed, freckled Tim sat next. He made no reply when the teacher questioned him, sat silent, glum, and dour. "Come, Timmy, you surely have *something* to be thankful for." "No'm. God nearly ruined me."

When Dickens pictures Quilp's attorney, a fair specimen of the shyster lawyer, it is in this fashion: "Low forehead, wen-like nose, red hair, which was nature's beacon, waving off from that dangerous strait, the Law, those who navigate the shoals and breakers of the world." When O. Henry, in his story, The Guilty Party, puts a dark-haired young woman before the court with the crimson stain of murder on her hands, the novelist, being obliged to account for her awful depravity, finds the source of guilt farther back in the heart of her father, a red-headed, unshaved, untidy party who sat by his window and smoked and read, neglectful of his children, who played in the streets and

learned much evil, so that his little girl went to the bad. Thus the murder is fully accounted for: red-headedness in the father fusted and musted into murder in the child. In another story an Irishman's daughter was a mischievous little hoyden with bright hair and bright eyes. The father, being a believer in *original* sin, instead of correcting his lovely little witch when she misbehaved, punished himself as the original sinner from whom she had inherited her impish red-headed propensities. Of one character it is written, "She had red-gold hair and badness was in her blood." In another novel, "a rawboned immigrant with a stern and rockbound face" is pictured with frowsy red hair. One smart young liar makes sure of his portion in the lake that burneth by writing in a silly short story, "The day was warm and the color of her hair sent the thermometer up five degrees higher." With equal silliness Richard Harding Davis in one of his stories gives to a villainous and cowardly impostor, the meanest character in the tale, a beard and hair near "the color of a Philadelphia brick front, so flaming that at night they blaze like a torch"! So inanely prevaricated Richard the Mendacious. Much of this ridicule is as idiotic and vulgar as making faces or wriggling fingers with thumb on end of nose.

Why dump upon respectable readers such a mass and mess of offensive stuff? Simply to show how ridiculous the ridiculers are, to exhibit the quality and to intimate faintly the quantity of garbage flung at the unoffending. If there is any offender here, the Creator is he. On a train between Lake George and Saratoga we saw two gentlemen seated together admiring the splendid pageant of color in the west. One, a trim military-looking man, said, "I never saw a more magnificent sunset." At that, an uncouth stranger opposite got up, leaned down across the gentleman's front, sized up the spectacle through the gentleman's window, then lifted his bulk, and said: "You call that magnificent? It's nothing to what we have in California." "Well, my friend," responded the gentleman, a bit nettled at the stranger's rudeness, "we are not to blame for that. God Almighty gets up our sunsets. Who manages yours?" O, scornful Melanochroi, God Almighty colored our hair; who colored or discolored yours? (Black is the absence of all color as white is a blend of all.) These critics of the Creator are imitators of the little boy who, being provoked at God for something, went out into the backyard and threw stones

at the sky. We wonder if that boy's name was not Thomas Hardy?

Ridicule is usually reprehensible, but a fair study of its ethics must recognize that it has legitimate uses as weapon, remedy, instrument of discipline, valuable for correction and reproof, for curing faults, follies, and absurd habits. Rightly applied, "It wad frae mony a blunder free us and foolish notion." It has been used in the education of savages to make them see the silliness of the senseless superstitions and absurd, cruel, and disgusting customs. Miss Kingsley, relating her experience in managing the West Africans, says, "I could chaff and ridicule them into doing things that others could not make them do with a club, and I could laugh them out of things which others would have to blow out of them with a gun." It was a fortunate day for little Sir Ringlets when he got out at the front gate and on the common where the candid democracy of Boyville got at him and clipped his curls and trimmed his frills, and, as his name was Joseph, named him "Josephine." It was like President Roosevelt to send his children from the White House to the public schools to steep them in common Americanism, to keep them from thinking themselves different from the common run because of position, and to make them understand that they must start from the common footing along with the common crowd and win position only by proving themselves capable and worthy. When the home-spoiled and petted boy enters college his fellow students can be depended on to do their part toward making a man of him by reducing his self-importance with a little hazing of one sort or another. A man of great mind wrote at the age of seventy: "When I look back on my college days, I think I must have been rather an intolerable prig. I got some blows and kicks from my classmates and other fellow-students which were a valuable part of my education. On the whole, I think the fellows treated me more tenderly than I deserved." The commandant at West Point approves of hazing as now practiced there under regulations. Hazing, when not brutal or mean, may be beneficial to the raw, undisciplined, callow cadet. Ridicule may be a harmless kind of hazing. Aristophanes hazed the Athenians with merciless satire and sarcastic laughter to lash and sting them out of their soft and easy ways, their epicurean indulgence, and to bring back the masculine "Marathonian muscle" in place of effeminate flabbiness.

In old times there was a regularly appointed jester whose office was to jeer and mimic and "take off" the princely or the pretentious, the high-placed and highly-favored, to save them from overweening conceit of themselves and the weak vice of vanity. The jester was called "Filius Terræ" (Son of the Earth), and his business was to keep those lofty and flighty gentlemen down on the earth with their feet firm on the ground. A measureless misfortune for the world it is that there was no such jester at the court in which William Hohenzollern grew up, to prevent the devil-up-ment of that diabolical Megalomaniac and save the lives of eleven millions, for whose murder he, as Germany's lord and master, was officially responsible, the most hideous and gigantic criminal in human history. And now we are told there is no law for punishing such a criminal. Europe found a way to deal properly with Napoleon a century ago, but crime of all kinds has become much safer in the past hundred years. In these days it is coddled and almost encouraged by a too indulgent public and murder is the safest crime for a man or woman to commit. Few murderers are ever punished or even caught. "He is a cinder in everybody's eye," said a prominent citizen, expressing the general sentiment of the community concerning a certain indescribably cantankerous attorney, who never married, but was all his life the pampered darling of a doting mother and an adoring sister who nursed his vanity to such prodigious dimensions as made him an intolerable nuisance. Administered at the proper period of life, some strong wholesome hazing, accompanied by rattling good ridicule, might have prevented him from becoming a community pest.

Ridicule is usually ridiculous, but when it is directed at what its victims are not to blame for—at personal peculiarities, or, worse still, at defects, deformities, afflictions—then it is cowardly, cruel, contemptible. One gentleman realized slightly how it feels to be described by one's defects when he had his Chinese laundry claim-ticket translated for him. It read: "Little man, ears stick out, wart on nose." A favorite form of unkind ridicule is branding with derisive nicknames—Tow-Head, Brick-Top, Carrots, Marigold, Dandelion, All-ablaze, Fatty, Skinny, Limpy, Squinty. Dear and sacred, even when odd, are pet names of the family circle, part of the freemasonry of the home, often as tender as a caress. But disrespectful nicknames, which sometimes stick lifelong, are a mean and hateful injury. In Philadelphia was a

lame boy commonly called "Cripple Willard." He bore this brand in helpless patience along with his affliction, and took his handsome revenge on a heartless public by devoting his life largely to the relief of the class of sufferers to which he belonged. "Cripple Willard" became the famous surgeon, Dr. De Forest Willard, and relieved the misery of thousands by rectifying their deformities and maladjustments. How far nobler he was than were they who branded his deformity with his nickname!

Go back now to little Gold-i-locks and one of childhood's tiny tragedies staged on the front steps of that Philadelphia home, an incident too minute for mention, a light affliction which was but for a moment, yet far from trivial if repeated endlessly. A wasp's sting is almost invisibly small, but is a redhot bayonet to the one who feels it, and to be stung by wasps year after year amounts to tragedy in the aggregate. Francis Thompson says, "If childhood's tragedies are small, so is the child, so are its strength, knowledge, self-control, fortitude." Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones nor their ills.

"Trivial"? Who says so? Not the children, who alone know, but callous grownups, born tough or with memories that do not remember. If the ills are so trivial, how happens it that some of even the most absurdly minute are so long remembered? One woman remembers how a young barbarian's rude push and tone of contempt broke her child-heart. Two boys had caught a weasel. The tender-hearted little girl pleaded, "Oh, don't kill it, 'cause it might have some relations somewhere." "Get out, you're only a girl," said the rough boy, shoving her aside. She threw herself down in the grass and made believe to the rooks in the trees above that she was not crying. But even the dog seemed to be laughing at her, and the scream of the gulls circling above the rocks was derision; they were screaming at the poor little mite, "Get out, you're only a girl." Whitcomb Riley should have been there to croon his verses:

> "There, little girl, don't cry.
> They have broken your heart, I know;
> But childish troubles will soon pass by.
> There, little girl, don't cry."

Another woman, whose sobriquet in childhood was "Saucer-Eyes," recalls a different anguish. She was born on Saint Patrick's Day, and for several years was allowed to think that the

parade which went past, wearing the green, on the seventeenth of March, was in her honor, and she danced with delight. When someone undeceived the child, and told her it was not her procession at all, but for an estimable Irish gentleman long deceased, she was broken-hearted; all the dance went out of her little feet and her joy became as dust and ashes. She buried her face in her big doll's lap and cried and cried and cried. The woman, now past fifty, clings to that doll still as the sole companion of her childish troubles. Hear her: "At the present time, here in my home, there is seated in an arm-chair a venerable doll. She is a hideous specimen of the beautiful doll of the early fifties. She sits with her soles well turned up,facing you, her arms hanging from her shoulders in that idiotically helpless 'I-give-it-up' fashion peculiar to dolls. With bulging scarlet cheeks, buttonhole mouth, and flat, blue staring eyes she faces Time and unwinkingly looks him down. To anyone else she is stupidity personified, but to me she speaks, for she came to me on my fourth Christmas, and she is as gifted as she is ugly. Only last birthday—as I straightened out her old, old dress skirt—she asked me if I remembered how I cried, with my face in her lap, over that first loss of an illusion—and I told her quite truly that I remembered well!"

We smile at such infinitesimal grief, but some child-souls have deeper ills. Olive Schreiner wrote that the barb in the arrow of her childhood's suffering was this: her feeling of lostness in a mysterious world, neither understanding nor being understood. This sense of isolation, the all-aloneness of the individual soul, was intolerable to the child too young to reason about it, too inexperienced to have made her peace with it. Nietzsche, who had not one single happy reminiscence of his childhood or youth, wrote: "At the absurdly tender age of seven I already knew that no human speech would ever reach me. My real self was essentially aloof, inaccessible, and incommunicable." Coleridge's earliest experience of real mental agony happened in his sixth year, about the time he first became conscious of the separateness of his own existence. At this point we catch sight of that adjacent awe-inspiring and momentous fact which filled Coleridge, as well as Kent, with wonder, and which is the most significant and august of human capacities—the fact that a man can be at once subject and object to himself and yet be only one: observing himself as if from without, sitting on the outer rim of his own nature,

gazing far down into its secret depths and cataloguing its contents, as Henry W. Warren and his friend saw the Arab boys in the great square at Alexandria sitting on the stone curbing of the big pool, looking into its depths and dipping feet and hands in its water. Whoever ponders that mightily impressive human capacity an hour, a day, a year, part of the time on his knees, will thenceforth stand in awe of his own manifold nature and of the personal God who made him a person also, and will marvel more and more at the rich and reeking human personality with its amazing contents and capacities. Not only does the individual realize with Coleridge and Nietzsche his separateness from others, but he has the strange ability to separate himself from himself, even to sit in judgment on his own case, acting as judge and jury and prisoner at the bar at one and the same time. A fact portentously significant of something great.

From this digression we return to our theme, the sensitiveness of the child-nature. This sensitiveness is seldom realized by grown-ups. A specialist in nervous diseases says life would be intolerable if the sometimes tragical sensitiveness of the child-conscience continued into mature years. Dr. South remembered early paroxysms of remorse and despair, and John Kelman speaks of "the terrible conscience of childhood." Few things are so fine in child or adult as conscientiousness, manifest in truthful speech and gentle, considerate, unselfish behavior. For one such child these traits won the private pet-name of "Little Gold Girl" from her big minister. The unrealized sensitiveness of early years is tragically set forth in Herman Hagedorn's "Heart of Youth," when the Duke, who unwittingly had deeply grieved his child and now sees her dying, says:

> "I did not know that children of her age
> Could feel so deeply. When they laugh, they laugh
> So like the sunlight, so like running water.
> I did not know that when they wept their woe
> Could tap the same cold, deep, eternal springs
> That feed our older grief.
> I grope in darkness. Youth bewilders me."

One experienced observer says, "What a child most needs is justice. It gets affection, gets petting, gets correction, perhaps. What it gets least of is justice, through not being understood."

Only the thoughtless and inconsiderate call the trials of childhood and youth trivial. If ridicule is a trivial infliction,

how is it that it is so hard to bear? Mrs. Browning wrote of times when "being criticized is just being tortured." But ridicule is far more humiliating and intolerable than criticism. No human being enjoys it and even monkeys are visibly annoyed by it. To be made fun of is worse than being pummeled. Many a boy will flinch under ridicule who would stand up stoically against blows. Blows can be returned, while ridicule is hard to answer, especially if it twits on facts. General Howard's fellow cadets at West Point dubbed him "Pious Oliver" and jeered at him because he taught in Sunday school and went regularly to religious meetings. Long afterward, when he wore a major-general's epaulets and carried an empty sleeve, he said that it took more courage to stand up against the ridicule of those young West Point scoffers than it took to face bullets and cannon balls at Fair Oaks in the battle where he lost his right arm. Nevertheless young Howard gripped his mother's Bible and taught the boys of his Bible class and so became the noted Christian general on the Union side as Stonewall Jackson was on the Confederate side. Woodrow Wilson wincing under a heavy fire of criticism said, "It is just as hard to do your duty when men are sneering at you as when they are shooting at you."

It is sometimes unendurable. Dickens wrote in Hard Times, concerning one young victim of ridicule: "He was goosed [hissed] last night, he was goosed the night before that, he was goosed to-day. He has lately got in the way of being goosed; and he can't stand it." A New York boy was driven out of school by it. He was gaunt and ungainly, six feet high though only thirteen years old, besides being red-headed. And he was so much a butt of derision among boys of his own age in his classes that he quit school rather than endure it. A boy of seventeen was before a city magistrate for robbing a ticket office on the elevated. This was his story to the judge: "As you see, I am cross-eyed, knock-kneed, and my feet are deformed. Wherever I got work I was ridiculed by my fellow workmen, till I could not stand it and had to leave. Out of work I was hungry and had to have bread, so I stole. That's all there is to it."

If ridicule is trivial why does it rouse such rage, sometimes even in gentle bosoms? Frances E. Willard said that when a child she used to clinch her little fists and strike in fierce resentment on being jeered at as red-headed. Richard Mansfield, actor,

said that in his youth his nature was embittered by petty persecutions, and more than once he felt the world so antagonistic that, if he could have overthrown the pillars of the universe, he would have done it. One of the Weddahs of Ceylon shot an arrow into a man who was poking fun at him. How an English detective felt under supposed ridicule is seen in a curious incident in the lives of Wordsworth and Coleridge. Wordsworth rented a small park and house near the village of Holford, where he was a stranger, not far from where Coleridge was living. The two friends were much together on the roads and paths, always absorbed in close conversation. As is the disposition of some rural communities toward strangers, the natives were suspicious of the two mysterious men, and rumors about them reached the absentee-owner of the house Coleridge was occupying. The proprietor employed a detective, whose nose was conspicuous for length and breadth, to dog their footsteps and find out what nefarious mischief they might be up to. One day when the disguised constable was close on their heels they were discussing Spinoza. One of them chanced to glance back at him and went on with "Spinoza, Spinoza." As the detective's ear caught only the last two syllables of the name, he muttered angrily to himself, "Call me Nosey, do they? I'll fix 'em." And he sent such an unfavorable report to the owner of the place that Coleridge soon received notice to vacate the premises at once. Byron's bitter cynicism was chiefly caused by ridicule directed at his physical defects. Whether his hair was carroty red, as described by some, or dark auburn, as in Lawrence's portrait, has been long disputed in English papers. As to his worst affliction Macaulay wrote, "He had a head which statuaries loved to copy, but a club-foot which beggars on the street mocked." Rude boys limped along behind him. For a time Byron was charmed by the youthful beauty of Jane Clermont, as was also Shelley. But when the proud cripple caught her imitating his lameness his resentment was fierce against her, and he grew more cynical toward mankind in general. As Chesterton says, Byron "went on year after year calling down fire upon mankind, summoning the deluge and the destructive evils and all the energies of nature to sweep away the cities of the spawn of man."

If ridicule is so trivial, why does it provoke such varied retributive reactions? A lady overheard her neighbor making

remarks most uncomplimentary about her. The next day she went to the bank in which he was a teller and asked to have a check cashed. The teller said with austere official dignity, "But I don't know you, madam." "O yes, you do," she replied, with her sweetest smile. "I'm the 'red-headed virago' that lives next door to you." The teller did not smile, but cashed that check without another word or look, and thereafter was as cautious about slurring his neighbors as he was about cashing checks. An auburn-haired mother looking out of her front windows saw her young hopeful pounding another boy with his fists. When he came into the house she asked him why he did that. "He made fun of your hair and I gave him a good licking," explained that dutiful son. The only domestic discipline administered in that house that day was a few extra kisses.

A soldier was driving a U. S. Commissary motor car in Brooklyn. Some young street rowdies hooted at him, yelled "Redhead," and threw stones, one of which hit him. Just to frighten them he fired his revolver into the air. One of the shots accidentally killed one of the young imps. The soldier was arrested, but immediately discharged, his acquittal being intended as a warning to hoodlums not to jeer at men in khaki, and a sorely needed lesson to the impudent young toughs that infest city streets.

Several things are inevitable for the auburn.

1. They are sure to be made acutely conscious of their peculiarity. No child born with red hair is allowed to grow up without having that fact burned into his consciousness for life. Even such a man as Bishop Gilbert Haven betrayed this self-consciousness. In the General Conference of 1872 Dr. E. J. Gray, of Williamsport Seminary, met Haven in the vestibule when the election of bishops was going on. "Well, Haven, what's the prospect?" "Good, I'm told; the colored people are going to hold a meeting to-night to pray for my election, and they say I'll be elected to-morrow; and then," added Haven, taking hold of Gray's auburn locks, "there'll be one red-headed bishop on the Board." Five years later, one June Sunday morning, Bishop Haven and Mr. Charles Scott, whose guest the bishop was, and whose hair also was slightly inflamed, attended Fletcher Church, Philadelphia. After service, when those two and a third stood talking together, one of the officials of the church, looking and listening

near, broke in with, "Three men so nearly of one complexion are seldom seen together." "Yes," flashed Haven, "Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, all three in the fire together."

2. They are naturally likely to have a fellow-feeling with the Negro as victims of color-prejudice; whether aimed against skin or hair makes little difference to the victims. They share with the colored people what Brother Jasper, the famous preacher, called "the wear and tear of being laughed at." In slavery days nearly all the auburns were abolitionists—Gilbert Haven emphatically so.

3. They are likely to be acutely color-sensitive. From this they derive some compensating pleasure. None others have more rapturous delight in all the multicolored splendor spread over earth and sky by the Divine Colorist who "makes the morning the herald of his glory and lifts along the glowing west the standards of the sunset." To one such this color-sensitiveness once gave an unforgettable moment of ecstasy in a vision of delicate beauty—a child with hair of crocus-gold and eyes of robin's-egg blue and checks like pale-pink rose petals. That day needed no vision of angels to make it heavenly. As between actual child and possible angels, the man was in a mood to sympathize with Emily Dickinson's naïve words, "Heaven is said to be more beautiful than earth, but I guess if the Lord had been here last June and seen what I saw he would have thought his heaven superfluous."

4. Finding themselves a perpetual subject of comment, they cannot help noting with interest what is said of them. They find one disconsolate poetaster dropping this tear in his favorite paper:

> "Where are the crimson pates of old?
> The polls that gleamed with scarlet flame?
> No more those waves of fire are rolled,
> The world is dull and dark and cold,
> And life is pale and drab and tame."

They find a dignified New York daily lamenting editorially the diminution of "the blondes, the flaxen-haired, the golden yellow, and the auburns, all fast merging into plain common brown, a lusterless, mud-colored brown, as dull as the plumage of the English sparrow." But the solemn editorial ends its jeremiad with the reflection that mostly it is

the male auburns that are vanishing, and that "Yet there is cheer; here and there the glorious red-haired girl still holds the fort, one brilliant spot of beauty in the wide, somber monotony." They find themselves a subject of study to scientists and the universities. A dark-haired Harvard professor, addressing the National Scientific Association, discusses the gradual decrease in the number of all kinds of blondes visibly proceeding now and predicts the ultimate extinction of the auburns along with the rest of the blondes. This brunette professor consoles us light-haired folk by saying that the culmination of our doom is somewhat remote. At the present rate of decrease it will take six hundred years to extinguish us entirely; so we of the present generation need not worry. All the same it is sad to think what a somber picture the human race will present when what Burke called "those sad and fuscous colors, black and brown," wholly possess the earth. It will be like taking the bright, bloomy, luxuriant, colorful months from May to October out of the calendar and leaving only the lusterless landscape of dun-brown November, the verdureless, colorless winter, and the black mud of March. Then the canal-boatmen in the red planet Mars, looking through their opera-glasses, will wireless across to learn why the planet Earth has put on mourning; and the answer will be, "In mourning over the total disappearance of the Xanthochroi."

The auburns are further consoled by an art lecturer in Columbia University, from whom they learn that meanwhile, pending their extinction, their lot is not so hard, nor they themselves so hideous, as might be, for the reason that Nature kindly refrains from carrying Schrechlichkeit to the uttermost against them. The lecturer says, "Nature never gives intense crimson cheeks and carmine lips to one who has brick-red hair." That would be a frightful clash of colors. This consolation because of Nature's forbearance resembles what the Southern woman had when she said God was too merciful to let any place be afflicted at one and the same time with Beast Butler and the yellow fever; so a merciful Heaven abolished the fever as soon as General Butler arrived. The Columbia lecturer implies that we could not have forgiven Nature if she had perpetrated such shocking incongruity as crimson cheeks with brick-red hair. To have Dame Nature indicted for chromatic ineptitude would be a cosmic scandal. It is a great comfort to have Nature's good

taste-certified by a university lecturer. It strengthens faith in the good taste of Nature's Author. Nature seems to be doing fairly well with her coloring, considering that she never attended art lectures at Columbia.

5. Redheads are not without occasional moments of secret satisfaction. The Titian-tinted girl reads with a smile that a leading business house in Chicago applied to the Collegiate Bureau of Occupations for "a stenographer with red hair and blue eyes," because, said the firm, "such girls are the quickest and most accurate in up-take and get-away": and the comment of a New York daily that "such girls are usually very good-looking, with peculiarly white skins and a charm singular among types of beauty." She reads with amusement how an exasperated Oxford undergraduate, filling out the examination papers as best he could, glanced across the room at his competitor and wrote spitefully at the bottom of his paper:

> "I've read for two years with a crammer,
> But all I can get is a gamma;
> While that girl over there
> With the flaming red hair
> Gets an alpha-plus easy,
> Plague take her."

She smiles again when she reads the letter which Bess at home wrote to Jack in the trenches in France: "The fellow who has your place, pro tem., in the office is a red-headed girl with freckles big enough to invite target practice. She's true blue, though, and patriotic enough to set us all a pace." Well, we'll warrant she's white of soul. So there she is, flying the national colors, red, white, and blue! What more could be asked from Jack's substitute, except that she give him his old position "when Johnnie comes marching home"? The auburn-haired boy reads with satisfaction how, in a spelling match with picked scholars from all Brooklyn schools competing, hour after hour, a red-headed, freckled boy took first prize, spelling down all the rest. Many a bright-haired young fellow held a silent jubilee inside when he read how red-headed Sergeant York, of Tennessee, in the fierce fighting in the Argonne Forest, filled one October day with glory by killing 28 Huns, capturing and holding as prisoners 132 Boches, and silencing 35 German machine-guns; all this amazing one-man feat, unparalleled in warfare, certified to by the ser-

geant's general, who calls him "the bravest of men." Bravest, yet so modest that he felt "plumb scared to death" at the fuss made over him in New York and Washington and the big ovation given by the Tennessee Society, and wanted to get out of the limelight and hurry home to see his girl and his folks. Sergeant York said he felt so much stronger spiritually after fighting the inhuman fiends of German militarism that he wanted to join the army of the church militant which is nearest the firing line to fight devils of every kind. Was this because of his hair or in spite of it?

THE ARENA

"THE SOUND OF A DRIVEN LEAF"

"THE sound of a driven leaf"—what an arresting phrase it is! It lies embedded in a terrible paragraph, in one of the last chapters of the book of Leviticus, in which are being described the fatal consequences to the people following upon their disobedience of the laws of God.

Lovers of poetry know that the theme of a poem is no more than a thread on which pearls are strung. The poet's object is not to recite a narrative. That could be better done in the straight-away fashion of prose. But for the display of the many-faced wonders and glories of thought there is nothing like poetry. Poetry can no more be read in a hurry than can an art gallery be visited in half an hour. Unless you have all day, better stay away from the gallery where the world's masterpieces are hung.

Very often the Bible makes this same impression. It isn't a simple book, bent on giving a little advice on how to be good. It is amazing and arresting in the bewildering wonderfulness of its complexity. It teases you with its elusiveness. It torments you with its mysteries. It awes you with its flashes of suggestion until you wonder if there be any limitations upon the possibilities of spirit and long to be off with the flesh, and on with pure spirit, that you may try for yourself what lies in that far empyrean. Then next it startles you with beautiful things of earth you have never noticed until the attention is called to them by what you read in its pages. Really, the dryest portions of the Old Testament chapters are worth going carefully through for the striking figures of speech and amazingly beautiful expressions of thought that lie embedded in them.

Some day, when he has enforced vacation, one man means to go through those "dry-as-dust" genealogies and other like portions of the

Old Testament and make an anthology of passages found in them which give a surprising or strikingly beautiful turn of thought. They lie there like nuggets of gold or precious stones caught in the drift and the wash of the stream. Such a passage is this one, "the sound of a driven leaf." Have you ever heard it? That suggests autumn time, purple and scarlet and crimson and gold flaming from every hillside and street, flying clouds and hurrying winds and scurrying leaves.

When you stop to think of it you realize that there isn't any other sound like the sound of a driven leaf; that sound which is made by a leaf turned up on edge and driven along by the wind over other leaves that the wind is also hustling, but somehow cannot hurry. What a trifling, inconsequential thing a detached leaf, driven and buffeted by the wind, is, to have given to it a sound all its own, distinctive from all other sounds in the universe! And what a strange thing that in such a heavy, ponderous book as the Bible is supposed to be, given over entirely to the saving of a soul from death, a trifle like that should get noticed! So we are accustomed to think, because we can never appreciate that the saving of a soul is not a ponderous but a delicate business, not a simple but an immensely complex affair.

Our Puritan forefathers thought that this business of saving souls could be reduced to the simplicity of a plain meetinghouse, having uncarpeted floors, uncushioned pews, no musical instruments or stained glass; just a pulpit and a Bible, a preacher and a congregation. They sought to make the true church ideal only "a roof over a pulpit." But it would not work. That saved some souls while it lost others. It takes a cathedral to save some souls. It takes music to save others. Some souls can live and fare heartily on the coarse diet of austere thought; but there are other souls that waste and die if there be no beauty on which they may feed. There are written in the annals of church history no more tragical tales than the records of spiritual starvation suffered by some of the children of these Puritan fathers during those stern days when beauty was forbidden everywhere. Such an ideal could not last. In such a world as this it is impossible long to maintain the premise that beauty is badness. Possibly one might have larger success with that argument in a world as cold and barren as the moon is reputed to be, but I don't know; I suspect that even there he would find a grandeur and majesty that would defeat him ere he had reached the argument in rebuttal. God has made a beautiful world for beautiful souls to live beautiful lives in.

"The sound of a driven leaf"—do you not feel eager to, some time in the near eternities, catch up with and talk with the man who had the fineness to notice and write that down? There is no mistake about finding him in heaven. That is where his tastes have certainly taken him. A man like that is bound to be somewhere off in the universe listening to the sound of a setting sun, or the sound of a shining star, or the sound of a sunset washing the world with glory, or the sound of a growing soul, or the sound of the goings forth of the goodness of God. He has kept alive his sense of wonder. The religious quality of that art

is altogether too little appreciated in both pulpit and pew. Ye who say much about the necessity of becoming as a little child to enter the kingdom of heaven, know ye not that there is nothing more outstanding in all a child's characteristics than its sense of wonder? It is always looking into things with interest and delighted amazement. One of the surest symptoms of sin is loss of interest. If there is nothing left to delight and interest and amaze you, you are not on good terms with life, or yourself, or others, or God. When Adam had sinned he lost interest in the garden, lost interest in God. When for your soul "the sound of a driven leaf" has no voice, how shall you hear the still small voice of God?

MARK KELLEY.

Troy, N. Y.

A CATECHISM ON GREEK AND LATIN

WHO should study Greek and Latin?

That eminent man of letters, and of world-wide fame, Lord Bryce, in a pamphlet issued by the General Board of Education, says, in effect (p. 12), "More than one of our best minds, whose province is in letters and history, should be trained in the classics."

Why should certain boys and girls be encouraged to complete full courses in Greek and Latin?

For the great democratic and stimulating thoughts that permeate the great part of Greek and Roman literature. There is the same reason for studying authors of Greece and Rome that there is for earnest devotion to Shakespeare, Shelley, Browning, Tennyson, Burke, Webster, or many other modern writers. Literature to some is the very life.

Why should even this limited number be asked to learn the ancient language? Why not study translations instead of the originals?

Great leaders should get their food undiluted. Besides this, there is a splendid stimulus to thought, for some minds, in language study. A certain "arrest of thought," experienced in the intensive study of a foreign language, is a most effective means of acquiring a new idea.

Who oppose Greek and Latin studies?

One opponent is the once proud holder of Prussian power. In 1890 the Kaiser said: "Whoever has been through the Gymnasium knows where the trouble is. . . . We must take German as the foundation of the Gymnasium. We must educate national young Germans, and not Greeks and Romans. We must depart from the old basis, . . . in which Latin was the standard and a little Greek."

Who else oppose classical studies?

Some opponents are those who misunderstand the modern reconstructed classical program and its real purpose.

Who upholds Greek and Latin studies as good food for democracy?

Great Britain has for years maintained the classical system. Oxford is dropping required Greek, it is true, but it will be a long time, if ever, before she will deny to her coming leaders opportunity and encourage-

ment for the very studies which have inspired her great men for centuries. France now begs for a continuance of Greek and Latin. On September 15, 1915, the French Minister of Public Instruction said, "The classical culture should remain the object of ardent study, even if it were only for the reason that it has transmitted to French thought the greatest part of the great ideas for which we are now fighting."

Why should children whose aptitudes are not yet apparent be encouraged to study Latin?

Because children usually are interested in languages. Because by Latin children easily acquire a stronger hold on their Latin-English vocabulary. Because, by Latin stories, early learned, a strong moral influence may be exerted.

Why spend money on a few?

Because the few will greatly serve the many. No pains, no money, should be spared in training our leaders.

Are any of our greater schools pursuing an aggressive, constructive, positive policy in setting Greek and Latin in their proper place?

Many are so doing. Amherst College, at the request of her alumni, has done this. And Princeton University has recently taken active measures in this line, as is seen in the classical conference of June 2, 1917.

But why defend a great subject? Why not let Greek and Latin stand or fall on their merits?

Because the present generation is one that knows not Joseph. Because even good things, unknown to the many, depend for recommendation on those who know. Even cigarettes are advertised, and a generation, wise as serpents, insists on creating in China a taste for cigarettes. It is surely desirable to let the world know of a good thing, and to inspire the capable youth with an eager desire for what will be of profit to the world. Lord Bryce says: "It is by the best minds that nations win and retain leadership. No pains can be too great that are spent on developing such minds to their highest point of efficiency."

What is the outstanding feature of the modern classical program?

The up-to-date teacher of Greek and Latin stresses the ideas of the authors rather than the syntax. Witness a recent edition of a Roman classic claiming to be "in line with the forces governing educational reconstruction."

Where may we see the modern classicist's point of view clearly stated?

In a story by Van Dyke, entitled "A Classical Instance," in the Outlook of November 13, 1918. Also in a volume issued by the Princeton classical conference, in 1919, entitled The Value of the Classics.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

THE SAMARITAN PENTATEUCH

THAT the Samaritan people had their own codex of the Law of Moses, or the Pentateuch, was a fact well known to Jewish writers in the early days of our era. It is referred to several times in the rabbinical writings, as a rule, however, in a depreciatory and contemptuous manner. This is easily understood, for the relations between the Jews and the Samaritans were exceedingly unpleasant and continued to be so from the days of Sanballat till after the destruction of Jerusalem, under Titus. There are, too, frequent allusions to the Samaritan Pentateuch in Christian writings of the early church; in Origen, Cyril of Alexandria, Epiphanius, Eusebius, Procopius, Jerome, and others even down to George Syncellus c. 800 A. D.

After the Vulgate translation of the Holy Scriptures had been generally accepted by the church interest in biblical criticism declined. This Latin version was regarded as the nearest perfect of all Scriptures, even superior to the Hebrew and Greek versions, from which it had been made. The natural result was that Semitic studies became neglected. Thus little or no attention was given to the Hebrew text, much less to that possessed by the Samaritans. In short, this venerable document was all but forgotten, and disappeared completely for nearly one thousand years, during which dense darkness settled over the church.

Toward the close of the Dark Ages, and with the revival of learning, there appeared great interest in the study of the Book and Oriental affairs. There were, too, a few inquisitive spirits who devoted themselves to Samaria and the Samaritans. This may be partially accounted for by the fact that there were important colonies of Samaritans in several of the larger cities of Syria and Egypt who carefully separated themselves from the Jews, and worshiped Jehovah after the most orthodox style. This naturally attracted the attention of European scholars and travelers. Cæsar and Joseph Scaliger, father and son, in the latter part of the fifteenth century and the beginning of the next, became convinced that the Samaritans possessed literature of great value and general interest to students of the Bible. Joseph Scaliger succeeded in procuring a copy of the *Book of Joshua*—not the same as the sixth book of the Old Testament, but quite a different work. He did not, however, discover a copy of the Samaritan Pentateuch.

It was left to Pietro della Vallee, an Italian nobleman and traveler, to bring to light what the Scaligers and others had tried in vain to do for many years. It was in 1616 that he discovered the Samaritan Bible—we say Bible, for the Samaritans accept no other book of the Hebrew Scriptures except the Pentateuch. Strange to say, Pietro della Vallee did not find the manuscript at Nablus, the Neopolis of the Romans, nor Shechem of the Old Testament, the headquarters of the Samaritans, but

at Damascus, where there was then a flourishing Samaritan colony. Here he succeeded in purchasing two copies, as well as a copy of the Samaritan Targum, i. e., a translation into the Aramaic. He also secured other Samaritan literature of minor importance. He gave one copy to De Saucy, at that time French Ambassador at Constantinople.

De Saucy sent the manuscript to the Fathers of the Oratory in Paris, and it remained for some time in their library. Subsequently it was taken to Rome and became the property of the Vatican library, where it remains to this day. It was edited and published in 1645 in the Paris Polyglot. Twelve years later it appeared in Walton's London Polyglot, and as a separate text in 1790. This manuscript is dated 1514 A. D., and is not quite complete. Since that time other copies of earlier origin and more complete have been found.

As could be expected, the finding of the Samaritan Pentateuch produced a great stir in theological circles. No one was more interested than Archbishop Ussher. He succeeded in purchasing six copies. Five of them were placed in the Bodleian library at Oxford, the sixth, it seems, was lost. Other copies were soon secured and placed in various libraries or museums. So that when Dr. Kennicott began his great work, Vetus Testamentum Hebraïcum, he had sixteen manuscripts of the Samaritan Pentateuch. He regarded the Samaritan text as superior to the Masoretic, or that found in our Hebrew Bibles. This is clear from a second work by the learned critic, published in 1759, "Dissertation the Second, wherein the Samaritan copy of the Pentateuch is vindicated."

The appearance of the Samaritan Pentateuch in Europe gave a great impulse to the study of lower criticism. No less than $50,000 was subscribed to encourage and facilitate the study and comparison of texts and manuscripts of the Sacred Scriptures.

The discovery and study of the Samaritan text was the immediate cause of a bitter controversy between Protestant and Roman Catholic theologians over the relative importance of the Masoretic text and the Samaritan document. The Catholic championed the latter, and maintained that it was not only more ancient and reliable but in every way superior. The majority of Protestant biblical critics arrayed themselves on the other side, and pointed out several passages willfully changed by the Samaritans for factional purposes. The Protestants appealed to the genuineness of the Masoretic text and insisted that the Bible was the very Word of God. Both Catholic and Protestant divines had to admit the numerous variants and differences in the many ancient manuscripts. Starting from this point, Catholics, with some show of reason, insisted that where there were variants, individual interpretation was of little value, and that it was only the church as a whole assembled in council that was capable of deciding which of the many readings was the correct one in any given passage.

While the discussion was at its height, the King James Version, published a few years before, was becoming more and more popular, not only with scholars but also with the rank and file of laymen, wherever the English language was read and spoken. It seemed, too, that the

Protestants had become tired of the long and fruitless discussion, and so also the Catholics; each was satisfied with his side of the question without being able to convince the other. In 1815 Professor Wilhelm Gesenius, of Halle, a distinguished Hebraist, set to work to examine the Samaritan text in a cool, dispassionate way. He submitted the document to a scientific examination. The result of his study was published in a volume entitled, De Pentateuchi Samaritani Origine, etc. He proved to his own satisfaction and to those on the same side of the question that the variants and differences were of little importance, and that the Masoretic text was superior to the Samaritan. Since the publication of Gesenius's work, no great, or at least no general, attention has been paid to the matter. Scholars in general agree that the agreements in the two texts far outweigh the variants and differences, and how could it be otherwise?—for both proceed from the same fountain head.

The Samaritan Pentateuch is written in pure Hebrew, and, except in few passages, varies but little in the essentials from the Masoretic text or the text from which the majority of modern versions have been made. To be sure, there are thousands of places where the two documents vary. The first difference is the script. While the Hebrew Bible is printed in the square character, supposed to have been adopted by the Hebrews soon after the return from Babylon, or in the days of Ezra, the Samaritan Pentateuch is in a more ancient script, having some resemblance to the letters found in early Hebrew and middle Phœnician inscriptions. To this day the Samaritans cling to their script with utmost reverence. Indeed, they write not only Hebrew but Aramaic, and even Arabic in this script. Even the Jews concede its antiquity. The following from the Talmud (Sanhedrin 21b) is to the point, and is often quoted: "The law was first given to Israel in ibhri letters and in the holy language, and again by Ezra in the *ashurith* (square character) and the Aramaic language. They left to the *hedhyototh* (uncultured) the ibhri character and the Aramaic language." According to Rabbi Hashda, the Cutheans, that is, Samaritans, are the hedhyototh. What is said of the Aramaic language above is not true, for the original Samaritan Pentateuch is in no sense Aramaic but, rather, a transliteration from the Hebrew. Though the script differs, the language is Hebrew. This can be easily illustrated: those familiar with the German language are aware that the same German book may be printed in either German or Roman letters, or in both. The same applies to the written language. It is a common experience for those who can read German readily when written in Roman script to be greatly puzzled when they attempt to read a letter in German script.

The Samaritan and the Masoretic text are essentially the same as far as doctrine or religious questions are concerned—except in a few passages which will be noticed later. The differences, though numerous, are of little importance. Many of them are orthographic or grammatical. The so-called opacopated future, so common in Hebrew, is rarely found in the Samaritan text. The same is true of shorter forms of nouns and ad-

jectives. In other words, the Samaritan scribes show a decided preference for the *scriptio plena*, or the employment of vowel letters. Indeed, there are no vowel points in the Samaritan text. The same is true of accents and other diacritical points. There is also a noticeable absence of gutturals. There is also a notable difference in the use of the *begadh kephath*, or the aspirated letters. The geographical names are often quite different. Perath of the Masoretic text, rendered Euphrates in our English versions, is Shalmah in the Samaritan text; Gerar is Askelun, Mizraim is Nefik, and Asshur is Astun. The middle verse of the Pentateuch in the Masoretic text is Lev. 8. 8, but in the Samaritan it is Lev. 1. 15. Another striking difference is in the numbers used in regard to the antediluvians in the fifth chapter of Genesis. According to the Samaritan, a father begets a son a hundred years earlier than according to the numbers given in the Masoretic text. Let us illustrate by the case of Jared (Gen. 5. 18). The Masoretic text reads: "and Jared lived an hundred and sixty and two years, and begat Enoch. . . . and all the years of Jared were nine hundred sixty and two years." According to the Samaritan Jared was only *sixty-two* years when he begat Enoch. And so of the others, the Samaritan deducts one hundred years in most cases. According to the Masoretic text the Hebrews dwelt in *Egypt* four hundred and thirty years. The Samaritan, however, reads: "And their fathers, who dwelt in the Land of Canaan and in the Land of Egypt four hundred and thirty years" (Exod. 12. 40).

Many of the variants in the two texts may have arisen from the carelessness of copyists. If the copying was made from dictation, there would be a twofold chance for errors, for the ear of the copyist no less than the enunciation of the one dictating might have been at fault. Then there was always the possibility of mistaking two sounds or of confounding two letters which closely resembled each other. Just as in English, n is often confounded with u, r with v, m with in, etc.

Another class of variants is easily explained: When we consider that the Samaritans observe the Sabbath with much greater vigor than the Hebrews, we are not surprised to find *sixth* substituted for *seventh* in Gen. 2. 2. In the Hebrew we read that God finished his work on the seventh day. The Samaritan could not think of God working on the seventh day, so he changes the numeral into sixth. In the Masoretic text a number of expressions border on the coarse or vulgar; these are generally avoided in the Samaritan text by the employment of a more euphemistic term. It would be easy to give examples of such variants, but let a mere mention suffice. The Samaritan Pentateuch is much more free from anthropomospissus than the Masoretic text; thus we often find the word *Elohim* changed to *Malak*, that is, "angel" instead of "God." Such changes may be accounted for on purely logical reasons, or as matters of taste without any desire for falsification.

There are, however, a number of places where one of the two texts has been deliberately changed. As the changes we have in mind always favor Samaritan teachings and creed, presumption favors the conclusion that they were deliberately made by the Samaritans. The most glaring

case of this kind is the substitution of Gerizim for Ebal in Deut. 27. 4 and elsewhere. There is an addition inserted after the Decalogue, both in Exod. 20 and Deut. 5, to the effect that the Hebrews should set up great stones, plastered with plaster on which should be inscribed the words of the Law in Mount Gizim (Gerizim). This mount is further described as being "on the other side of the Jordan, by the way where the sun goeth down. . . . in the Arabah, over against Gilgal, beside the Oak of Moreh, beside Shechem." The addition is evidently taken from Deut. 10. 30 and 27. 2ff. Another notable change is in Gen. 22. 2, where the Masoretic text reads that Abram was commanded to take his son Isaac to the Land of Moriah and there offer him up. The Samaritan text has Moreh instead of Moriah. Moreh, as we have seen, was in the vicinity of Shechem. The sanctity of Gerizim must be maintained at all hazards. The more great things which happened on Gerizim the holier it became to the Samaritans. To them it was the Blessed Mountain, the Eternal Hill, Beth-el, the house of God, Shekina, the Tabernacle of the Angels, or, as Professor Montgomery says, "Like Jerusalem for the ancient Jew, and Mecca for the Muslim, Gerizim is the Kibla of the Samaritan, the place toward which he prays."

Now, as Gerizim is the holiest place on earth to the Samaritan, it is no wonder that they still regard it with superstitious awe and reverence. At the base of this hill at Nablus, or ancient Shechem, is the headquarters of this most ancient but diminishing sect. Here is the synagogue in which is kept the venerable scroll on which is written the Samaritan Pentateuch. This most precious of documents is guarded with greatest care. It is shown only once a year, on the Day of Atonement, to the Samaritan people. Though some Christians claim that they have seen and examined this ancient scroll—possibly the oldest Hebrew copy of the Law in existence—it is, nevertheless, a question whether it has ever been shown to any non-Samaritan. Be that as it may, it is well known that the Samaritan priests have repeatedly pretended to show the ancient manuscript to travelers when, as a matter of fact, another one was substituted.

The age of the scroll is a matter on which no one, not even the Samaritans themselves, can speak with any degree of authority, though their high priest has no hesitation in claiming for it the highest antiquity. According to a tarikh (a note) between the columns of Deut. 5. 6ff., it was written by a great-grandson of Aaron. The note reads: "I, Abishua, son of Phinehas, son of Eleazer, son of Aaron—may YHWH'S glory and favor be theirs—have written this holy book at the door of the Tabernacle on Mount Gerizim in the thirteenth year after that the Israelites ruled the Land of Canaan."

There is not a particle of evidence that the Samaritan script in which the scroll is written was used at so early a date. On the other hand, there is much in favor of the view that documents written in the time of Moses and Joshua were in cuneiform. Thus, it is very probable that the Hebrews of that period, like other Semites, would employ this style of writing in all their records. The above-mentioned claim of the

Samaritans must be regarded as preposterous. There are some critics who think it possible that this most ancient copy of the Law of Moses, preserved at the synagogue in Shechem, may have been written before the beginning of the tenth century of the Christian era, while others, like Cowley, one of the foremost authorities on Semitic manuscripts, maintain that it could not have been written before the twelfth or even fourteenth century. But let it be repeated that with our present data no one can speak with any degree of certainty regarding the date of the venerable manuscript.

Dismissing the age of the scroll as one which cannot be settled, there remains another question, namely: When did the Samaritan people obtain their copy of the Law of Moses?

There are several views on the subject, but no general agreement, or nothing like a consensus of opinion. There are those who believe that the Pentateuch is in the main from the time of Moses and that at the time of the separation of Israel from Judah it existed, in the main, as we have it at present. If this be true there cannot be any great objection to the belief that Samaria, or the Northern Kingdom, possessed copies of the Law in the days of its first king, for, even if Jeroboam did not observe the Law as vigorously as did David or Samuel, it is not probable that he discarded the Law of Moses altogether, or even ceased to worship Jehovah in some manner. Whether Elijah, Elisha, Hosea, and others belonged to the kingdom of Israel or not, it is certain that the scenes of their activities were mainly in the north, and that they were true followers of Jehovah. If, therefore, Judah possessed the Pentateuch in the days of these prophets, there can be no good reason for supposing that Israel did not.

Others maintain that the Law of Moses was brought to Samaria by the priest or priests sent to Samaria by Esarhaddon to instruct the colonists deported to replace the Hebrews taken to Assyria in 722 B. C. If this be true, the natural conclusion is that Israel had the Law before the destruction of Samaria; otherwise, where did the priest obtain a copy? If, however, the Samaritans had the Law before the Captivity, there is no reason for believing that every copy of it had disappeared with the captives, for, after all, only a portion of the people were deported to Assyria.

There is a third view, and this is probably the most prevalent among the advanced biblical critics of our day—though by no means the most probable—who place the final revision of the Pentateuch in the time of Ezra. According to them, the Law of Moses was taken to Samaria by Manasseh, the renegade priest and son-in-law of Sanballat, governor of Samaria. This Manasseh was a brother of Jaddua, the last high priest mentioned in the Old Testament, and who, according to Josephus, lived in the days of Alexander the Great c. 332 B. C. Most critics think that Josephus made a mistake of one hundred years and that Manasseh was a contemporary of Nehemiah.

Now, if the Samaritans did not get the Law till that late date, the

question suggests itself, why did not Manasseh take the Hexateuch? Why omit the Book of Joshua, which recounted the feats of this great conqueror of Canaan, and who lived in Samaritan territory? Or why did he not take other sacred books? for certainly there must have been many other books in his days, such as psalms, prophecies, etc.

Another view, scarcely worth the mention, is that the Samaritans' Pentateuch is a translation from the Septuagint version. This is based upon the fact that there are many passages in it which agree with the Septuagint more closely than with the Masoretic text. But the disagreements fully balance the passages which agree with the Septuagint.

BOOK NOTICES

The Productive Beliefs. By Lynn Harold Hough, D.D. 12mo, pp. 223. New York: The Abingdon Press. Price, $1.25 net.

We are beset on all hands by reformers, but many of their panaceas only skim the surface of life's urgent demands because they have not got down to solid foundation principles and truths. We must first give attention to the profound needs of the inner life and see how they could be met before considering questions of social adjustment and advance. When so many are generalizing about the failure of Christianity it is well to be reminded that what has really failed is not Christianity but the inadequate interpretations and half-hearted applications of it. We must, therefore, seek a larger conception of Christianity that is able to clarify the confusion of thought and give an assuring word to the querulous questionings of our restlessness. In this volume of Cole Lectures delivered before Vanderbilt University, Dr. Hough suggests some of the ways in which it might be done. The author's style is passionate and animated, as in his other writings, while his argument moves forward with a firm hold on the verities. It is a contribution by a preacher who sees vividly and thinks concretely and utters an affirmation in the sense of Browning's lines:

> "I absolutely and peremptorily
> Believe! I say, faith is my waking life."

Productive beliefs are those which master life, bringing conviction, developing character, and regulating conduct. One of these beliefs is discussed in the lecture on "The Adventurous God." It expounds the character of God as one who takes "infinite risks in the name of a moral and spiritual response for which he hopes and in which he deeply believes. For man is capable of turning the nearness of the immanent God into something infinitely more wonderful than the constant power which supports his life. He can rise from the nearness of physical dependence into the nearness of moral and spiritual fellowship." The fact of sin is searchingly diagnosed in the lecture on

"The Invading Evil." Far more urgent than questions of heredity and environment is that of "personal sin," to be clearly distinguished from "the racial entanglement of evil" and with due regard to all ethical implications. Since it is "possible for a man to form a center of creative evil in his own life," it follows that "the will bent to deliberate wrong represents the real and central problem of the world." The right surrender of the will has been invariably achieved in response to the appeal of Jesus Christ who is finely described as "The Imperial Personality." This is the subject of a stimulating lecture setting forth with eloquent persuasiveness what Christ has done all through the centuries in circumstances of the direst calamity and necessity. He is still at work, and not even the revolutionary upheaval which has spread throughout the modern world can baffle his skillful ability toward its removal. "From the early days of persecution onward men were steadied and strengthened for the hardest times of testing and for the most difficult and even terrible experiences by the thought that Christ himself was with them. Sometimes the belief burned more brightly than at other times. And in some ages it was in clearer consciousness than in others. But on the whole it may be said that the church was made brave and unflinching and confident and really dauntless by the belief that Christ was with it. And the individual Christian was lifted into a new quality of life because he believed that Christ himself was with him in his hour of trial." So also to-day, it is only as we give him "the opportunity of functioning in our lives" that we can realize the efficacy of his grace. "Then description will be changed to experience. And thought will be changed to action. And speculation will be changed to appropriation." Another lecture is on "The Vital Meaning of the Cross." It is none other than "a revelation of the courage of God," which was made clear "by his coming into human life, under the fierce fire of temptation and hardship and suffering which beats upon humanity, and then letting life do the very worst it can to him." While God expressed himself in various ways, the perfect expression was given in the cross which exhibited "the total ethical and spiritual life of God in action." "All the rich and potent passion of that perfect life at last gets itself expressed in matchless fullness in the very field of concrete and actual experience. This is no matter of brilliant and far-flung ideas. It is no matter of ecstatic vision. It is as definite and concrete and real as experience can ever be. It is God on the field of history. It is all of God on the field of history. The white flaming fire of his righteousness plays with high ethical splendor about that deed of lonely suffering. The winsome, tender, beautiful outreach of his love glows like a golden daybreak even in the hour of darkness. And more than this. A thousand rich and potent aspects of the relation of God to man and man's defiling evil, and man's struggle and man's hope are lifted from the realm of noble thought, and become a passion of intense action in the cross. The infinite personality has found a deed which expresses the very essence of his whole relation to man and sin. The necessity of personality to get its deepest meaning into action has been satisfied." The truth of the divine immanence is well brought out

in the lecture on "The Infinite Nearness of God." Christianity is the absolute religion because its message is "so profoundly related to the very structure of humanity that when it is accepted and followed the problem of human life is solved"; because it is "the one religion which gives us a God who by virtue of his very character and power is able to relate himself, and does relate himself, to every human life in all the world"; because "the great and fully articulated and amply expressed relationships of God to men and of men with each other only become possible under the terms of the spread of historic Christianity in the world." The closing lecture, on "The Social Life of God," is in part an exposition of the doctrine of the Trinity in the light of world affairs and in view of human aspirations and needs. "Only a God who can speak from experience can speak to experience. A distant and beatific being who at no point of nature or of life touches anything which in any fashion parallels the burning intensity of our experience of life can never speak the mastering word to us. On the other hand, a God whose own life is rich in social meaning, a God whose nature is perfect love and white and flaming righteousness, a God whose experience is full of audacious and daring adventure, a God who presses close to every life in his immanent activity, and came under the full burden of life in an actual human experience in the incarnation, a God who went the whole terrible suffering length of Calvary that men might be rescued and a new life be made possible for the world, such a God speaks to us in a language we can understand and in a voice which masters our very hearts. We can pray to such a God, for he knows our language and he knows our life. We can give ourselves to such a God, for he calls to us from his own way of daring adventure and he speaks to us from his own hill of pain. He finds us in the midst of our struggles. He bends to meet us and feels the weight of our sins. He is one with us in order that we may be one with him. Every word that he speaks comes to us dripping with vitality. Through contact with such a Deity religion becomes the most resilient and vital thing in all the world." Every preacher will find this a most quickening volume. Its brilliant and versatile author is just undertaking a new task of the greatest responsibility. We are confident that under his leadership Northwestern University will serve the church and the kingdom of God with increased vigor, with enhanced enlightenment, and with large usefulness.

Dr. Elsie Inglis. By Lady Frances Balfour. 12mo, pp. x+264. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, $1.50 net.

The wonderful work done by women during the war has been vividly chronicled and interpreted in such volumes as Women Wanted, by Mrs. Daggett; Women of the War, by Mrs. McLaren; The Flaming Sword in Serbia and Elsewhere, by Mrs. St. Clair Stobart; The Lady of the Black Horse; My Little Bit, by Marie Corelli. "Who will, who *can*, ever justly

estimate the saving work of women in this terrific holocaust of nations?—this mad hurtling of man against brother-man without thought for the consequences of such wholesale murder! To woman, in her mother-love and mercy, friend and foe are alike indifferent; all that her pitying eyes see are the gaping wounds, the flowing blood, the torn and disfigured limbs —her province is to save, heal, and comfort if she can." These sentences are from an essay on Triumph and Womanhood, written for the Scottish Women's Hospital Units by Miss Corelli, and reprinted in her stimulating and at times defiant volume. We quote it because of its relation to the noble woman who founded and guided their activities in France, Belgium, Serbia, Corsica, Roumania, Salonika, and Russia. Dr. Inglis was truly an adventurous soul with the spirit of martyrs and saints. She was "one of the finest types of woman produced by the ideals and inspiring purposes of the generation to which she belonged." Her great-grandfather had emigrated to Carolina in 1780 and fell in a duel. Her grandfather had engaged in "wild Mahratta battle," but returned from India to end his days at home. Her father was in the Indian Civil Service and had a hand in suppressing the mutiny. She came of fighting stock and her career is highly creditable in the highest sense. The part which Elsie Inglis played in the struggle for freedom is eloquently described in this volume by Lady Balfour. When her father, the late Chief Commissioner of Oude, passed away, she wrote to her brother Ernest in India concerning this valiant soul: "It was a splendid life he led; his old Indian friends write now and say how 'the name of John Inglis always represented everything that was upright and straightforward and high-principled in the character of a Christian gentleman.' He always said that he did not believe that death was the stopping place, but that one would go on growing and learning through all eternity. God bless him in his onward journey. I simply cannot imagine life without him. He never thought of himself at all. Even when he was very ill at the end he always looked up when one went in, and said, 'Well, my darling'; I am glad I knew about nursing, for we did not need to have any stranger about him. He would have hated that." When the war broke out she offered her rare services in the spirit of patriotism and humanitarianism; but a departmental chief replied: "My good woman, go home and sit still." What might have happened if this cynical advice was taken it is hardly necessary to consider. But she could not be so easily turned down, and her heroic reply was given when she organized the Scottish Women's Hospital Units, which, with other British units, including the Red Cross, labored with such sympathy and sacrifice. The same self-command which she showed at the operations in the hospitals at home she exhibited amid scenes of excruciating torture and terrific distress in Serbia and Russia. The graphic letters written from the front give the reader an idea of the ravages of typhus, the distress of starvation, and other devastations too numerous to mention. The marvel is that Dr. Inglis and her associates were able to endure the strain and continue to minister to the needs of the sufferers. One instance of her courage and self-possession will illustrate the character of this heroine. It is related by Miss Holme: "When we were taken prisoners, and had

been so for some time, and before we were liberated, the German Command came bringing a paper which they commanded Dr. Inglis to sign. The purport of the paper was a statement which declared that the British prisoners had been well treated in the hands of the Germans, and was already signed by two men who were heads of other British units. Dr. Inglis said, 'Why should I sign this paper? I do not know if all the prisoners are being well treated by you, therefore I decline to sign it.' To which the German authorities replied, 'You must sign it.' Dr. Inglis then said, 'Well, make me,' and that was the end of that incident—she never did sign it." When Serbia was overrun by the Austro-German forces, Dr. Inglis and others of her units were taken prisoners, since they decided it was their duty to remain with the sick and wounded. One who saw her work wrote: "It was perfectly incredible that one human being could do the work she accomplished. Her record piece of work, perhaps, was at Galatz, Roumania, at the end of the retreat. There were masses and masses of wounded, and she and her doctors and nurses performed operations and dressings for fifty-eight hours out of sixty-three. Dr. Scott, of the armored cars, noted the time, and when he told her how long she had been working she simply said, 'Well, it was all due to Mrs. Milne, the cook, who kept us supplied with hot soup.' She had been very tired for a long time; undoubtedly the lack of food, the necessity of sleeping on the floor, and nursing her patients all the time, told on her health. In Russia she was getting gradually more tired until she became ill. When she was the least bit better she was up again, and all the time she attended to the business of the unit. Just before getting home she had a relapse, and the last two or three days on board ship, we know now, she was dying." With perfect disinterestedness she disowned all credit, and one of her frequent sayings was, "Not I, but my unit." This volume should be read from cover to cover. It will help to keep fragrant the memory, not only of this "saint and pioneer," as Dr. Inglis has been well characterized, but of all the faithful heroines whose loyal and devoted service was one of the glorious exhibitions of the sublime achievements of Christian womanhood.

The Fellowship of Silence. Being experiences in the common use of prayer without words. Edited by CYRIL HEPHER. 12mo, pp. xi+240. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, $1.75.

The Fruits of Silence. Being further studies in the common use of prayer without words, together with kindred essays in worship. By CYRIL HEPHER. 12mo, pp. xxxiv+222. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, $1.75.

IT is one of the most healthy signs that the church everywhere is confessing a sense of its spiritual emptiness and is seeking diligently for ways to remove this embarrassing condition. These two volumes report what has been successfully done by fellowship gatherings of High Anglicans and Quakers. We can hardly think of a unity more incredible than

that between representatives of such opposite schools of religious thought. But it has been realized not once but many times, and the results set forth in these volumes persuade us that here is one way out of our difficulty. If the circle of such fellowship could be enlarged to include all Christians who are willing to fulfill the conditions, spiritual weakness will pass away and the church will be endued with power effectively to discharge its mission of world redemption. "The silent worship is not the High Altar of the heavenly Temple, but a corner of a side chapel in the cathedral of Catholicism. But chapels sometimes are very still and lovable, and full of the atmosphere of the Presence." It is in such a situation that prayer obtains freedom and fullness of expression. A great deal is made of meditation which is "an attitude of still waiting upon God, listening with all the faculties of the soul alert, if it might be that God would speak to his children. Is not this the very heart of prayer? Prayer is the uplifting of the heart and mind to God. It is a larger thing than the outpouring of our needs and sins and desires before the throne of grace. Has the Divine Word nothing for our hearing? What need of ours so great as to know his will for us? How shall we hear his secrets if our prayer is all to be crowded with the eager noise of our demands?" This meditation is further "enriched and facilitated by being done in fellowship." In such an atmosphere those who prefer a liturgy and those who desire extemporaneous prayer are at one. "Silence rids us of Babel. The soul of prayer is the same in every language. Awe, love, adoration, entreaty are Pentecostal enough to transcend the limitations of the diverse accent and speech of our vocal prayer." A careful reading of the Quaker testimony in this volume will remove much misunderstanding among those who are not in sympathy with the mode of worship of the Friends. They have a secret which we do well to understand, and if we appreciate the spirit and genius of their worship it will greatly enrich our own. The chapter on "Silent Worship" opens up the Scripture emphasis in a way that few realize. Silence is not the center of worship but a means of grace. It is essentially a surrender, and this is the foundation of peace. "It is no silence of monotony, and its peace is no monotone, no dull, insufferable unison; it is a chord of divine harmony, the harmony of the will of God and of man." Miss L. V. Hodgkin writes: "Our Quaker silence is not only a surrender; it is also a test; a test of faithfulness and of life. A dead silence is the deadest of all dead things. Our meetings for worship are, as it were, the clinical thermometers of our corporate life. When, instead of being creative and alive, they become barren and dead, we know that there must be something wrong with our spiritual health. There is nothing for us to shelter behind. We cannot lay the blame on the preacher, or the words, or the music, for there is none. We know it must be just we ourselves who are in fault that we have not been living close enough to our Master to be able to discern his voice. 'If we are going our own way six days in the week, it is presumptuous to expect that he will guide us miraculously on the seventh.'" The chapter on "Silence and Sacraments" is suggestive, but as in the section dealing with this question in the other

volume, Mr. Hepher cannot get away from High Church sacramentarianism in spite of the fact that the Quakers have sustained their spiritual life on a very high level without the use of the sacraments. And when we remember how the Eucharist is still being fenced in by "ecclesiastical barbed wire" our sympathies are with the Quakers, at least until the profound conception of this sacrament commands assent. We agree with Percy Dearmer in his essay on Outward Signs and Inward Light as to the cause of our failure. "When religion has decayed, as it has here and there in certain places and times, the thing wanting has been a belief in the Spirit of God himself; religion has, as we say, become formal; that is to say, men have preferred the vessel to its content, have put the means above the end, and have forgotten to take in the spiritual grace that was given them. There is much routine in all the churches to-day, and dire need of a spiritual revival. Is it not certain that we have not been true to our opportunities, that we have too little sought the Holy Spirit, and that we all need a great restoration of the prayer that is the earnest seeking after God himself, and the quiet waiting upon him to learn his will?" The chapter on "The Power of Silence for Conversion" deserves careful consideration. Intense spiritual preparation is absolutely necessary. This means a consciousness of God to be obtained by "solitary meditation" and by "meditation in fellowship." Some of the subjects for such a twofold exercise are developed by Hepher in the volume on The Fruits of Silence. The chapters are written in a deeply devotional spirit and the thought is expressed in choice language. The Preface by Father Congreve is a careful study of the need and practice of corporate silence as taught in the Scriptures and by some of the leaders of the church. "A stranger to the silence here treated of might imagine it a fantastic subject that he is invited to consider. Silence? The mere absence of sound? What can there be to say or read about it? The silence here commended is no mere vacuum in the material world which vibrations of sound cannot reach; it is an act of faith and virtue in a Christian man. This silence is the victory of his prayer, for in it his free will rises, passes beyond, and leaves behind all that would distract and divert him in seeking his supreme good—the one central reality, the fruit of silence which is revealed in the text, *Be still, and know that I am God.*" In the chapter on "Movements of the Spirit" we read what many are acknowledging. "Men judge the life of the church, and they have the right to do so, by the public worship of the church. They judge the teaching of the church by the message weekly delivered from its pulpits. If they have not found there either the emphasis upon the inward in the teaching, or the manifestation of the spiritual in the worship, they are at the mercy of any society or any teacher who may spring up to fill the gaps." Part II suggests directions for the practice of the inestimable and indispensable art of fellowship. We do not agree with the High Churchism of some of the writers, but there is much more that demands urgent consideration and practical acceptance. While both these books are helpful, if a choice were to be made, we would commend The Fruits of Silence as the better of the two.

Education for Life. The Story of Hampton Institute. By FRANCIS GREENWOOD PEABODY. 8vo, pp. xxiv+393. New York: Doubleday, Page and Co. Price, $2.50 net.

No one is better qualified than Professor Peabody to write about the fifty years of service of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute. This volume is not a mere recital of events, but a discussion of problems, a weighing of moral and economic values, an interpretation of educational ideals, a record of social progress, of spiritual enterprises, of missionary achievement. This book is at once history and biography, and we are introduced to two impressive personalities who were dominated and directed by the spirit of Christ. The life of General Samuel Chapman Armstrong is one of epic greatness. Born of missionary parents in Hawaii, he graduated from Williams College in 1862, and was distinguished for gallantry in command of a colored regiment during the Civil War. It was by a series of providential leadings that he was led to undertake the task of helping the four millions of Negroes who were abruptly thrust into liberty, ninety per cent of whom were illiterate. The colored race merited recognition by reason of the part they played in this great struggle. As they did not disappoint those who trusted them, so it was with their descendants in the fields of France. On both occasions skeptical voices were heard only to be silenced. A verse from "The Black Man's Bit," by Leslie P. Hill, is worth quoting:

> "And when they went they took a boon no others had been bringing;
> For, whether with a pick or with a gun,
> They lightened every labor with a wondrous sort of singing,
> And turned the pall of battle into fun.
> Oh, the Frenchman was a marvel, and the Yankee was a wonder,
> And the British line was like a granite wall;
> But for singing as they leaped away to draw the Kaiser's thunder,
> The swarthy sons of Dixie beat them all."

The prophetic insight of Armstrong was shown from the very beginning of the Hampton movement. He was persuaded, in common with Mr. Stanton and General Howard, that real relief can be given the liberated Negro only through education. He made the discovery, unique in the history of education, that "a judicious training of the hand is at the same time a discipline of the mind and will; that industrial efficiency has moral consequences." He repeatedly emphasized "the spiritual significance of physical work." In his first report he wrote: "Mere tuition is not enough to rescue him [the Negro] from being forever a tool, politically or otherwise. The educated man usually overestimates himself, because his intellect has grown faster than his experience of life; but the danger to the Negro is greater proportionally as his desire is to shine rather than to do. His deficiencies of character are worse for him and the world than his ignorance. . . . There are two objective points before us, toward one or the other of which all our energies must soon

be directed as the final outcome of this institute. One is the training of the intellect, storing it with the largest amount of knowledge, producing the brightest examples of culture; the other is the more difficult one of attempting to educate in the original and broadest sense of the word, to draw out a complete manhood. The former is a laborious but simple work; the latter is full of difficulty." His ardent nature often rebelled against the exacting drafts on his patience, and what he once wrote on this subject is worth pondering because it deals with one of the fundamental principles of the kingdom of God. "There is need of patience in all mission work. We are likely to die without the sight of a Negro civilization. The feverish craving for immediate results that inspired the great efforts and gifts of the first ten years from 1862 was not a working principle, sure of and faithful to its end, but, rather, a philanthropic clash tending to the reaction which has followed, and to a disappointment that sprinkling schoolhouses over the South for a few years did not change the moral condition of the freedmen. Negro civilization, like all civilization, is of slow growth; it has its periods of action and reaction. Only in the perspective of generations can real progress be seen satisfactorily. Education is a slowly working leaven in an immense mass, whose pervasive, directive force cannot be felt generally for many years. We ought to see, and we hope to see, the foundations of a Negro civilization well laid. It is well for the workers in this cause to remember that they are commencing, not finishing." The results fully justified his foresight, and Armstrong lived to see the influence of Hampton spreading far and wide, and reaching many undertakings which were "not rigidly educational in their form, but which have enlisted graduates of the school in enterprises of social service" on quite a large scale, as is illustrated in this volume. Similar institutions have been established elsewhere, the most notable being that at Tuskegee, which even outstripped Hampton, and which was founded and conducted by one of her own illustrious sons, Booker T. Washington. His testimony is worth quoting: "To a young man just emerging from slavery, and entering into the pure, strong, unselfish influence of General Armstrong's personality, as it was my privilege with hundreds of others to do, there came all at once a new idea of the responsibilities and objects of life. . . . When engaged in our work in the South, we have become discouraged by reason of the many difficulties by which we have been surrounded, the mental picture of General Armstrong, who knew no discouragement, has given us strength to go on and conquer. When we have been inclined to yield to selfish thoughts and live for ourselves, it has been the vision of General Armstrong, who lived only for others, that has made us ashamed of our selfishness; and when we have been inclined to be inactive and indifferent, we have thought of General Armstrong, who never rested day or night, winter or summer, and this has given us new zeal." What has given Hampton such significance in "educational internationalism" is its consistent preaching and practice of the gospel of work. The founder once wrote: "I believe in *labor as a moral force*. While its pecuniary return to the student is important,

and the acquired skill is equivalent to a working capital, the outcome of it in manly and womanly quality is, in the long run, perhaps the most valuable of all." While much was being done for the Negroes, the field of effort was expanded to include the Red Indian, and the results have more than justified the experiment. The reactions of Negro and Indian on each other were wholesome. "Our colored students, selected as they are from a wide range, furnish the best practical conditions for building up wild Indians in ideas of decency and manhood. Our class of Negro youths form a current of influences which bears the red children along. The latter are like raw recruits in an old regiment. On the other hand, this new Indian work will give fresh life and force to the school. It is better for the Negroes with than without the Indians. The Negro will be richer and stronger for doing a good part for the Indian, and the exchange of ideas is a better educator as it is a greater power for good." The work so auspiciously conducted by Armstrong from 1868 to 1893 was continued by Hollis Burke Frissell, who was closely associated with this enterprise from 1880, and who acted as the second principal from 1893 to 1917. "Armstrong was a missionary soldier; Frissell was a missionary statesman; and while the first fought the battles of Hampton against prejudice and poverty, the second directed its later and more complex problems with the serene diplomacy of the open mind. It is a happy coincidence that, as these words are written, the immediate future of Hampton has been committed to a leader (James Edgar Gregg) who gives every promise of perpetuating both of these precious inheritances—the moral courage which made Armstrong daring, and the spiritual serenity which made Frissell wise." From the beginning it has been kindled by a spiritual purpose, and the contagion of spiritual idealism has guided this humanitarian undertaking through intense difficulties to gratifying successes. In view of what has been done, Professor Peabody's conclusion is worthy of acceptance. "There is but one way out of what is called the Negro problem—it is the way that leads up. No theory of national life can be more misdirected than the view that security for one race can be insured by the repression or depression of another. The risks which are really threatening are, on the contrary, those created either by a prevailing illiteracy or by an unassimilated culture. Lack of education and top-heavy education are almost equally perilous, both for the Negro and for his white neighbors. . . . The only remedy for an insufficient education or a misdirected education is a more sensible education. The only democracy which is secure is one where common sense and public spirit join hands to guarantee an education for life." There has just come to our desk a copy of the program adopted by a meeting of the committee of white and colored citizens recently held in New York city, and which has the indorsement of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. It is a working out of some of the principles exemplified by Hampton. A great deal of what is written in these pages offers suggestive direction for our own times bristling with problems. "A good maxim for a Negro—and, indeed, for anyone in these days—would be to stop thinking of oneself, or of one's race, or of the

universe, as a problem; and to do the day's work, and think the day's thought, and pray the day's prayer, not as though the world were waiting to be solved, but as though it were waiting to be served."

A Salute to the Valiant. By WILLIAM V. KELLEY. Foreword by BISHOP HOMER C. STUNTZ. 16mo, pp. 101. New York and Cincinnati: The Methodist Book Concern. Price, cloth, with portraits, 75 cents, net.

THIS little book has been published, as Bishop Stuntz says, without the author's intention, and solely in compliance with a spontaneous demand from wide areas, from different continents, and from many sorts of readers. That it is far from being merely a biography or tribute to an individual, is indicated by its being dedicated to a large class or classes—"To those who exalt human nature and dignify life by that passive courage, named fortitude, which Locke calls the guard and support of all other virtues—courage in comparison with which mere daring is but casual and inconstant, desultory and flighty; those who for our ennobling show us that steady patience in suffering which Milton extols as the truest fortitude, and who in desperate conditions come off more than conqueror: In tribute, further, to those who have a heart to feel for others' woes and who minister thereto: In tribute, finally to all who, with world-visioning missionary minds, looking on perishing multitudes at home and abroad, share the spirit of Saint Paul in Frederick Myer's poem:

'Then with a thrill the intolerable craving
Shivers through me like a trumpet call.
Oh, to save these, to perish for their saving,
Die for their life, be offered for them all.'"

Against some proprieties attention is called to it here, because it is really a Missionary Document; the deepest and strongest current flowing through it from first to last is Foreign Missions. The author hopes it may be in some degree helpful to our present Centennial Jubilee; and that its peculiar voice may be audible in the world-wide chorus which is celebrating our first century of missionary effort. Our METHODIST REVIEW and our Foreign Missions are nearly of an age, each of them one hundred years old. This book almost begins with a typical missionary incident at the Philadelphia Conference in 1861, when a public farewell was given to young John Talbot Gracey, about departing as missionary to India, which, in those days, required intrepid faith and courage. The young minister told his brethren, in Conference assembled, how when Bishop Simpson had brought him the call of the church to this far distant and perilous service, he entered upon forty-eight hours of secret struggle to ascertain, if he might, the will of God concerning him; how he emerged from that divine interview with the conviction that he must regard the call of the church as the call of God, even if it ordered him to the ends of the earth; and how he then went to his aged parents to inquire their wishes. His father said, "My boy, go and do your duty, even though you die in it;" his mother said, "O my boy, I would rather

die without a crust than that you should disobey the call of duty." So John T. Gracey and his wife, Annie Ryder—she no less selfless and sacrificial than he—embarked for a tedious five-months' voyage in a sailing vessel, the ice ship Elouisa, from Boston to Calcutta, to reach India and labor there seven years, amid exposures and hardships and perils unknown there in these decades, until broken health forced the family home, to give, however, through all after years their supreme enthusiasm and energies for the promotion of the cause of missions. The book exalts in its true character the Missionary Mind. This helpless bed-ridden invalid was a far traveler. *She* "shut in"? There are no bars for such a spirit. The *missionary mind* has the world-outlook, is aware of the wide world, and its sympathies range with its intelligence. That intrepid lone missionary woman, Dr. Martha E. Sheldon, hid away in a corner of Bhot, far up in the Himalaya Mountains, on the borders of Tibet, was out of the world if anybody was, yet was *en rapport* with the human race, and wrote vividly: "I can feel the rocking of the North Pole when Peary touches it, and can feel the biting wind that blows in Shackelton's face as he toils on toward the South Pole." Likewise this missionary-hearted girl, almost hermetically sealed in her room at Clifton Springs, could hear the cries of little cripples on the opposite side of the earth, and felt her own ribs crack when they were beaten. In the night their moans shook her secluded cot and sobbed themselves to sleep upon the shoulder of her sympathy. When the Zuni Indians were in Boston a large reception was given them by a philanthropist at his home. One stalwart Indian, feeling almost suffocated by the close indoor air, abruptly left the crowded parlor in the middle of the evening and strode out into the street, saying: "Indian want room. Indian walk large." The *missionary mind* "walks large," ranges, explores, investigates, discovers; knows what is going on in the world, and feels fraternal toward all mankind, toward "Men, my brothers, men, the workers, ever doing something new, things which they have done but earnest of the things which they shall do." The alert missionary mind of this imprisoned sick girl saw and heard more through her keyhole than some globe-trotters can bring back report of from a trip around the world. This book shows what a sick girl without money can do to save the world. It tells the story of a missionary's lame daughter and her monument. That monument is not here, but a world's-width away, at Kiukiang, a large walled city, growing fast, on the south bank of the Yangtze, situated between river, lakes, and hills. There is the oldest mission of our church in Central China. During fifty years an influential Christian community has been established there by the building of Rulon Fish High School, William Nast College for boys, Danforth Memorial Hospital for Women, Knowles Bible Training School for girls; and, now, Ida Gracey's Home for Cripples (attached to Dr. Mary Stone's hospital, as its orthopedic department), and soon Dr. Edward C. Perkins's Water-of-Life Hospital for Men. Because that sick girl knew all her life what it is to be lame her pity went out to cripples, and to China, the land that is fullest of cripples; so that this empty-handed girl cherished for fourteen years a wild dream of

building a home and hospital for the most friendless of her own afflicted class. When finally she dared announce to her friends her plans; and that the practical women at the head of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society had approved them as practicable, if only money enough was forthcoming, gifts began to come in. Wealthy women, guests in the sanitarium, gave some of their jewelry for her project. The medical superintendent brought his baby girl with a big gold piece clutched in its tiny fist to drop it on the invalid's pillow. It became fashionable to do something by contributions or sales for this lame girl's angelic enterprise. Her pretty Peabody ducks, with rainbows round their necks, in the duck-pond in West Park, laid eggs and hatched their broods for it. Like David, she had it in her heart to build a house unto the Lord—a House of Mercy. Like David, she died without seeing its completion, but not without the joy of assurance in her heart. A friend said to her, "If you go before the money is raised and the building erected, and I survive you, I will watch over your project and see it through." Not very long after this little lame soldier "went west," her brave enterprise "went over the top" to victory. By the cooperation of many friends the building now stands complete, paid for, and full of little cripples, for whom it is a home, a hospital, and a school. It needs only endowment to carry current expenses. There is plenty of ground for enlargement when needed. Many of the crippled children can be cured, their deformities rectified by orthopedic surgery in Danforth Hospital. The plot of ground Ida coveted most for a site was desired for two reasons: because it was adjacent to Dr. Mary Stone's hospital, and because it belonged to a Chinaman, and on it was a pond or pool used by the Chinese for drowning babies. Infanticide is frightfully common in parts of China. A Chinese woman recently told one of our missionary workers, with entire *sang froid*, that she had drowned seven of her own girl babies. That lot was purchased, that horrid pond filled up, and on the lot stands to-day a solid and convenient edifice on the front of which friends have placed a tablet of enduring brass, "The Ida Gracey Home for Cripples." What was it this prostrate, helpless, suffering sick girl really achieved? We will paint the thing as we see it, for the God of Things as they Are. Not much imagination is needed to visualize and dramatize what essentially happened there at Kiukiang. The tableau is like this: Pagan mothers throwing their babies into a loathsome pond to drown and float, to swell and rot and stew stenchfully in the sun; the demons of cruelty which infest that Land of Dragons and devour both bodies and souls almost visibly squatting around the margin, their jaws dripping with the putrid hell-broth. Above this fetid feast of fiends, hovering in the sky on wings of Christian pity, the spirit of a seraphic girl, friend of the friendless, helper of the helpless, who with one wave of her white hands frightens away the fiends; and, as if by miracle, up from that grisly ground there rises red the divine fulfillment of a sick girl's dream, to be a shelter of mercy and love for poor little hated and devil-hunted cripples through many generations. Secretary F. M. North, of the Foreign Missions Office, looking upon that noble Christian settlement at Kiukiang, wrote: "The grouping of Christlike service in and

about the Danforth Hospital is one of the finest expressions of missionary beneficence and devotion I have ever seen." The cluster of buildings which house that humane settlement is among the solidest of Christian evidences. The work done in and the influence radiating from that great center of beneficent activity constitute an enormous, far-reaching, and convincing evangelizing force. "What think ye of Christ, who brings you such great gifts of mercy and love, health and knowledge, enlightenment and peace?" is the question that flies abroad on every wind that blows over that whole region. As a result of an operation on a crippled boy patient in one of the Chinese Mission hospitals, ninety people of his village came seeking the "Jesus-religion." The present editor of the METHODIST REVIEW came to this office in 1893 with a prime purpose, to emphasize two things: Foreign Missions and Aggressive Evangelism at home and abroad. The Salute to the Valiant is part of his fulfillment of that purpose.

A gifted, cultivated, and experienced woman writes:

"I have just finished rereading 'A Salute to the Valiant.' It seems to me the most perfectly beautiful thing ever written. It leaves me in a quiver of delight. I wish it might have a world-wide circulation. There are so many poor hearts who need the vision this little book gives of the secret of victory."

Dr. S. Edward Young, pastor of Bedford Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, has written the publishers:

Dear Sirs:

How presumptuous it would seem for me to declare that any particular book is the best you ever published! Yet I am tempted to say this of Dr. William V. Kelley's "A Salute to the Valiant"—worth while for its quotations, for its allusions, for its literary art, for its spirit, for the story it tells.

The mortal who would not be improved by its perusal is a reprobate beyond hope. The subject is rare and the treatment exquisite. On pages 69 to 72 Dr. Kelley epitomizes an argument that, so far as I am aware, is nowhere else worked out—an argument for the future life from the upward tendency throughout creation. Leibnitz does not so develop his "Scale of Being." I wish Dr. Kelley might build this argument into a separate volume. No pastor and, I venture to say, no lover of good books, can afford to be without "A Salute to the Valiant."

Of course, I write this without Dr. Kelley's consent or knowledge.

Respectfully,

S. EDWARD YOUNG.

The Mastery of the Far East. The Story of Korea's Transformation and Japan's Rise to Supremacy in the Orient. By ARTHUR JUDSON BROWN. 8vo, pp. xi+671. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, cloth, $6 net.

ALL students of Far Eastern problems are grateful to Dr. Brown for this critical and impartial study of conditions in Korea, China, and Japan.

He is an authority with an experience of first-hand knowledge obtained by travel and by correspondence with the leaders of missionary and other movements covering a period of many years, during which he has been one of the secretaries of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. The book is written in a judicious spirit, not always evidenced by those who deal with Oriental life. In the present state of world turmoil nothing is more necessary than a mutual understanding by nations of their traditions and ideals. We must also guard ourselves against prejudice which unwittingly warps our judgment of men and peoples. It has been customary to think of the spirit of the Orient as a homogeneous unit, but as a matter of fact it has as great varieties and differences as the spirit of the Occident. A superficial view might lead to the conclusion that Japan, Korea, and China are more or less alike, but there are "Fundamental National Distinctions," as Dr. Brown points out in the chapter with this title. "The keynote of Japan is solidarity. The individual is nothing; the nation is everything. The Japanese move as a unit in politics, in war, in commerce, and in the daily activities of life. . . . The keynote of China is the direct opposite of this: it is individualism. The Chinese as a man is industrious and capable, often masterful, and able to compete with any other man in the world. But he does not take naturally to coöperative enterprises. He is not good in team-work. The Chinese are individually strong but collectively weak. They are deficient in organization. This individualism is one of the reasons why the present transformation in China is so significant. . . . The keynote of Korea is not so easily stated in one word. We might call it subjectivity. The people are less virile, less ambitious, less independent in spirit. The Korean temperament, too, is more emotional than that of the Japanese or Chinese. It is comparatively easy to reach his heart and to arouse his sympathies." The chapter on "Korean Christians" will be read with interest in the light of these statements. Referring to national ambitions the author says: "Some Americans talk as if they had a right to the control of the Pacific. If they were familiar with the history of their own country, they would know that the United States did not possess a clear title to any territory bordering on the Pacific Ocean till 1846. Why should we regard our claim to the supremacy of the Pacific as superior to that of nations which have occupied territory on that ocean for more than two thousand years? It may be that the Japanese are overambitious and offensively self-assertive. I suspect that they are and that we ourselves belong in the same category. If we are disposed to persuade nations to adopt a more modest and Christian attitude toward one another, we should include our own people as well as the Japanese in our well-meant efforts." The last few sentences in this quotation indicate the fair-mindedness of our author, who does not allow himself to be carried away by the high tides of sensationalism nor by the subtleties of cynicism. He realizes the difficulties of such an attitude. "Anyone who tries to keep in the middle of the rather tortuous road that runs between those who regard the Japanese as a model people and those who regard them as 'varnished savages,' and between those who

assert that the Koreans are 'afflicted saints' and those who assert with equal vehemence that they are 'the most contemptible people on earth,' must expect to be assailed from both sides." The time certainly has passed when Asia can be regarded as an "area of exploitation." Its people must be treated in a spirit of fairness and on a basis of equality. Western nations must discard the "double standard of international morality" and cease to discriminate in their own interests against Asiatic nations, as though these latter are entitled only to the crumbs which fall from the tables of the rich Occidentals. The historical parts of this volume deal with facts familiar to students of the Orient, but the mass of material is brought together with rare skill and the several factors are interpreted with insight. The question of interpretation is even more important in matters of recent development, concerning which hasty judgments based on partisan information are apt to confuse the central issues. Dr. Brown writes as one who is supremely interested in the advance of the kingdom of God, and his outlook is that of a missionary statesman who takes long views and large views marked by hindsight and foresight. While it is true that recent actions of the Japanese militaristic party in Korea must be censured as severely as the atrocities of the Germans in Belgium, there is another side to be considered. This is given in the chapter on "Benefits of Japanese Rule in Korea." After setting forth all the facts, Dr. Brown writes: "I am not excusing the Japanese. I am simply reminding the reader of the magnitude and difficulty of their task, and that any disposition to be unduly censorious in judging them should be tempered by a frank recognition of the difficulties of the situation. Let us remember that there never was a dirtier Augean stable to be cleansed than that which they found in the land of The Morning Calm, and that the mess required decisive measures. The historian of the next generation will be in better position to take an impartial view than men of to-day, who are in danger of having their judgment warped by the personal feelings that have been roused. Trying to look at the matter as fairly as possible now, I believe that the balance inclines heavily in favor of the Japanese." Another chapter is on "Deepening Complications with China." If China has had serious difficulties in its efforts at self-management, we must remember that part of the blame is due to foreign nations and their diplomacies about spheres of influence. China is "like a ship without a captain or pilot, helplessly drifting on the high seas, apparently unable to right herself, and in her present waterlogged condition a menace to other ships. In these circumstances the Japanese quite naturally say that, as China's next-door neighbor, they are more vitally concerned than any other people, and that as long as there is no world court or league of nations to give the required assistance under international auspices, they must do it themselves. I sympathize, therefore, with the feeling of the Japanese that they cannot ignore this incontestable situation. And yet, I sympathize also with the Chinese, who resent dictation from a single power whose methods wound their national pride, and whose motives are believed to be influenced by self-interest." In many ways, Part IV, on "Christian Missions in the Problem of the Far East," is of great im-

portance. The chapter on "The Influence of Christian Missions" is an excellent exposition of the reconstructive purposes of this enterprise. There are also chapters on Roman Catholic and Protestant missions in Korea and Japan and on Korean and Japanese religious thought. The chapter on "The Politico-Missionary Complication" is a discerning report of the situation which confronts the missionaries who are really between two fires. "If the missionaries show sympathy with the Koreans, they arouse the resentment of the Japanese; and if they show sympathy with the Japanese, they arouse the resentment of the Koreans and lose their influence with them." The chapter on "Nationalism and Mission Schools" takes note of the compromises which threaten the missionaries in their educational work, related as it is most vitally to evangelistic activities. Events have moved with startling rapidity since this book was published. The Korean Independence Movement described by Bishop Welch in The Christian Advocate, July 21, and other issues, was the outcome of events mentioned by Dr. Brown, with which the reader should be familiar if he would do justice to all the facts. The Shantung affair is another quite recent complication. We are confident that the present disastrous confusion is only a phase in this era of transition, especially as the hold which Christianity has in Japan is far more powerful than is indicated in statistical reports. "Hardly ever before in any land has Christianity borne riper or more varied fruit at so early a stage in its history," declared one of the missionaries of Tokyo. To this Dr. Brown adds: "The tree is comparatively small, but it is no longer an exotic of uncertain life. It has struck its roots firmly into Japanese soil and has showed that it can and that it will flourish there as an indigenous growth." But the difficulties are superhuman and require for their settlement the consecrated and Spirit-filled devotion of Christian saints, scholars, and statesmen. "The Christianization of Japan," said President Harada, "is no holiday task; indeed, it is certain to be a long and severe campaign." This is equally true of the Orient, and, indeed, of every other part of the world. But if the church realizes that her sufficiency is of God and works with the patience of hope, the endurance of faith, and the persistence of love, the future will certainly witness scenes of regeneration and reconstruction that will assuredly make glad the City of our God.

The Philosophy of Plotinus. By WILLIAM RALPH INGE, C.V.O., D.D., Dean of St. Paul's, London. Two volumes. 8vo, pp. xvi+270; xii+253. New York: Longmans, Green and Co. Price, $9 net.

MYSTICISM has always flourished during seasons of unrest. Its offer of strength through contemplation, of energy through union with the divine, of calmness through communion, has been exceedingly attractive, and those who have followed its way of life have not failed to obtain the peace that passeth all understanding. The visions and experiences of mysticism are not for the superficial, but for those who are willing to

be initiated. Dean Inge, the author of the Bampton lectures on "Christian Mysticism," one of the best treatises on the subject, states in these Gifford lectures on Plotinus that "Mysticism is a spiritual philosophy which demands the concurrent activity of thought, will, and feeling. It assumes from the outset that these three elements of our personality, which in real life are never sundered from each other, point toward the same goal, and if rightly used will conduct us thither. Further, it holds that only by the consecration of these three faculties in the service of the same quest can a man become effectively what he is potentially, a partaker of the divine nature and a denizen of the spiritual world. There is no special organ for the reception of divine or spiritual truth, which is simply the knowledge of the world as it really is. Some are better endowed with spiritual gifts than others, and are called to ascend greater heights; but the power which leads us up the pathway to reality and blessedness is, as Plotinus says, one which all possess, though few use it." There are few thinkers who have exercised so profound an influence on Christian theology as Plotinus. He combined in a remarkable way the mystic with the scientific ability to analyze experience. He was not only a mystic and metaphysician, but also a saint, whose life was consistent with the truths he propounded. His character is clearly portrayed in his own writings, which were edited by Porphyry with the devotion of a disciple. He has been called the last of the great philosophers of antiquity, and his teaching is the logical outcome of Hellenic thought. Nothing is definitely known about his birthplace, but students of his system are persuaded that although he came from Egypt and studied in Alexandria under Ammonius Saccas, the "Porter-Philosopher," he was a true Greek. He opened a school in Rome and from the very outset he wielded an edifying influence in the metropolis, and received much favor from the Emperor Gallienus and his wife Salonina. The defects of his Greek style were due to the fact that he wrote nothing except brief notes which were made the basis of oral discussions and explanations. The Enneads are difficult to read and in this respect Plotinus has been compared with Browning, whose style was due to the profusiveness rather than the poverty of thought. The character of this early mystic was free from the extravagances of conceit and pride. His mystic experiences and the state of ecstasy which he acknowledged to have reached only three or four times by "a flight of the alone to the Alone," were not regarded by him as an exclusive monopoly, but possible to every one who follows the guidance of a faculty "which all have but few use." His intellectual discipline was made subservient to holiness of life. "Austerely simple in his habits, though without any harsh asceticism, he won all hearts by his gentle and affectionate nature, and his sympathy with all that is good and beautiful in the world. His countenance, naturally handsome, seemed (so Porphyry tells us) to radiate light and love when he discoursed with his friends." The purpose of Plotinus was to upturn materialism, skepticism, and dualism, which he regarded as enemies of a true philosophy. He taught that there was a divine triad—the Absolute or the One, spirit that

is mind or intelligence, and soul; corresponding to it was the human triad or tripartite division of man into spirit, soul, and body. Plotinus has been criticized on account of his inadequate metaphysics. His doctrine of categories of the spiritual world fails to grasp the essential worth of the three attributes of Being, which are Goodness, Truth, and Beauty, and which definitely reveal the highest forms of spiritual reality. His error in not emphasizing the necessity of deep and wide human sympathy for the growth of the soul is in line with his not recognizing a place for pity and suffering in the character of God, such as was revealed in the incarnation of Christ. He knew nothing of a personal God, and what he taught of the *amor intellectualis Dei* was an appeal to an abstract Intelligence and fell far short of that grateful love to the heavenly Father and loyalty to him so winsomely set forth in the New Testament. His teaching on ethics was equally unsatisfactory, partaking as it did of the pharisaism characteristic of the intellectual aristocrat of that age. It is, therefore, not surprising that the Plotinian saint passed his days in moral isolation in much the same way as did the Hindu and Buddhist ascetic. This was probably one reason why Plotinus discarded and even depreciated external forms of worship, and surprised his followers by declaring that "It is for the gods to come to me, not for me to go to them." Such an assertion may sound like the affectation of conceit, but such a charge could hardly be brought against Plotinus, who was modest to a fault and who had an extreme reverence for authority, free from hysterical emotionalism and religious pose. It was his way of protesting against the externalism of life in favor of the superior advantages of the life of contemplation of the universal soul. Contemplation is the source of life in the higher regions of spirit, and all virtues are a preparation for it. "The philosophy of Plotinus," says Dean Inge, "is a religious philosophy throughout, because for him reality is the truly existing realization of the ideal. There is no separation between the speculative and ethical sides of his system. If it is true that all practice leads up to contemplation, it is equally true that contemplation is itself the highest kind of action, and necessarily expresses itself in moral conduct." These Gifford Lectures are the result of seventeeen years of research and meditation. They are of value not only because we are introduced to one of the most potent thinkers of the ancient world, but also for the sake of Inge's own contribution to a spiritual philosophy of life. We were often led to exclaim while reading these volumes that we preferred the judicious discussions of the Dean to the writings of his teacher. He not only translates the difficult sentences of the Enneads into modern thought and language, but also gives critical estimates of the philosophical movements down to our own day. These two volumes are most timely, and they will be read with interest on account of their spiritual quickening, refreshment, and consolation. Never were we in greater need of this sort of uplift. We are able to confront the cross-purposes and confusions of the times only as we possess the inward calm that imparts perspicacity and perspicuity to see clearly, to speak conclusively, to act consistently, in harmony with

ideal spiritual values. The two lectures on the third century represent the high-water mark of critical historical writing and show that the age of Plotinus was as barren as that of his forerunners was prolific in thought and achievement. Other lectures, on The World of Sense, The Soul, The Spiritual World, the Absolute, discuss the weakness and strength of the Plotinian philosophy in the light of early and modern thought. There are several suggestive interpretations in the lecture on the Immortality of the Soul. "The religious faith in immortality is the faith that all true values are valid always and everywhere; that the order of the universe is just, rational, and beautiful; and that those principles which exalt us above ourselves and open heaven to us are the attributes of the Creator in whom we live and move and have our being." The last lecture, on Concluding Reflections, is intensely valuable in spite of the pessimistic strain which underlies the Dean's observations of contemporary life. He, however, arrests himself from descending the steep of depression. "There is no ground for pessimism about the future of the race if we take long views; and there is every reason to hope that as individuals we are not debarred from the highest life." He rightly insists that "Christianity is essentially a struggle for an independent spiritual life, and it can only exert its true influence in the world when it realizes that spiritual things are spiritually discerned, and when it stands on its own foundations, without those extraneous supports which begin by strengthening a religion and end by strangling it." Another searching statement is that "There were many before the war who wished to be Christians without the cross; there are still some, but they are fewer. The soldier and the soldier's family have learned the lesson without difficulty; those who have used the war to increase their own wages or profits have yet to learn it. The jealous determination not to put into the common stock a pennyworth more than we are allowed to take out of it has embittered modern life more than any economic inequalities." The glory of Christianity lies in its truth of vicarious suffering which must be accepted, otherwise "the sting of the world's evil remains undrawn." The outlook is, however, encouraging. "The ascent of the soul to God, which is made by thousands in the short span of a single life, may be an earnest of what humanity shall one day achieve. And if there has been perceptible progress in the last two thousand years, the improvement may be considerable in the next ten thousand, a small fraction, probably, of the whole life of the species. The soul of the race is no demon, but a child with great possibilities. It is capable of what it already has achieved in the noblest human lives, and the character which it has accepted as the perfect realization of the human ideal is the character of Christ." The preacher who gives himself to the discriminating study of these weighty volumes will surely be amply repaid. His own spiritual experience will be deeply enriched, his vision nobly purified, and his message have the distinct note of philosophic calm, prophetic fervor, and apostolic grace.

The War and Preaching. By JOHN KELMAN, D.D., Minister of St. George's United Free Church, Edinburgh. 8vo, pp. 216. New Haven: Yale University Press. Price, $1.25.

THESE Yale lectures will be read with additional interest because their author has become, since their delivery, the minister-elect of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York city. Dr. Jowett, writing of his successor to this important pulpit, says: "Dr. Kelman is peculiarly fitted for a ministry in America. He has gifts which were never among my resources. Besides being a great preacher he has unique powers on the platform. He is as intimately at home in addressing college graduates as in speaking to a 'downtown' mission. The calls of the great universities will move his soldierly spirit like a bugle. He will find open doors on every side, and he can pass through in the equipment of disciplined powers and matured experience. America will delight in his masculine spirit. It will welcome the invigorating largeness of his vision and teaching. It will be stirred by his whole-souled and passionate devotion." Dr. Kelman rendered noble service in France. He was not only the favorite preacher of Sir Douglas Haig, but the virile quality of his preaching also stirred the soldiers of every rank. A volume of his sermons entitled Salted With Fire, published in England a short while ago, has all the elements of timely preaching. It was inevitable that his Yale lectures should breathe the atmosphere of the war, and this also explains the marks of hurried preparation; but there is a great deal in this volume which should command the attention of all preachers. It would have been better named Reality in Preaching, which is the subject of this course. He utters a needed protest against religious conventionality and analyzes certain types of preaching in a quotable paragraph: "Some men's preaching, evenly edifying to the mediocrity of the few who know and like the time-honored routine of religious vocabulary, is to all others as meaningless as it is wearisome. Others have cultivated a habit of familiar speech in unfamiliar regions, reveling in highly picturesque description of the heaven beyond the grave, or in exaggerated accounts of spiritual experience on this side of it. Others, steeped in abstract theological study, have rendered themselves unable to describe the most ordinary facts in any but the most extraordinary language. Others restrict their preaching to the expounding of some regulation formula of which they arrogantly speak as 'The Truth.' Others seek out for themselves generalities to which no one will be able to take exception, out of cowardly deference to that terrifying bogey, 'the man on the street.' If they only knew it, the man on the street is uncommonly like other people, and he neither understands such colorless platitudes, nor does he like them. Others are the victims of philosophy, and cannot be induced to leave its terminology behind them when they enter the pulpit." The reason why so many preachers are not interesting is that they are out of touch with actual life and are not intimately familiar with the experiences of their hearers. A similar criticism of the pulpit is found in the Report of the Archbishop of Canterbury's Committee of Inquiry

on The Evangelistic Work of the Church (Macmillan). And, indeed, the war has brought this home to the church in a startling way so that those who realize the serious omission would do well to take prompt measures toward supplying it. The lecture on "Dogma and Experience" deals further with some of the causes of religious unreality which for many years have militated against the effectual commendation of the gospel of grace. The gains and losses of the war are next discussed. In estimating the ethical situation reference is made to the reserve forces of character, to idealism and to mysticism, which have so wholesomely and unexpectedly been manifested, and of whose existence few were aware until the heart-searching emergency called them to the front. On "The Soldier's Creed" Dr. Kelman says: "It is foolish to talk of a new religion which the soldiers are to bring back with them from the trenches. A 'new religion' is a contradiction in terms. All religion is just the human perception of the divine and response to it. The Christian religion has proved itself to be the one medium of such perception and response, incomparable in completeness and effectiveness with any other medium which has ever been attempted on the earth. It is true that from time to time Christianity needs restatement, with new emphasis on certain of its doctrines and new interpretation of them all." It is more particularly in the matter of interpretation that the preacher discharges his proper functions. "Our work is to interpret God and life to men reasonably, and mainly by means of clear thought. If that be forgotten, all else is vain. Pater is right in warning us that our search should not be for the smooth, or winsome, or even for the forcible word; but for the word, the one word, that will exactly express our thought in the exact meaning we wish it to bear. Of course a preacher will at times get excited. He may employ eloquence, exaggeration, scorn, sarcasm, poetic fancy, or tearful pleading. But it will be well for him if he keep his self-possession sufficiently to say the thing he has to say. The main concern is to be intelligible. If we must be profound or violent, at least let us be so 'with clear terms, not with obscure terms.'" Another point is well made. "Smartness of any kind is out of place in preaching. Smartness is trick-preaching, and brings the level down from that of the chariot racer to that of the circus horse. All stagey cleverness, all intentional accidents and deliberately prepared impromptus, are to be condemned. Our work will at best convince us sadly enough that St. Paul was right when he spoke of the foolishness of preaching; there is little need to make it more foolish than it is." In a note we read: "Smartness in advertised titles of sermons is an abomination against which I would fain warn you. It is cheap to begin with, and brands a man as a vender of cheap wares. And besides that, there are but few preachers so unfortunate as to be able to keep it up. You begin with advertising as your subject 'The prodigal from the point of view of the fatted calf,' or 'The submarine experiences of Jonah;' you end with advertising 'A good man,' or 'A noble race.' As if any self-respecting man would cross the street to hear you on the latter subjects, or would not flee into another city rather than

hear you on the former." These quotations are from the lecture on "The Preacher as Expert," in which he laments the discursiveness of the clergyman in contact with the work of the expert scientist or the technically skilled workman. This problem is all the more complicated by what is said in a later lecture about "the distracted and discursive thinking upon religious things, which is the habit of so very many of those to whom we preach." The lecture on "The Preacher as Statesman" has some timely observations which should be heeded, especially to-day, when political and national issues must be considered by the pulpit. "He who preaches authoritatively about burning questions, with inaccurate knowledge of the facts, or of the bearing of the facts, is taking the surest way to discredit not only his own ministry, but the influence of the pulpit as a whole. In this respect preaching on public questions of political or social significance is widely different from individualistic religious appeal. The object of the latter is to rouse a man's conscience, imagination, and emotions so as to lead him to definite acts of faith and changes of character. For this, many methods are admissible which are illegitimate in handling social questions." The lecture on "The Preacher as Priest" has a great deal that is valuable on the sacraments and the conduct of worship, but hardly anything on the pastoral functions of the preacher who here exercises the priestly ministry in a deeply profound and practical way. "Negative preaching, occupied mainly with threatening and invective, is far easier than the positive inculcation of virtue and faith. It requires less thinking. The evil is naturally interesting, and it is abundantly ready to one's hand. It thrusts itself upon one's notice and easily seizes one's imagination. The good is seldom so evident, and perfect things are hidden, and must be sought and found. To make goodness fascinating and faith convincing involves a far higher exercise of intellect than is required for the pillorying and scourging of sensational crime and glaring error. It implies a mind strenuously exercised among good thoughts, until it has built of them the home in which it habitually dwells. Positive preaching is more difficult than negative, but in the main it is infinitely more effective." This is the task of "the preacher as prophet," and for it he must be qualified by experience, study, vision, and a deepening sense of the call to impart the message to others. "There are two sorts of preachers in our pulpits to-day. There is the prophet, who goes there to speak forth in God's name a thing concerning which he dares not keep silent, and there is the poor clerical hack, who preaches because Sunday has come round again. It has been truly said that the ministry is the most honorable of professions and the most dishonorable of trades. It would be better to 'be a cat and cry mew' than to preach without being called." We congratulate the Fifth Avenue Church that a prophetic voice is to be heard in its pulpit, and that the audience which listens to it will be found from the Atlantic to the Pacific. May Dr. Kelman's ministry make for Anglo-American unity, for the peace of the world, and for the progress of the kingdom of God.

The Pilgrims and Their History. By ROLAND G. USHER, Ph.D. 12mo, pp. x+310. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $2.

The Mayflower Pilgrims. By EDMUND JANES CARPENTER, Litt.D. 8vo, pp. 255. New York: The Abingdon Press. Price, cloth, $1.50, net.

The Heart of the Puritan. Selections from Letters and Journals. Edited by Elizabeth Deering Hanscom, Ph.D. 12mo, pp. xiii+281. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, $1.50.

THE Tercentenary Celebration next year of the coming of the Pilgrim Fathers will give us an opportunity to pass in review the notable advances made during three hundred years. We can fully appreciate the progress as we recall the conditions of the seventeenth century and the circumstances which led these heroic spirits to undertake their voyage across the Atlantic for the sake of religious and political independence. Their task of colonization was the first great experiment in democracy. It was successful because it was determined by religious motive and carried out by men with godliness of character. The leader of this emigration, which was really an exodus, was not permitted to enter the promised land, but, like Moses of old, pastor John Robinson had the Pisgah vision which he transmitted to certain enthusiastic members of his congregation in Holland. "Will you be content," he asked them, "to go down to your graves with your witness undelivered, and your bravest hopes unattempted? Or will you risk something, nay, everything, to translate your theories of Christian freedom into a veritable free society?" Writing to Sir Edwin Sands from Holland, Robinson said of his fellow-exiles for conscience' sake: "It is not with us as with other men; whom small things can discourage, or small discontentments cause to wish themselves at home again." The exploits of the elect company of one hundred and two passengers on the Mayflower have significance not on account of their sufferings and sacrifices, but because they showed "an unconquerable spirit dedicated to the service of an indestructible ideal." A great deal of important information is brought together by Professor Usher in his volume, the result of extensive researches. While he does full justice to the religious idealism of the Pilgrims, his book deals chiefly with the economic aspects of the movement. In a chapter on "The Great Achievement" he writes: "The Pilgrims had convincingly demonstrated no less significant a proposition than the practicality of the colonization of the New World. They planted the first permanent, independent settlement in the New World in which the initiative lay with the emigrants, and not with capitalists or kings. They were the first organized body of people to leave the Old World in expectation of continuing the life of their organization in the New. They proved that a small body of men and women, without capital or resources, and without governmental support, could maintain themselves in New England from the product of their own labor on the soil of the country without systematic assistance from England." Dr. Usher makes a great deal of the fact that the Pilgrims had come to make homes in America, "with a definite determination

not to return, with a motive for residence more vital than commercial profit." They were specially fortunate in their leaders. William Bradford, the governor, was a man of massive character, and his leadership in civil matters guided the pioneers not only in managing their own affairs but also in their relations with the Indian chiefs, and in offering resistance to reckless adventurers like Oldham and Lyford. Too much praise cannot be given to Miles Standish, the soldier of the colony. "The more one studies Pilgrim annals the larger he bulks, the greater his ability seems, and the more important his services. His high personal courage, his resourcefulness, his great physical endurance, his fiery temper, all made him the leader needed to complement the more peaceful and contemplative Bradford." The other member of this triad was William Brewster, the minister who held up high ideals of learning and piety. Greater progress, however, was made in the Massachusetts Bay and other New England colonies, largely owing to the fact that they were manned by a greater number of men of university training. Harvard College was founded in 1636, and by 1639 there were about seventy university graduates in New England who had come over at various times as settlers. "Strong personalities, rare at Plymouth, soon became numerous in the Puritan colonies. . . . The loss of political independence by New Plymouth in 1691 was, after all, only the official recognition of a gradual absorption of the colony into Massachusetts Bay, which became clearer and clearer after the death of Brewster and Bradford." The chapter on "The Dominant Note at Plymouth" considers the weakness and strength of the movement. It was an age of transition and the principle of toleration had not yet become crystallized. The intolerance of the Pilgrims has been unjustly exaggerated by those who viewed their actions in the light of modern developments. These men did not come to America to promulgate the idea that anyone might think what he liked. "They came to escape the necessity of tolerating those who disagreed with them, in the hope that they might be able to erect in America a temporal organization sufficientiy strong to keep divergent minds at something better than arm's length. Toleration was not then believed to be a virtue, and the conduct of Bradford at Plymouth is the exact counterpart of that of Winthrop at Boston, of Eaton and Davenport at New Haven, and of Oliver Cromwell in England. Toleration was then in the making, and these men were making it. To it none contributed more than the Pilgrims, but they themselves did not know it, and would have denied it with asperity and vehemence if they had been charged with it." Another word of explanation from the chapter on "Social Life" is to the point: "The most difficult thing for us of the twentieth century to grasp about the Pilgrims is the literal domination of temporal life by the spiritual. Their history is much more nearly a study in the psychology of religion and its relation to the necessities of political and economic life than a political history in the ordinary sense of the word. We must become accustomed to looking through the temporal fact to the spiritual truth behind it, inherent in it. Of the many facts which must be spiritualized to be understood none is more essential than that minute regulation of daily life which

seems to us, as we read about it, so intolerable and incomprehensible." The inquisitorial spirit in civil and ecclesiastical life too frequently encouraged tale-bearing, spying, and accusations. "The whole community seems to have derived a grim satisfaction from this investigating each other's affairs and punishing each other's peccadillos." The negative character of Puritan theology was later modified by a more positive theology largely through the influence of the Bay Colony. The background for a study of these strange and even weird exhibitions is given in Professor Hanscom's volume. His selections are from writings of the period from 1620 to 1758. They reveal the thoughts of these men and women of God concerning matrimony, education, trade, travel, holidays, churches, prophecies, witchcraft. The style is stilted, the standards of ethics are ascetic, the conceptions of religion are more in harmony with the Old Testament than with the New. We might regard some of their beliefs as akin to superstition, but let us never forget that these men and women were the salt of the church and of the world. If we excel them in knowledge, let us not come below them in devotion to the ideals and inspirations of high and holy living. Dr. Carpenter gives a popular account of these times. His volume is pleasant reading, and it is further enriched by many excellent illustrations. The last chapter, "The Plymouth of Today," makes a comparison between then and now: "It is an unmatched story we have told, a story of hardships and distress, of trials and tribulations of every sort; of unbounded, unflinching faith; of glorious triumph at the last. Some of the men and women of the Mayflower were spared to enter fully into the promised land; but even those of the mightiest faith could scarcely have pictured to themselves a great nation, yea, a world, in which their tenet of freedom of worship should be the chief corner stone."

Essays and Addresses in War Time. By the Right Hon. Viscount Bryce. 8vo, pp. viii+208. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, cloth, $2.

Our Common Conscience. Addresses delivered in America During the Great War. By Sir George Adam Smith. 8vo, pp. 256. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, cloth, $1.50, net.

There are many echoes but few voices, and so a large number of the war books will pass into deserved oblivion. These two volumes by Viscount Bryce and Principal Smith will escape such a consignment because they expound the larger principles that should guide the nations in times of peace. Both writers warn us against an inconclusive peace like that at Amiens, in 1802, and they squarely deal with factors that are essential in securing an enduring peace. In his essay "Concerning a Peace League" the Viscount deprecates the suggested method of the anarchists who would destroy war by destroying the state as the power which makes war. The Christian method, which he advocates, induces men "to restrain

their national patriotism or national selfishness so far as to recognize, over and above their duty to their own state, an allegiance to humanity at large. They are to respect the rights of others equally with their own, and to cultivate what has been called an International or a Supernational Mind. This remedy, if it succeeded, would be a complete remedy. But the spirit it enjoins has made little, if any, progress in recent years, and the most ardent optimists admit that no one can, as yet, foresee a time when it will prevail over the world." The most serious difficulty in the way of such a consummation is the lack of leadership with large vision. The councillors and guides must be not only well informed concerning the historical traditions and aspirations of the nations of the world, they must also add impartiality to their knowledge, and, together with tact and good sense, have "that superiority to national prejudices and that reputation outside their own country which would give them a truly international authority." These qualifications are none too exacting when we think of "the deep-rooted unwillingness of every nation, and especially of a strong and proud nation, to submit any part of what it calls its rights to the decision of an external tribunal." In the face of these and other gigantic difficulties, the temptation will be "to cut short an interminable labor by rough-and-ready methods and to clip the wings of the dove of peace. The frequent reiteration of the principles of right and rights in these addresses by Viscount Bryce makes it evident that here lies the crux of the world situation. Ralph Connor recently made a distinction which deserves to be quoted in this connection: "Rights are things we think other men owe us; right is what we know we owe to other men and ourselves." When the nations realize their responsibility in this spirit the era of fraternity and peace will dawn. The indications are that we are moving toward this promised land of universal blessedness, even though it may be that to us of this generation will be granted only the Pisgah vision. While it is true that greatness is not synonymous with bigness, and a worthy testimony is borne to the service rendered by the small nations of the world, like Greece, Palestine, Holland, Switzerland, yet the initiative must be taken by the larger nations to enthrone "Public Right as the supreme Power in international affairs." Let it be further remembered that "with good will, with an unselfish devotion to the highest and most permanent interests of humanity, nothing is impossible." This implies that the "principle of nationality" should be increasingly restrained and purified by the higher sentiments of an allegiance to mankind. These and other questions relating to human welfare in the widest and best sense are discussed by Viscount Bryce with the vision and grasp of a statesman. Would that there were more of his type among the nations in order that the peace of the world may be hastened. What is written in the first part of the volume relating to the causes of the war is now part of our common knowledge, but into these discussions are introduced questions pertaining to the principle and practice of war which command the close consideration of all students of history. To the vision of the statesman must be added the vision of the prophet, and this is found in the addresses of Principal Smith. If the future is to be

secure against aggressions of the kind which have brought such world-wide desolation, we must continue to cherish the moral aims of the Allied Nations and the faith which sustained them under the tremendous sacrifices made. The prophetic strain in all of these addresses is worth studying in order that the pulpit might discharge its high function as the guide and leader of the peoples. The address to ministers on "Peace, False and True" is a discerning exposition in the light of history. The appeal to the universities has the unction of apostolic faith and zeal: "See that you cherish to the end the value of spiritual ideals, both for man and for nation, and without flinching face the full cost of your duty to such ideals, in life and in death, in ways that may show no heroism, but need no less virtue and toil. See that you practice that faithfulness in service and in sacrifice to which those heroes have risen. Accept discipline as patiently as they did. Accept discipline; that is the foundation of all heroism, of all really good service to our fellow men, and the first condition of a noble sacrifice. Be careful for details in the routine of your life, but be equally ready for life's emergencies. Never grudge the call for extra work nor shrink from any danger that may spring upon your way to it. Ever keep back from uttering any selfish remonstrance at the inequalities of reward or fortune, sometimes as great in peace as they are startlingly so in time of war. If you thus train yourself, in the work of ordinary days and in answer to God's more urgent calls, you shall be able to make the last resignation of life itself in humble hope and peace." The address on "Some Religious Effects of the War" has the elements of prophetic insight and strength that make for courage and fidelity: "In the divine forgiveness there is nothing more cleansing, nothing more uplifting, than the assurance that it brings that God trusts us once again, in spite of ourselves and of our past, with duty and service in his kingdom." The call to repent sent out by the churches was not heeded largely because of ignorance of the meaning of repentance: "Repentance is of an infinite fertility in life. History testifies to its indispensableness in liberating the finest energies of our nature. Even Gibbon acknowledges the sincere and powerful impulse which the early church gave to human progress by awakening this primal ethical passion among men. Repentance is the womb of forces both moral and intellectual, as its New Testament name implies. It brings a clearer and a further vision; it disposes to sympathy and therefore leads to a juster knowledge of our fellow men; it cleanses the mind to an increase of the mind's capacity and grip; and, while it enfranchises, at the same time it concentrates the will under the grateful urgency of a heavy debt both to God and man." A stirring sermon, appropriate in times of peace as of war, is on "Courage and Its Three Sources." It closes with this appeal: "These, then, are the three secrets of courage—a just cause, a clean heart, and faith in God. We have yet another—the example of those, mostly your own contemporaries, who have preceded you in this warfare and have been brave to death itself. The innumerable host of them who have fallen have left their battle to you, unfinished, in sacred trust. See that trust, sealed with their blood, through to victory. Can anything base, selfish,

timid or compromising linger in your hearts, as you think of their faith, their love, and their full sacrifice?

> "'Hark! the roar grows, . . . the thunders reawaken—
> We ask one thing, Lord, only one thing now:
> Hearts high as theirs, who went to death unshaken,
> Courage like theirs to make and keep their vow.'"

The New Citizenship. The Christian Facing a New World Order. By A. T. ROBERTSON, D.D., Professor of New Testament Interpretation, Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. 12mo, pp. 157. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, cloth, $1 net.

PROFESSOR ROBERTSON is a most industrious worker, and all his writings are very readable. There is a note of enthusiasm in his books, and this quality, combined with scholarly ability, gives them an excellence far above the average. This latest volume is the result of conferences held by him at a Y. M. C. A. army school for secretaries. The chapters consider a wide variety of practical problems in American life, and the spirit of the writer is impartial, fearless, and optimistic. He does not evade any difficulty, but goes straight at it without any beating about the bush. It is just this sort of informed outspokenness that the church needs. Groups of laymen who are studying modern questions can find no guide more stimulating and suggestive than Dr. Robertson. Preachers who read this volume will find much food to help them in the pulpit discussion of current topics, either as addresses or preludes to sermons. There are twelve chapters and they cover most of the difficulties of the day. Brotherhood, democracy, money, patriotism, woman, child life, cooperation, justice, order, lawlessness, the social order—these matters are uppermost in the minds of most people. Nothing is more needed than right thinking on these questions. This book is therefore a very timely production. Professor Robertson gives us not only his own mature judgment, but he also quotes extensively from other writers and thus furnishes a reliable consensus of opinion which is exceedingly helpful. "We have overthrown legal slavery and nominal slavery in this country. But our jails and penitentiaries often make slaves of our prisoners. The convict system and peonage are often virtual slavery. The white-slave traffic is a terrible fact, and we have done little to save American girls. We still allow factories and stores to make virtual slaves of young girls. Sweatshops still wear down the fingers and the souls of sewing women. We have not yet shaken loose the grip of gold on human life. This juggernaut still grinds into powder the lives of millions, while we charge it up to necessities of industry and commerce." Equally outspoken is the chapter on "Woman the New Citizen." After reviewing the remarkable services of women during the war he adds: "To be sure, the new opportunity for woman will bring her a corresponding responsibility. The new woman will have her freedom to be her real self in service for the race. She should not lose the grace and charm of the old life. Her problem is how to remain man's queen while she competes

with him, to charm him while she outruns him in the race. The millennium will not be ushered in by giving women the ballot. But it will make possible a good deal of political house-cleaning that is very badly needed. It will put out of business a good many pot-house politicians who have settled affairs of state in back-stairs conference. It will confirm the new drift toward insisting on righteousness in all state affairs. It is an old word, this word righteousness, but it is coming into fashion again. The women will help to make it fashionable in our legislative halls and in our city councils." It will set some of us thinking hard to be told, on the authority of the late Ambassador A. D. White, that "we lead the world with the exception, perhaps, of lower Italy and Sicily, in murders, and especially in unpunished murders." We agree that "this is a severe indictment of our civilization." Here is another fact from the chapter on "Order vs. Lawlessness": "Homicides in our country are about eight times as frequent in proportion to population as in England. More people were murdered in our large cities before the war than in all Russia. Bad as the mountain feuds used to be, life is safer in the mountains than in our large cities. With some twenty-five hundred homicides a year we have about a hundred executions." Then comes the optimistic word. "But the civic conscience is making itself felt wherever a determined body of citizens band themselves together to clean up the city and to keep it clean. The public conscience is sound whenever it is waked up. It has been asleep so long that it will not keep awake of itself. The daily press is more and more taking the side of law enforcement and good results are apparent in many of our cities. New laws against organized vice and crime show the vigor of the public when once aroused." The call is heard on all hands for enlightened and courageous leadership in civil life. It is easy to see that the church has a definite place in this leadership, not only in forming public opinion but also in carrying out the right measures of reform. The first chapter, on "The Leadership of Jesus," sets the pace for genuine progress, and the last chapter, on "The New Social Order," returns to this emphasis. Facts and applications abound in this volume and give its conclusions the character of authority.

Little Books for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Texts for Students, Numbers 1-7. By Caroline N. J. Skeele, D.Litt., H. J. White, D.D., and J. P. Whitney, B.D., D.C.L. Published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. The Macmillan Company, 66 Fifth Avenue, New York. From ten to thirty cents apiece, net.

Among the good works of the S. P. C. K. there is none more excellent than this last; the publication in handy paper-bound booklets, at low cost, of choice texts in Greek and Latin which all serious biblical students wish very much to possess and to have always at hand. The Germans have for decades done this thing, notably the Leipzig firm of Wilhelm Violet, and possibly it may be that we are indebted to them, through the war, for this benefit. These first numbers show the effect

of the war at least in this, that the paper of the last two is inferior in quality to that of the others; but apart from this the English publishers have done their work in superior fashion. To think of possessing, in *Number* 1, for ten cents, all of the great passages of the non-Christian writers that show any knowledge of Christianity as existent before the end of the first century! These include five from Josephus, one each from Suetonius and Dio Cassius, and two from Tacitus. *Number* 2 leaps to that greatest of all mediæval centuries, the thirteenth, and puts out fifteen choice selections, in 64 pages, including notes and glossary, from the greatest historical writer of that epoch, Matthew Paris. *Number* 3 is from the same period and contains twenty-one passages, even more interesting because written in more popular style, from the versatile pen of the great Welsh ecclesiastic, Giraldus Cambrensis. *Numbers* 4 *and* 5 are devoted to selections from the writings of Saint Patrick, the one in Latin and the other in English. Here one can get, for twenty cents, the original of Saint Patrick's celebrated confession entire, dating from 450 A. D., and the choicest thing of its kind since the Epistles of Paul to the Corinthians. *Number* 6 should be sent for by every preacher who ever studied Latin. Here he has in a paper pamphlet, price thirty cents, over thirty passages from the Vulgate Bible, which he can slip into his pocket and commit to memory at odd moments, from "In principio creavit Deus cælum et terram" to "Gratia Domini nostri Jesu Christi cum omnibus. Amen." *Number* 7 is the justly celebrated Epistle of Saint Clement of Rome to the Church at Corinth. This, like Josephus above, is written in Hellenistic Greek and, therefore, easily read by New Testament students, and is good for comparative study in Canonics. The prayer in Chapters 59 to 61 is worthy of Apostolic times. The text is that worked out by Bishop Lightfoot, who held that Clement was fourth Bishop of Rome and wrote this letter about 93 A. D., while the church both in the capital and provinces was suffering under the bitter persecution of Diocletian. It therefore is more than likely that John was in exile and writing on Patmos at this very time.

A READING COURSE

The Atonement: In the Light of History and the Modern Spirit. By the Rev. David Smith, D.D. New York: Hodder and Stoughton. Price, $1.50 net.

The word of the Cross is the most timely message for our day, which has witnessed and experienced sacrifice in every walk of life. The church will be followed and its leadership accepted, only if it demonstrates the spirit of the cross as a reality in its midst. There is nothing that will give power to the church comparable with the preaching and the practice of the gospel of redemption. It is no commonplace to state that this must be done in terms of the thought and life of our own times. The apostles declared this truth from the standpoint

of their own experience of salvation, recognizing at the same time that there were depths of grace which no plummet could ever fathom. This explains why the New Testament does not propound any exclusive theory of the atonement, although all its writers are unanimous in confessing their faith in the atoning Christ, and in acknowledging their unspeakable obligation to him. The theologians of the church have not always recognized this fact and their *ex cathedra* excommunications of one another are among the saddest episodes of church history. For instance, Bernard of Clairvaux, who wrote that beautiful hymn, "Jesus, thou joy of loving hearts," condemned Abelard for his moral influence theory, characterizing him as "a man of perdition, windy and sneering," and adding these vehement words: "Were it not more just that a mouth which talks such things should be beaten with cudgels than refuted with reasons?" Surely, abuse is not argument, and we can never get at the truth by violently dismissing those with whom we disagree. "St. Bernard's error lay in identifying the truth with a theory which was only a feeble attempt to express it; and his attitude is a warning to believers in all ages, especially in times of transition when the intellectual order is changing and larger thoughts are emerging." These words by Professor Smith well express his own attitude in the excellent volume which is to claim our attention this month. He is well known as the author of The Days of His Flesh, in many respects the best life of Jesus Christ. The same clearness of exposition is seen in this discussion of the atonement. He deals with the several theories with frankness, showing a unique grasp of the circumstances under which they were first offered and enabling us to appreciate the particular aspect of truth emphasized by each one. The first chapter, "Atonement and Evolution," explains the fact of the fall in the light of the evolutionary hypothesis. Note how the permanence of the incarnation is secured, how a distinction is drawn between a state of innocence and one of perfection, and how the Christian doctrine explains the presence of sin and its dislocation of life, concerning which science is silent. The chapter on "Historic Preparations" deals with the Messianic Hope and the Rite of Sacrifice. The rise and progress of the Hope are traced through its expressions in the promise of salvation, in the emphasis on an ideal Prophet, later on an ideal King, then on the suffering Servant, As the coming of the Messiah was proclaimed by the prophets, so the service of sacrifice was discharged by the priests. The pagan idea of sacrifice was to appease the gods, while the Old-Testament idea was to have fellowship with God in a community of life made possible through sacrifice which reckoned with the twofold consciousness of divine holiness and human guilt. Study the five stages in the sinner's progress toward God, suggested by the trespass, the burnt, the meal, the sin and the peace offerings of the Levitical ritual (p. 42ff.). In what sense are we to understand that there was a progressive unfolding of the truth of the atonement in the New Testament? (p. 53.) With rare discernment Dr. Smith passes in critical review the various theories of

the atonement which have held the thought and influenced the life of the church. The Ransom theory was prominent in an age when brigands were a menace and rebellion was rife and the practice of ransom was common among the nations. The Satisfaction theory reflected the spirit of chivalry of the Middle Ages. The Moral Influence theory is associated with the name of Abelard. The Forensic theory was formulated when the science of jurisprudence held a commanding place in an age that was further controlled by the idea of an absolute monarchy. Each one of these theories had serious limitations and defects which are well discussed in this volume and should be carefully studied. Unless they are understood it will not be possible to deal adequately with a constructive presentation in harmony with the modern spirit. "The task of faith is not to galvanize the dead past but to welcome the new order and reinterpret the ancient truth and commend it to the modern mind." And right well is it done by this writer. The modern scientific spirit has given us a juster appreciation of the nature and use of the Scriptures as the records of revelation. It has also revolutionized our conceptions of the origin and constitution of the physical universe; by making clear the principle of the solidarity of the race and the law of heredity, it has also thrown light on the Pauline doctrine of imputation. In this new context and atmosphere, Dr. Smith interprets the Fatherhood of God and Sacrifice, using by way of illustration the parable of the prodigal son. "The incarnation is the revelation of our divine kinship and the realization of the essential oneness of God and humanity." Since sonship is indissoluble man may be disinherited because of sin, but he cannot be defiliated. Notice how this important distinction is expounded. In Paul's doctrine of adoption, disinherited sons are reinstated in their birthright through the sacrifice of Christ in which God also participates. The sacrifice was as much that of the Father as it was the Son's, and the heart of the gospel is in the truth that "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself." Here we have a vision of the suffering God far more profound than that given by H. G. Wells in his God the Invisible King, previously set forth by him in Mr. Brittling Sees It Through. It may surprise some readers to be told that the term "propitiation" is a pagan idea suggested by ceremonial sacrifices to unethical gods, and that in this sense it is foreign to the thought of both the Old and the New Testaments. Read carefully this discussion and see the relation between reconciliation and forgiveness (p. 155ff.). What is meant by the idea that our Lord's sacrifice was vicarious but not personal, and how does it overcome the difficulties of the Satisfaction and Forensic theories? (p. 179.) "There is one way, and only one way, of peace without reparation, and that is by the intervention of love—the lifting of the affair out of the domain of strict legality, and the discovery by the sinner that the wrong was done to one who loves him and who, instead of resenting the personal damage, has sorrowed for him that he should have been capable of it, and has no other desire than his redemption. That turns his heart. It shows him the blackness of his transgression,

and reveals it to him as not merely a violation of law but an outrage upon love. It delivers him from the grip of conscience, but at the same time it imposes on him a weightier obligation, a debt of gratitude which an eternity of devotion could not discharge." The section on "Imputation and Heredity" reckons with the principle of human solidarity and deals with sin, not as a crime but as a disease. If we suffer from the entail of evil according to the law of heredity, we are saved by the entail of Christ's righteousness. "There are two fountains and two streams, one poisoned and the other medicinal; and the hope of humanity, the promise of its final and full redemption, lies in this—that the stream of healing is mightier than the stream of death." Another important distinction is this, that sinfulness is hereditary, but guilt is personal. "Man's Offering to God" is the result of his own appropriation by faith of the Atoning Sacrifice for the sin of the world. "Christ has realized by his perfect obedience to the Father's will the ideal life of humanity; and the moment our wills consent to all that he was and did, and our souls bow before him in reverence and penitence and desire, confessing our own failures and yielding ourselves to the grace of his Holy Spirit, that moment we are one with him, and his righteousness is imputed to us." This, then, is the Word of Reconciliation, and it is most graciously suitable for modern preaching, meeting as it does in a wonderful way the distraught temper of our times. It, moreover, gives a deep sense of the reality, both of God and Christ; it offers encouragement to the exercise of faith; it lays a strong restraint on sin and provides an inspiring incentive to holiness. Let us rejoice in being called to preach such a triumphant gospel and consecrate ourselves to proclaim its virtues to the ends of the earth.

Side Reading

The Cross in Christian Experience. By W. M. Clow (Hodder and Stoughton, $1.50). These sermons have the passion, rapture, and joy experienced by the saints of every age who were reconciled to God through Christ.

The Jesus of History. By T. R. Glover (Association Press, $1). Marked by clear insight, suggestive interpretation, lucid writing, and helps to a rediscovery of the central Figure of history.

For information about books and subjects of interest to teachers, address this department, *Reading Course*, care of the Methodist Review, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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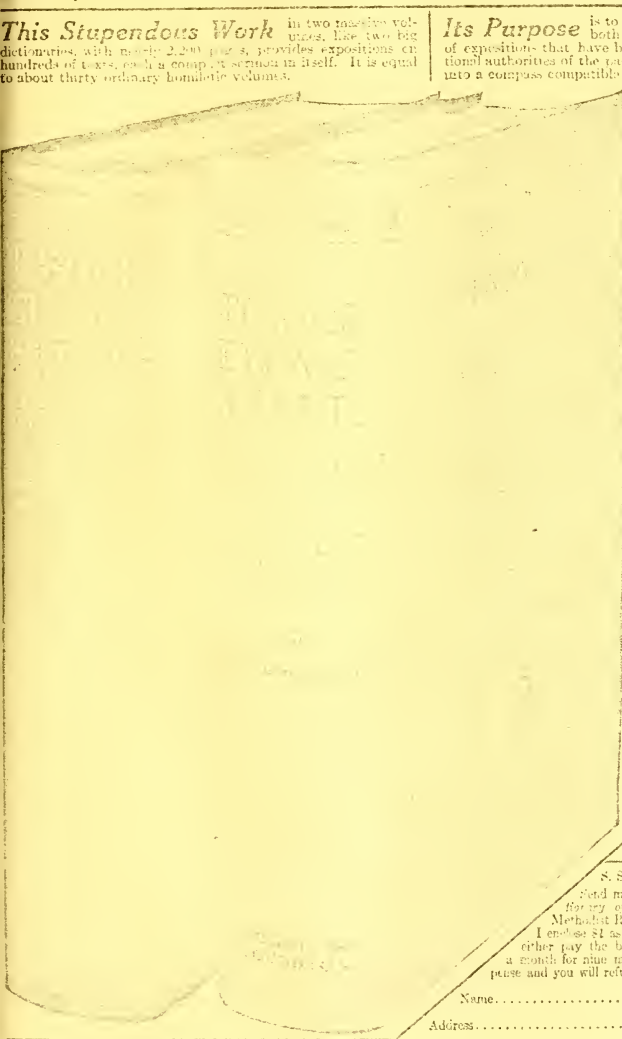

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